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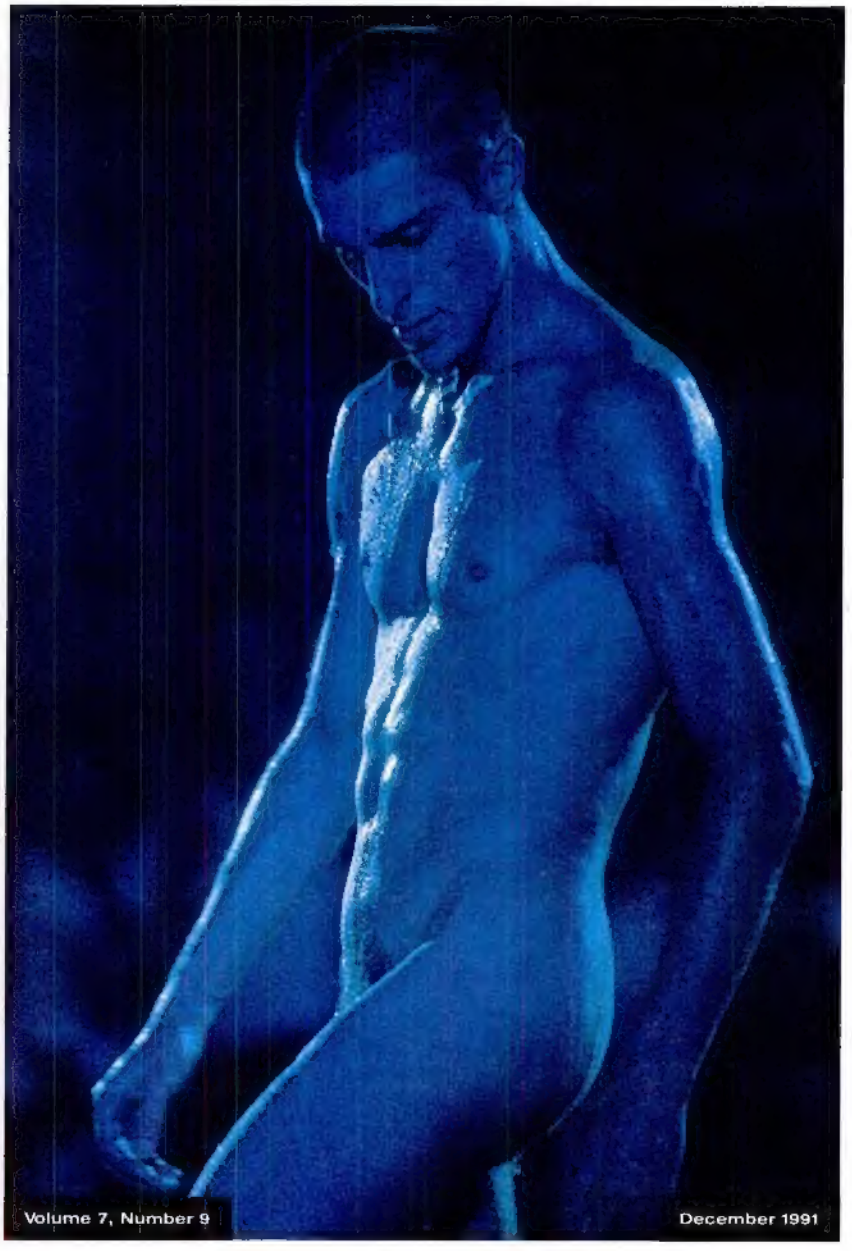
Special Issue:
THE YEAR IN MUSIC
N.W.A, Garth Brooks, R.E.M., and Metallica all topped the charts this year. You couldn't possibly understand it all without our year-end retrospective. Our overview begins on page 40.

Perry Farrell: Artist of the Year, page 44
As 1991 draws to a close, the Jane's Addiction front man and Lollapalooza-meister emerges as the voice of a generation. Imagine if he'd released a record this year. . . .

Runners-up, page 50
R.E.M., Metallica, Smashing Pumpkins, Black Crowes, Wayne's World.

IN



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Cover photograph by Kevin Westenberg

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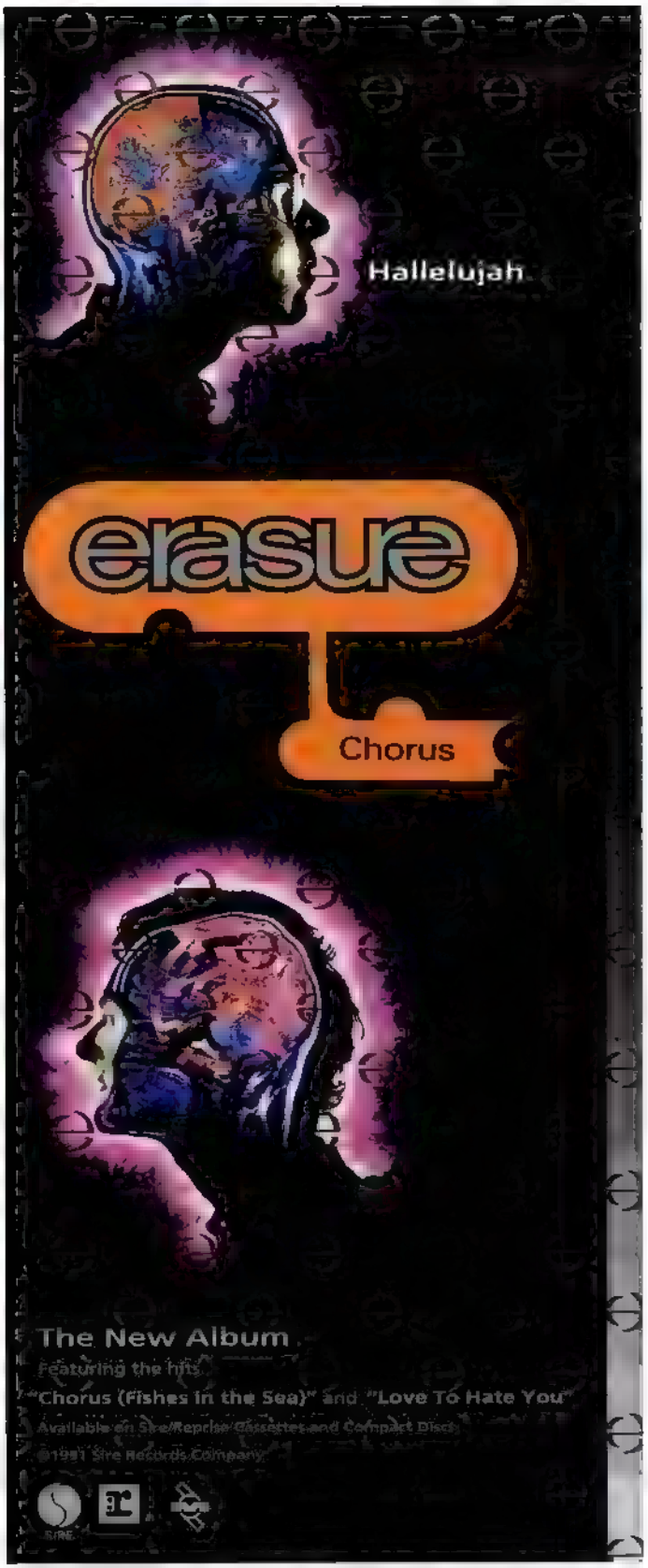
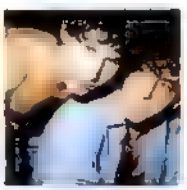


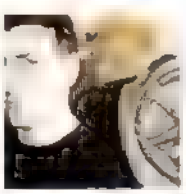
TALE SPINNERS

Welcome to the end of the year as we know it. Media Editor **Jonathan Bernstein** covers the year in pop and film (*pages 40 and 99*). He says, "Everything that came out this year was great. Next year will be even better." • Brothers **Dimitri Ehrlich** and **Gregor Ehrlich** write, respectively, about Queen Latifah (*page 87*) "the most naturally regal person I've ever met," and surfwear king Shawn Stüssy (*page 58*), who both Dimitri and Gregor would love to quit their jobs and work for. The Ehrlichs also write for *Interview*, produce music videos for Hank Shocklee's S.O.U.L. Records, and are currently coauthoring a book on hip hop. • **Tom Nordlie**, a self-proclaimed unrepentant headbanger, tells us why Smashing Pumpkins is putting Chicago back on the map (*page 54*). • **Jennifer Lee** mixes business with pleasure and lets us eavesdrop on some intimate moments with the late Miles Davis (*page 70*). "He was the most predatory creature I had ever met. I fell in love with him for forty-eight hours." Lee's autobiography, *Tarnished Angel*, was recently published by Thunder's Mouth Press. • In interviews with the U.S. surgeon general and the head of the U.S. Public Health Service, **Victoria A. Brownworth**, who has reported on AIDS for the *Nation* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, gives us the government's side of the AIDS crisis (*page 91*), concluding, "They're just not using common sense in regard to this epidemic." • Meanwhile, SPIN's **Celia Farber** explores the mind set of militant antiabortionists in Wichita, Kansas (*page 79*) Says Farber, "It was like being mauled, emotionally. I tried to keep an open mind, but I still believe that abortion needs to remain safe and legal. It pains me that pro-lifers compare abortion to the Holocaust. What does that make us? Nazis?" • **Erik Davis** shows us TV culture then and now—*The Brady Bunch* revived live onstage (*page 28*) and *Saturday Night Live*'s "Wayne's World" (*page 56*). "Television is like acid. The harder you stare, the more patterns emerge." Davis writes about popular culture for the *Village Voice* and *Gnosis*.

Tom Nordlie

Erik Davis


Dimitri and Gregor Ehrlich


Jonathan Bernstein

Employee of the Year: Val Green. Our General Manager, our team leader—our unanimous choice. SPIN's best ever year was no coincidence. Happy Holidays, Val, you're the best.

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TOP SPIN

Miles Davis, 1926-1991 Meet the man in his last major interview, page 70.

In the middle of the night and the blackness of my room, I woke up, howling silently from the receding fog of my subconscious: *I'm 36, what is the purpose of my life?*

At first I lay there, awakened by the question, as if it had been asked by someone else, although I was alone. The question, like a gunshot, didn't exactly disturb me, but arrested me, suspended me in its implications, its clarity enabling me to see its uncertainty.

I got up, ostensibly to get water but really to simply be in motion, to trick my mind into getting into motion with me, before, like a frightened mouse, it would escape back into the labyrinth of a thousand distractions. What is the purpose? At 36, is it too late to be asking the question? Too early? I tried to force my mind to answer. Uneasily, I went back to sleep. I didn't know.

Of course, I could give you a thousand answers: this magazine, truth, the opportunity to do good, love, children—you get the idea. But I can't give you one. Maybe the answer is there isn't an answer, that the purpose of life writes and draws itself as you live, like those cartoons where the Pink Panther paints himself a door to walk through. Maybe there is no purpose. Maybe life is a long train ride with an eventual end but no destination, and on the train a community forms among the passengers, where some are content to sit and watch the scenery unfold outside their window, others pace the cabin restlessly, and still others delude themselves they are driving the train.

The question is not the first tolling bell of a premature mid-life crisis. Rather, the crisis would be not asking it. And now I remember I've asked it many times before, first at the age of nine in a cemetery at the bend of our street in a suburb of London. More than 20 years later, driving slowly through the dimly remembered area to find that street (and past my old school which had seemed a citadel then, and its playground a vast concrete plain, but which now seemed unremarkable), I found the cemetery, unhooked its feeble wooden gate's latch, and went inside. As then, the old graveyard was poorly kept although not dilapidated, and quiet and tranquil. The low-lying and hip-high graves were rimmed by shiny, lime-green moss and the grass on the pathways was uncut and came up to my mid-calf—when I was a boy it had come to just below my knee.

I listened to the insect sounds. Those tiny urgent buzzing noises that seem to form a syrup through which time cannot pass as fast as it passes everywhere else. Because it is not possible, I could not relive but I could remember that moment when I had my first conscious intellectual query about existence. I don't remember if that first time I realized the irony of pondering life in one of life's terminals, where the completed trains rest on their completed rails. I probably did, with the same, pure, child's clarity that shocked me awake more than a quarter of a century later.

It's an important question, which divides like a cell into two important questions: What is the purpose of life, and what is the purpose of one's own life? The first question is impossible to answer and therefore easy to live with, fun to play with the way a cat bats a ball of wool about until it loses interest. The second question *is* possible to answer, and as a result impossible to live with and we spend most of our lives trying to make enough noise to drown out its persistent asking. It haunts us and we try to shake its specter as futilely as if we were trying to rid ourselves of our shadows. It is our shadow, spiritually and intellectually. Or maybe we are its shadow, and that's what haunts and taunts us.

The merits or not of fatalism aside, we are at least partially in control of our destiny. We do drive our own cars, although sometimes our fate is completely in the hands of someone else on the same road. That is the maddening randomness of life, and the spur to intellectual curiosity: the motivation to get some of the answers before some fool crashes into us. Yet the more focused we are the more unclear we become. The more we see the merits of a particular enterprise, the more clearly we see its inadequacies. So the ability to delude ourselves becomes the intellect's necessary anesthetic. We fear nothing worse than we fear worthlessness.

Mortality whispers before it shouts. We strain to hear the clues. Are we going the right way? Are we doing something worthwhile? Are we ignoring our talents, or, worse, have we already exhausted them? So asking yourself what the purpose of your life is is a positive thing to do. You embrace the doubt to consume it.

I don't have the answer but I am encouraged rather than discouraged by the question, which, shadow that it is, parallels our lives as we live them, keeping pace with us, and meaning different things at different times. The question is not intended to defeat us but, by standing in front of us like a mirror, make us appraise ourselves. It frightens us because it breathes on us as truth. We have to breathe back, by being as honest as we possibly can about ourselves.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

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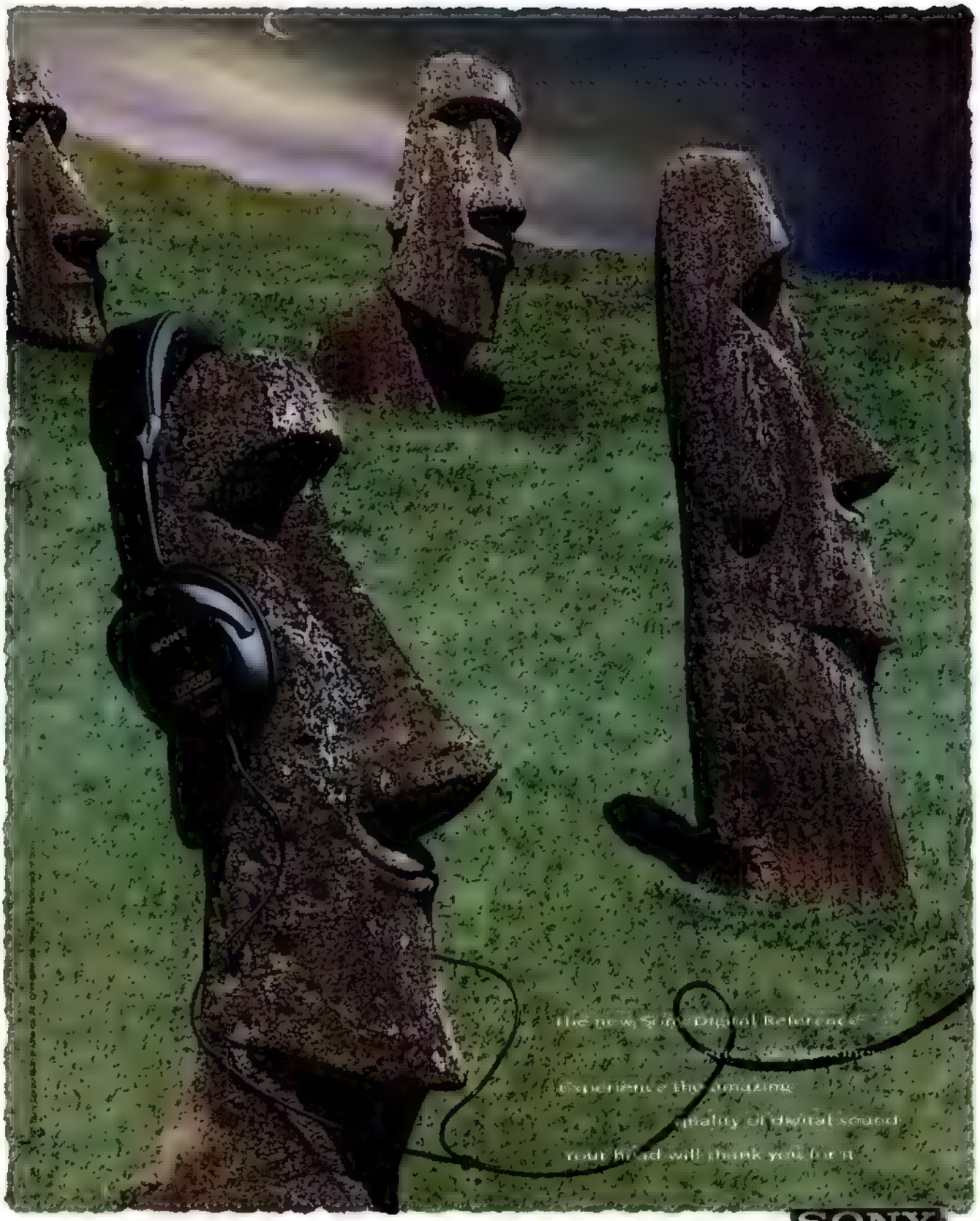

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POINT BLANK LETTERS

EDITED BY

NATHANIEL WICE

Unalloyed Success

I loved the Metallica interview ["Precious Metal," October '91], although I was upset when I read "Metallica has always been eerily popular, but never very good." We fans don't find their popularity eerie; and what the hell does he mean by "never very good?" That's an opinion that should be left out of journalism. Metallica is fantastic whether the writer likes the band or not.

April Ipock
Blounts Creek, North Carolina

Hello to all who have managed to jump on the Metallica band wagon six albums later. Since everybody is ecstatic about this new album—and I do mean *everybody*—I guess I'll be the idiot to stick my neck out. I'd say this is their first disappointment. "Sad but True" is the "Kashmir" of the '90s? No one used to compare them to Zeppelin on past albums, when they had a totally original sound. Sorry if I burst anyone's bubble.
Tom Miller
Boulder, Colorado

Lolla for Now

I must admit that Jim Greer and Mark Blackwell are two of the spiffiest writers I have ever read in your magazine ["Lollapalooza Tour—All Day Sucker," October '91]. The first time I read their stuff was in your R.E.M. story [March '91]. I can't quite put my finger on why they appeal to me (nor do I want to), they just do. I look forward to reading their next masterpiece.

I have a marriage proposal for either Mark or Jim, if they care to take me up on it.
With a kiss and a hug,
India Thomas
Rochester, New York

Your article about the Lollapalooza Festival is a joke. The all-day sucker is whoever gave Mark Blackwell and Jim Greer the assignment. They missed half of the bands, they complained about being so hung over and tired when they needed to do an interview, and they couldn't even get the proper passes to get in—organization at its finest!

Not to mention Jim's inability to figure out how to record his interview with Nine Inch Nails while his partner was getting laid.

I'm also taking this opportunity to tell you that I have just graduated from the Art Institute of Fort Lauderdale studying Entertainment Industry Promotion and Management, and I would love to work for SPIN. So if you suddenly find yourselves with vacancies on your staff, I'm available.
Susan L. Cohen
Coconut Creek, Florida

Certain unnamed editors respond: Dear Susie, Gee, we're sorry, we suddenly don't have any positions available. Ever.

Aversion Therapy

"Creep Show: A Handy List of People to Avoid at Rock Concerts" [Flash, October '91] must have been written by the type of squid that spends $25 for the stupid concert and then spends all of his or her time sneering at other people having a good time while I'm trying to rock out. A personal piss-off to the complete bastard who told me to sit down at the Crowded House show at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, September 6, 1991. Thank you. I feel much better now.
Carrie Cornwell
Sunnyvale, California

She Asked for It

I don't care what Camille Paglia [Antihero, September '91 and October '91] says about pop culture and education, which she has studied and knows. It's when she talks about what she is ignorant of—rape and AIDS—as though hostile ideology were sufficient to yield understanding, that she becomes objectionable.

She suffers from the popular misconception that date rape is a spontaneous act of lust, stemming from raw male sexuality, provoked by female sexual power. On the contrary, many date rapes are planned, especially gang rapes, they tend to be slow and sickly, not wild and rough; they often involve humiliations and perversions, such as penetration with objects, writing on the victim's body, calling her names, and oral sodomy (which, unfortunately, the perpetrators consider degrading). Often the perpetrators don't ejaculate, because it isn't really sex and isn't arousing. Such acts stem more from a self pitying anger, a pathetic desire to harm, and a pornographic notion of sex as dirty than the appealing "uncontrollable force of male sexuality" or sex as a "dark force" that Paglia extols.

Paglia also makes the preposterous claim that "underclass people who have been struck by AIDS are actually indifferent to it." Could it be that Paglia delivered her belief that the underclass is indifferent to AIDS because she hasn't seen them on television demonstrating over inadequate funding? Doesn't she know that they lack the

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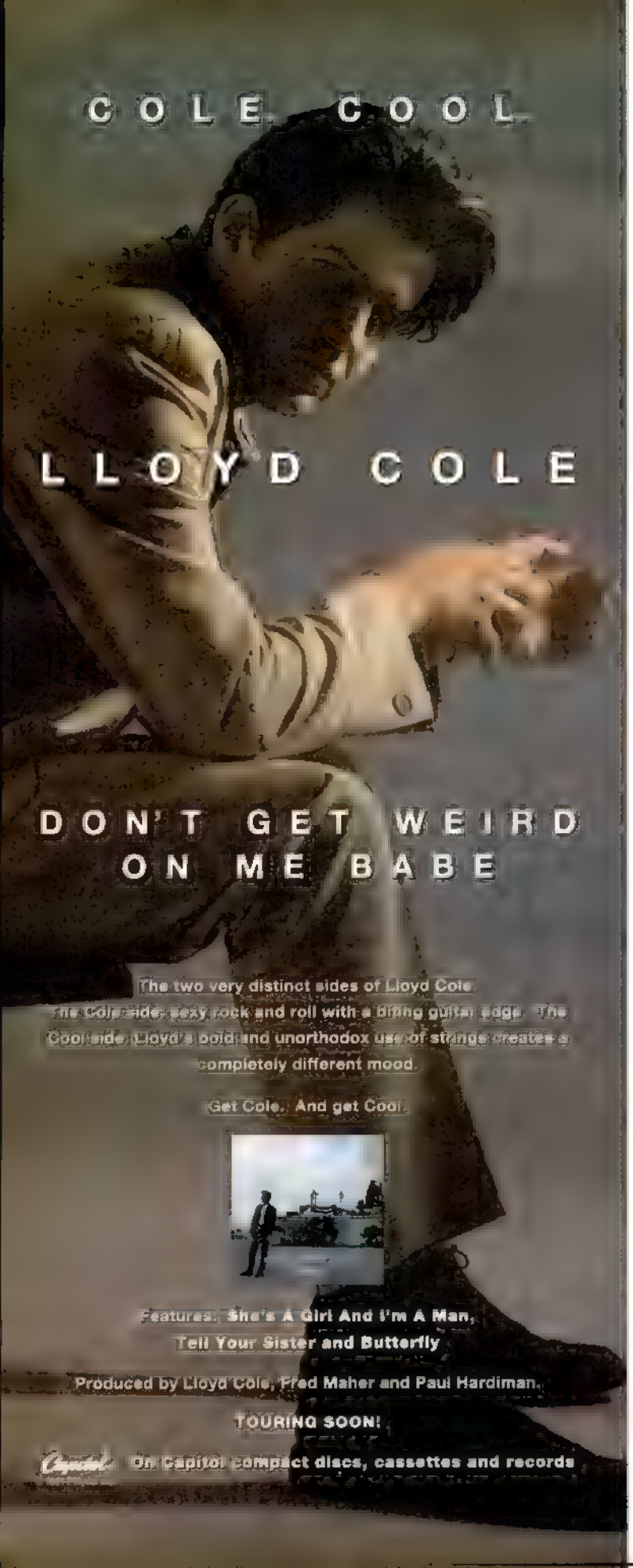
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time, skills, and resources to get the sort of media attention that she is getting? Or is she simply unable to read numb misery when she sees it?
Chris O'Sullivan
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

The author is a psychologist working on a book about campus gang rape.

I spotted a trend in your September '91 issue. It began with N.W.A ["Niggaz4Dinner"] saying, "You got nine white muthafuckas after you with bats and guns yelling, 'Nigger!' " but failing to see the connection to their own statement: "If the bitch can sue, he should just kill her" Onward to Axl Rose ["Guns N' Neuroses"], where Gina Siler talks of his "looking crazed" and her subsequent refusal to "go much into that." It ends with the article on Camille Paglia, saying, "Rape is one of the risk factors in getting involved with men."

If this is acceptable, then why not blame "niggers, spics, Jews, and fags" for their victimization?

I am ilied
J.A. Bolte
Fargo, North Dakota

Black Like Me

I can relate totally to "The Paranoid Negro" [Dreaming America, October '91]. I slept out for U2, too! I am black and listen to rock, metal, and alternative music. I am often one of the only black people in the audience. The only thing is, I'm not paranoid. I could care less about people's stares and questions as to why I get into the music. I've found that once the music starts, the stares stop and it's all one big party. This just goes to show that music is one of the only things that can transcend our differences. After all, who ever thought that white people would ever be listening to Public Enemy?
Charity Lomax
Laurel, Maryland

Great Dane

Words from a proud Danish girl: Thank you for being the only source of undiluted, truly informed AIDS information available in the U.S. As a citizen of a country where everyone has sex, even the sixth graders are informed, and the school nurse doesn't call your mom when you ask her for a rubber. I applaud your efforts to make this the free country everyone says it is.
Mette Nelson
Garden Grove, California

Dissed Information

While I'm honored to have been called a liar by the magazine that is Jack Thompson's home base for rock criticism, you managed to commit two fundamental errors in your two-sentence Missed Information item [Flash, September '91] about the boycott of 7-Up for its support of the PMRC.

1) I have never issued a press release about anything. The press release in question was issued by the Right to Rock Coalition, which is nationwide and includes more than 40 groups. My name isn't even on it.

2) That 7-Up has contributed to the PMRC is beyond question; the only people who contend that the contribution wasn't "financial" is the PMRC itself, and it lies about many things. 7-Up itself says it *doesn't know* what was given at the event in question. The only debate is over the extent of that contribution, which the PMRC is typically refusing to clarify by releasing its records. Even the notorious Jennifer Norwood, former PMRC spokesperson, acknowledges that 7-Up made a donation to the Tipper crew's fundraising picnic.

Best of luck in your further efforts to win soft-drink advertising.
Dave Marsh
Editor
Rock & Roll Confidential
New York, New York

Sounds convincing? But wait a minute, we checked this out:

1) Marsh's mouthpiece, Rock & Roll Confidential, *signed on to the press release. His associate editor was listed as a press contact. If his cause is just, why is he so indignant that we would identify him with it?*

2) We still couldn't substantiate his charges: Marsh appears to have confused an independent bottler—one of almost 400—with the Dr Pepper/7-Up Corporation. That bottler contributed several cases of 7-Up to a single PMRC picnic in 1986.

When we called Marsh for any documentation at all on the broader conspiracy, the anticensorship entrepreneur grew testy and shouted, "If SPIN magazine is going to take the word of this corporation over a reporter of 22 years, you can kiss my ass. Do you think I've resorted to making shit up?"

Well, it had occurred to us.

Address letters to: Point Blank, SPIN, 6 West 18th Street, New York, NY 10011. Include your name and daytime phone number for verification. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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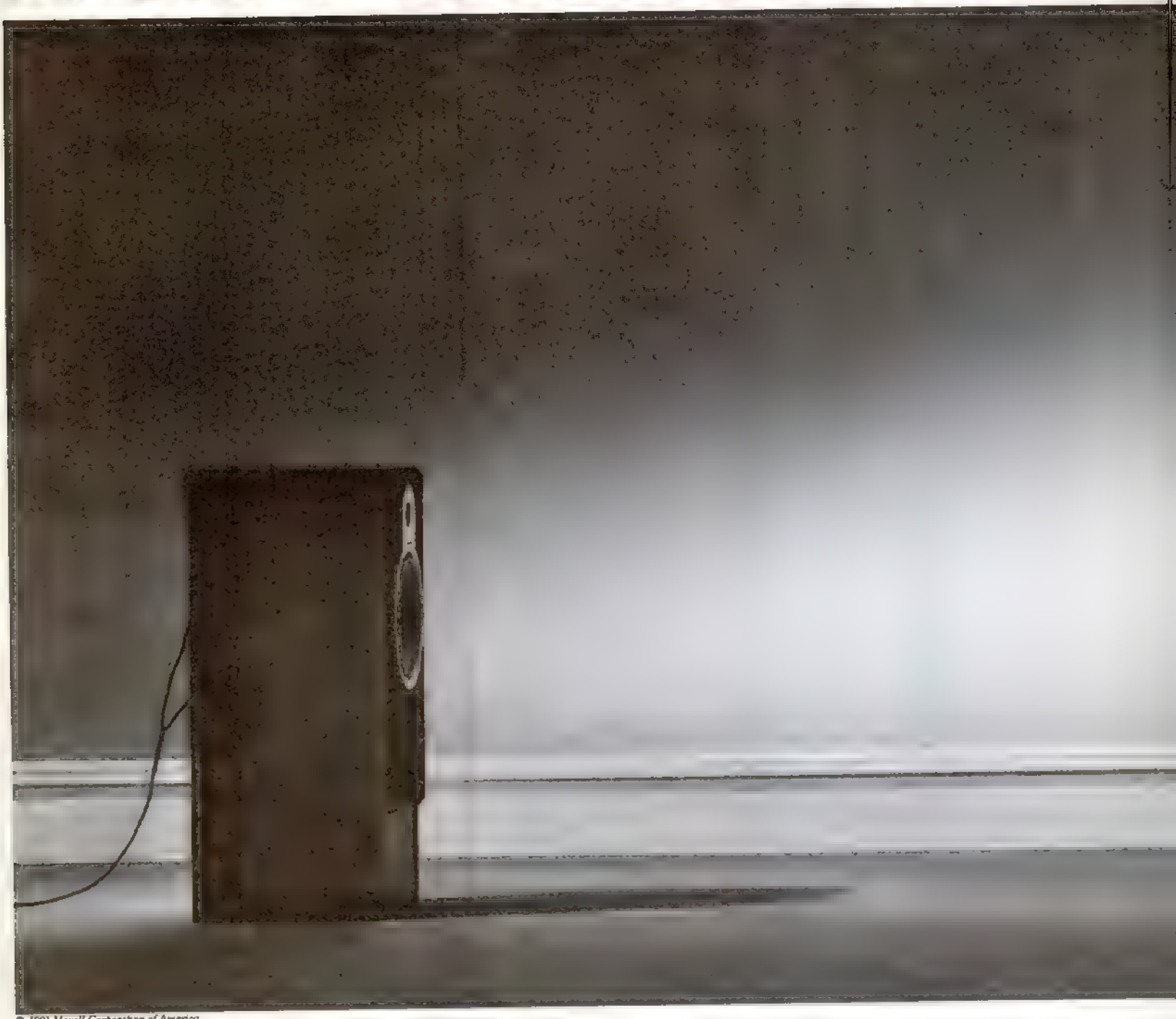

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MADE IN JAPAN

The cult band of the cult bands, Shonen Knife exports its goofy brand of Japanese buzz pop to the shores of America.

Every dawn when they awoke for library drudgery and daycare this summer, my wife and kids (ages 30, 6, and 2) sang the same tune: "I don't wanna get up uh-early in the morning / I just wanna sleep all day / I don't wanna ride on the crowded subway / I just wanna go by car / You don't need to be serious / You don't need to be a walrus / You don't need to be nervous / You don't need to be the egg-egg man." Always be sure to pronounce *walrus*, "war-rah-luss." The song's by three girls from Japan, see, called Shonen Knife. The members of this trio, formed a decade ago this month (originally for one show only), are finding a niche as darlings of an underground they're way too unjaded for: They deserve to be on Nickelodeon.

Last year, many a hip young American combo contributed tunes to a double tribute album called *Every Band Has a Shonen Knife Who Loves Them*, making this perhaps the only band ever to have more *cover* versions of their songs in the stores than their *own* versions. So when the Shonens trek to the United States for a precious few gigs, like they did to Frisco, L.A., and New York recently, they're like angels dropping to earth to deliver a message before returning to their office jobs in heaven, Osaka, or wherever.

I met guitarist and songwriter Naoko Yamano, her sister and drummer Atsuko Yamano, and their friend and bassist Michie Nakatani in their Manhattan hotel room the morning before their CBGB gig. They had on the Atsuko-designed Mondrian outfits they wear onstage—full of 90-degree angles and bright primary colors, just like their shoes (and their music). Later for sightseeing they switched into Atsuko-designed Shonen Knife T-shirts plugging their new *712* album (a winner, despite some mellow hints at college "pop" anticommerciality).

I gave them the box of chocolates my wife had bought them, and they were overjoyed, like kindergarteners getting a puppy. (More Shonen Knife songs talk about bananas than about candy, but bananas seemed like a stupid gift. Ice cream would've melted, and bison, elephants, or walruses might've gotten them kicked out of the hotel.)

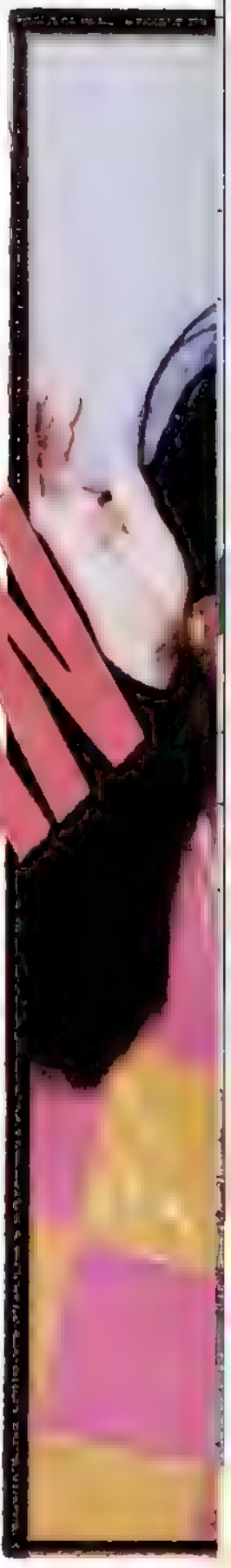
Shonen's wonderfully artless lyrics sound to me like dreams, but Michie insists otherwise. When I ask her why so many focus on gourmandizing and zoology, she answers only in the negative, explaining they couldn't write about boys. Why? "Because too shy," she says. "We would be embarrassed to sing about *ruv*. We're not experienced in *ruv*, so we would have nothing to sing about." (The band's one and only "boy" number, "Antonio Baka Guy," actually concerns a seashell.) Oddly, two of the Knifers are *married*—on our shopping spree, Michie bought her husband, an alumnus of Boston's Expando Brain, a blue bathrobe with baseballs and bats on it. Atsuko and Naoko bought go-go boots and redhead wigs.

We visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Empire State Building, then Soho. Wherever we went, the girls did the swim and sang a capella. Asked about Pee Wee Herman, Michie shed crocodile tears. Later at CBGB, Shonen proudly pogoed in the footsteps of their heroes the Ramones (who they *terribly* want to meet—when I told them I once interviewed Joey, they asked lots of questions about how nice he was).

Shonen kept an elbow-to-abdomen-tight CBs "in" crowd smiling in ways I've never seen before. And even the most smug scene hoppers were *polite*, not pushing or shoving, no matter how crazed the rhythms got. Naoko rocked back and forth like a dignified China doll, Michie did a bashful one-step-forward, one-step-back robot shuffle, and Atsuko pounded her cans like Animal in *The Muppet Show* band. Repeatedly they thanked the audience "for coming to listen to our songs" (as if we were doing *them* a favor). When we clapped, they bowed.

At 3:00 A.M., with the trio due in three hours to fly westward toward the Far East, I said bye and got autographs for my kids. The girls drew me pictures of Snoopy, a dinosaur, a giraffe, and a panda saying hello.

CHUCK EDDY



Turning Japanese with Shonen Knife, *from left* Naoko Yamano, Michie Nakatani and Atsuko Yamano

VICKI BERNDT

Sebadoh *Sebadoh III* (Homestead). Sebadoh will probably forever be known as "the band with that guy who used to be in Dinosaur Jr.," which is too bad, because Sebadoh's lo-fi hum shreds current Dino stuff. Lou Barlow's songwriting sticks in your gullet like raw cookie dough, and if he ever overcomes his fascination with the sound of his own nonsense, this Sebadoh could be the greatest band on the planet. (Greer)

Fugazi *Steady Diet of Nothing* (Dischord). I've got two words for you: kick ass. But don't expect a blazing, angst-ridden continuation of Fugazi's 1990 beauty, *Repeater*. Here the D.C. foursome moves on, sporting slower tempos, '70s guitar riffs, and Sonic Youth–ish melodies. The songs flip-flop between Ian MacKaye's brutal conviction and Guy Picciotto's abstract hope. Takes a little getting used to, so get used to it. (Fidler)

Mötley Crüe *Decade of Decadence* (Elektra). In these academic days of oh-so-politically-correct message metal, leave it to Mötley Crüe to cut class with an unabashed collection of its most hedonistic hits of the past ten years, plus three new cuts straight from the detention hall. The Crüe reminds its class that rock'n'roll is easier to find in a girlie bar than it is in a lecture room. (Hanna)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

Barry Manilow *Showstoppers* (Arista). Don't call it a comeback! The big BM drops science here to pumpin' beats that'll be poundin' from every Jeep, Beemer, and Benzi this winter. Well, maybe not, but this homeboy from Brooklyn does give his regards to Broadway with a slammin' tribute. On "Overture of Overtures" he breaks from *Evita* into *Jesus Christ Superstar*, then kicks into a steamy Latin jam. Word to your mother's generation. (McIntyre)

Jimmie Rodgers *The Jimmie Rodgers Collection* (Rounder). Long before rap there was, of course, yodeling. Better than the Beverly Hillbillies' Cousin Pearl, Jimmie Rodgers swoons and croons and'll make you feel downright sorry for him in a jiffy. But don't, because he's dead. The gems on this brilliant eight-record series were recorded by Rodgers, the first member of the Country Music Hall of Fame, from 1927 to 1933. (Blackwell)

Swervedriver *Swervedriver* (A&M). Although the band's English origin becomes obvious after the first few bars, Swervedriver manages to cross the great divide into grungy feedback driven noise that's been an American institution since the invention of Sonic Youth. This disc comes complete with flanged-out guitars and atonal vocals that are nearly lost in the mix. Not bad for a bunch of Brits. (Spencer)

RERUN RESURRECTION

The *Real Live* Brady Bunch, *above*, and their television ancestors, *left*. We knew that it was much more than a hunch.

A theatrical revival of *The Brady Bunch* may sound like another death knell for Western civ., but for the sufficiently brainwashed, *The Real Live Brady Bunch* goes down like pork chops and applesauce. Created by twentysomething sister duo Faith and Jill Soloway, *Real Live* played to packed houses in Chicago for over a year before moving to New York for a ten-week run. The Soloway sisters have too much love in their hearts to tinker with the unity of the Brady cosmos, so they don't alter a single line of the original TV scripts. The canned laugh tracks, sideburns, plaid pants, and blue eyeliner are all intact as well, and the actors don't add too much cheese to the characters. On paper, the show sounds like mere camp. Live, it's a mystical reunion with creatures from the silly putty psyche of an entire generation.

But what makes the Brady family so special? The Bradys are perfect and perverse, sitcom TV's last happy family unit. And today, it's clear that only the magic of television kept them from being shredded by the madness of the early '70s. Faith Soloway sees the show's appeal as its surrealism, most notable in the weird symmetry of gender, age, and hair color. And then there's the ambiguous figure of Alice. "There's a lot to Alice that we of this age are starting to figure out," says Jill. "She was the dark side of the *Bunch*. She represents what'll happen to you if you're not a member of the Bradys: You'll be old and unmarried and have to run around, chasing after other people's kids, slipping on Chinese checkers."

An onstage live production of *The Brady Bunch*? Yep.

When *Real Live* opened, the Soloways didn't expect it to take off, but after folks got the buzz, the two were just counting the days until Paramount Pictures would shut them down for their unlicensed irony. But then *Brady* (and *Gilligan's Island*) creator Sherwood Schwartz saw the show, loved it, and smoothed things out with the studio, even arranging a cheap licensing deal. The enthusiastic reaction he got when he was introduced to the Chicago audience probably didn't hurt. "He said he felt like a rock star," Jill says.

It's no surprise. To paraphrase the late Minuteman D. Boon: Gilligan and the Bradys are like Bob Dylan to a whole swath of the population who fall in the trough between generations. As Jill puts it: "Those of us who never got to protest, and weren't part of the MTV generation, are left with *The Brady Bunch* and *Saturday Night Fever*."

"As embarrassing as it is, it's something that people celebrate," explains Faith. "It's ours, and we can laugh at it." Ex-hippies look at Jefferson Airplane records and pine; twentysomethings watch '70s reruns and giggle.

ERIK DAVIS

TOP PHOTO BY PAUL NATKIN. BOTTOM PHOTO COURTESY OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

JIMMY'Z
PHOTO: JEFF HIGGINBOTHAM © JIMMY'Z 1991
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DEAR ELVIS,

What do you think of Guns N' Roses' new album?

Brad Pinker
New York, NY

I ain't never heard so much talk about nobody in no kind of band as I have about that boy Axl Rose in all my born days. People raised a whole wagonload of hell when I used to get up there and shake my hind end all over the place, but I never got into no crazy fights or carryings-on like that fool does. And all that hollerin' and yellin' just makes my bladder act up something awful. If my mama had seen such foolishness and disrespect outta me, she'd a turned me right over her knee and tanned my hide, even when I got real big. I just don't know what the world's coming to with all this Guns N' Roses, and crack, and beepers, and microwave ovens, and serial killings, and so forth. I guess I'm just getting to be an old man.

Sweet child o' mine,
Elvis

growing pains

Meat Puppets well done, *from left*: Curt Kirkwood, Derrick Bostrom, and Cris Kirkwood.

If you're a record company bigwig, chances are the Meat Puppets have pissed you off at some point. The Tempe, Arizona, band has dared to snub the advances of many a major-label suitor over the course of its decade-long career. This has given the Pups the reputation of being uncooperative, uncareerist, and, yeah, snotty. "We're intensely snotty," says bassist and vocalist Cris Kirkwood in agreement, "which just means that we don't give a fuck about the 'bidness' end of music. Sell the records or not. Who cares? We just make 'em."

Actually, since signing with London PLG last year the Meat Puppets have shown more concern over business than Kirkwood would like us to think. The Pups are taking the responsibilites of a major label band seriously, aggressively promoting their sometimes twangy, sometimes metallic rock'n'roll on tour and via cheesy TV appearances on *Into the Night* and on the pilot episode of the teen soap *Beverly Hills 90210*. Of the latter guest spot, Kirkwood says he finds nothing implausible about a bunch of Beverly Hills brats hiring the Meat Puppets to play at one of their shindigs: "It would be a privilege to have the money and time to seek out art garbage like us," he explains.

Until recently, this former SST act was content with its status as a cult band. Its fans —lovingly dubbed Meatheads—include indie stalwarts such as Firehose and the Butthole Surfers' Paul Leary, who Kirkwood claims wept when he first heard the Pups' new album, *Forbidden Places*. But with major-label muscle behind them, could the band be ready for rock stardom?

"Are you kidding?" snorts Kirkwood. "At this point, to have more than two hundred people show up at any gig makes me feel like life's worth living."

JOHN BLANCO

PANIC ATTACK

Sitting around a catered platter of fruit in a cozy corporate office in Manhattan, the six members of Widespread Panic seem out of place. All unkempt hair and earnestness, the Athens, Georgia, band has the distinction of being the first outfit signed to the resuscitated Capricorn Records, headed by label founder Phil Walden, the man who first signed acts such as the Allman Brothers and Wet Willie in the early '70s. The stage, not the boardroom, is the band's proper home.

Having spent nearly 300 days on the road over the past year, following an average of 200 dates per year for the last five, the Panic has established a Grateful Dead–like fanaticism among its fans, who often travel hundreds of miles for shows. But there, the band insists, the comparison ends; true enough, its animated, distortion-flecked swirl is more energetic than a night of the living Dead.

Speaking of the band's self-titled Capricorn debut, singer-guitarist John Bell theorizes: "An album is a different art medium than playing live. It's important to recognize each as an individual situation. It's like architecture and sculpture." Such pretension belies the Panic's essence, an improvisation-based free-for-all that sets it apart from Athens's art-punk roots. "The area has cranked out some great bands," says bassist David Schools. Adds percussionist Domingo S. Ortiz, "You get slashed and burned down there for playing cover songs."

Widespread Panic on the rocks, *from left*: Michael Houser, Todd Nance, John Bell, Domingo Ortiz, and David Schools (not pictured, T Lavitz).

The recent addition of former Dixie Dregs keyboardist T Lavitz to the lineup has helped the band live up to its jittery-sounding moniker. "Lead guitarist Mike Houser's nickname is Panic," says Schools. "One day he said, 'I want us to be called Widespread Panic.' He'd seen a poster for the Widespread Blues Band or the Widespread Depression Orchestra, something like that."

"My grandmother's ninety-six, and she listens to our record every day," adds Bell. "And it's not just 'cause she's my grandmother."

ALEC FOEGE

TOP PHOTO BY MICHAEL LAVINE. BOTTOM PHOTO BY KEV N WILKES

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Primal Scream lifts the spirits of the masses with *Screamadelica*, a diverse collection of delicious dance anthems.

"Some of our records work in the same sense as gospel music," declares Primal Scream singer and boss Bobby Gillespie in a distinctly dreamy tone. "They're really celebratory. Quite . . . communal. Last night we played Glasgow and it was like all these kids blowing whistles and screaming and putting their hands in the air. But it wasn't really like in worship. It was more like in self-awareness."

Bobby Gillespie is lanky and sports a slightly tired 1964-era Beatle cut. His striped burglar's sweatshirt hangs like old washing on a frame that may not have seen a decent meal in 20 years. His eyes are heavy with profundity, and he speaks very slowly indeed, in a soft and incredibly pensive Scottish accent, like a mystic indie guru. Actually, he probably *is* a mystic indie guru.

Gillespie is hanging out in what must be his umpteenth Holiday Inn room on Primal Scream's British tour. The band is playing Nottingham, a town famous for nothing more than Robin Hood, and promoting its new album, *Screamadelica*, a double LP full of monster singles like the Stones-in-dub "Loaded," the sermon-on-dope "Come Together," and the lost sister to "Tumbling Dice"—"Damaged." Ordinary it isn't.

"I'm very happy with the album," says Gillespie in a drowsy monotone. "It's special. It's different from everybody else in contemporary music. . . . There's a lot of emotion in there. It's quite a strange record as a whole, sort of like the Beatles' 'white album.' Kinda diverse."

Diverse is the word. With production by everyone from English remixers the Orb and Andy Weatherall to Public Image Ltd. founding member Jah Wobble and legendary Stones producer Jimmy Miller, *Screamadelica* is an astonishing collection of trippy dance anthems, late-'60s voodoo, acid dub, and techno gospel. It's the best thing Primal Scream has ever done, one of the most inventive rock records of 1991. It's also a bit epic.

"Our stuff is kind of personal, too," Gillespie says. "It talks to people, not down to them. I think we could be good for people in a spiritual sense. The whole point of making music is to lift the listeners. I think we can do that."

Bobby Gillespie never thinks small. Even in Primal Scream's jangly guitar days, he wanted Prince or Jimmy Page to produce his records. Primal Scream still likes to point to its idols in public, as if to demand favorable comparison. It used to be embarrassing (the band was rotten when it wanted to be Steppenwolf), but now that arrogance works.

"We've always been very arrogant," says Gillespie with a sigh. "It just feels right. Being in a band like this is like being high. We played in Manchester and it was a really aggressive gig but when I came offstage I felt like I was walking on air."

What about the rumor that Gillespie recently went around telling anyone who would listen that the likes of Prince, Madonna, and Michael Jackson should hear and love *Screamadelica*?

"Obviously that's a joke," he says. "I don't really care if people like that like us or not. Prince is all right, but he's not great. He lacks funk, y'know? He's a good pop star, but he ain't no James Brown. I'd be more into it if someone like Curtis Mayfield heard one of our songs and liked it."

Unsurprisingly, Gillespie sees Primal Scream as lone prophets in a wilderness of trash.

"I don't know how people are going to approach *Screamadelica*," he says, "because most records nowadays are like ten versions of the same track. There's a lack of imagination these days. As far as rock goes, most rock groups don't listen to black music and that's one of the reasons their music is so bad. There's just no soul to it."

Despite being the king of the Scottish indie rockers, Gillespie knows music's real power is a million miles away from a Richie Sambora CD.

"When they make lists of classic albums, they never mention black music, and they never talk about disco music," mutters Bobby. "I *love* disco. It and dub reggae were the two most innovative forms of music in the '70s, y'know, it wasn't rock music."

Soon it will be time for Primal Scream to go onstage and wow Nottingham. But Gillespie's thinking further into the future.

"I've got a really good idea for a record. I want to do a fifteen-minute chant like mantra that keeps building up . . . really hypnotic, a really good drug record that'll kind of . . . swamp you."

He smiles, very slowly. "Kinda spacey in an astral sense. . . ."

Primal Scream is on its way to the stars.

DAVID QUANTICK

Primal Scream bicycle club, *from left*: Lead singer Bobby Gillespie and keyboardist Martin Duffy.

RICHARD YARNDEN

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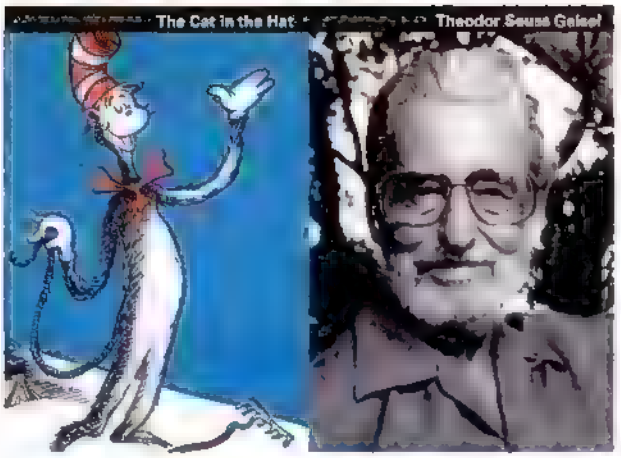


Dr. Seuss, hero of our childhood and beyond, dies at the age of 87.

We don't normally run obituaries in SPIN, but when one of the true geniuses of Western civilization goes, we make an exception. Theodor Seuss Geisel died in his sleep at home in La Jolla, California, on September 24, at the age of 87. The Pulitzer Prize–winning author of such unparalleled masterpieces as *The Cat in the Hat*, *Green Eggs and Ham*, *The Lorax*, *Horton Hatches the Egg*, *Yertle the Turtle*, *The Butter Battle Book*, and 42 other books revolutionized the previously dull genre of children's books with a sharp, twinkle-eyed tone that for the first time spoke to children as if they were intelligent people. As Dr. Seuss (actually pronounced as rhyming with *voice*), he spun forth a hilarious, psychedelic world of logical absurdity, and filled it with Sneetches and turtles and Zizzer-Zazzer-Zuzz—with lovable heroes such as Bartholomew Cubbins, who sprouted 500 hats and got showered with green slime called "oobleck"; Horton the elephant, America's first surrogate mother, who sits on an egg in a tree for a vacationing bird, the furry green Lorax—the greatest environmentalist of all time, and of course, the Cat in the Hat, the quintessential crooked-stovepipe-hatted liberator of oppressed children around the world.

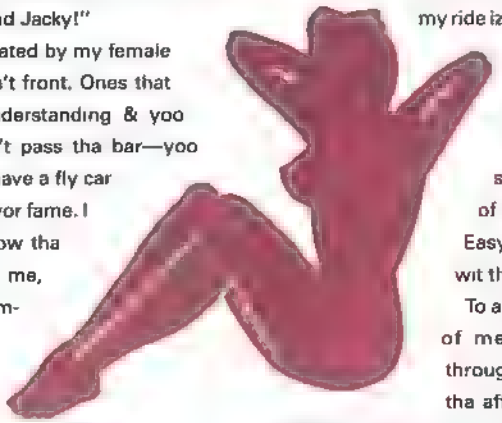
Seuss insisted that his precious illustrations resulted from the fact that he "simply never learned how to draw," adding that it was by sheer accident he became the world's most beloved children's author. The way he told it, he was on his way home from Europe on a steam ship, lying awake, listening to the throb of the engine, when out of the throb came his now-legendary verse and meter pattern. Suddenly zebras and reindeer and elephants and an elephant with a brass band were roaring down a quiet neighborhood street, while an airplane dumped confetti on the whole lot. The colorful mess in his mind became his first children's book, *And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street*, published in 1937. The book was rejected by two dozen publishers before it was accepted by Vanguard Press. He went on to become the biggest-selling author of all time, with more than 200 million books in print, translated into 20 languages. The late Bennett Cerf, his editor at Random House, once said, "I've published any number of great writers, from William Faulkner to John O'Hara, but there's only one genius on my author's list. His name is Theodor Geisel."

CELIA FARBER

RADIO GRAFFITI

do tha hoo!

Bönz Malone reflects back on a typical night on the town in 1991.



Attention, attention—clear tha floor, tha Ambassador'z bak for a three-hour tour! Hurry up wit that J.D.! There'z a lotta ladies in tha club N' I wanna find Jacky!"

It'z nice to feel appreciated by my female fanz. I like girlz who don't front. Ones that look for tenderness, understanding & yoo know what! Stuntz don't pass tha bar—yoo gotta buy em a drink & have a fly car. Play tha game, N' flaunt yor fame. I had this plan all nite, now tha time iz right. Excuze me, whatz yor name? "December." December, I wanna putcha in my blenda N' make yoo surrenda. (She was fit for my agenda.) She sez she'z lookin' 4 Freddy. I sez, "Freddy'z dead, but I'm reddy!"

I kiss her tenderly upon her neck then we go outdoorz for a sec. We !$&# in tha truck 'till we're stuck in neutral. December smiles—tha feelingz mutual. After tha superfest we dress and join tha rest. How did I pull this one off? 'Cuz my ride iz tha size of a loft! I'm paid ta shmooz, booze N' pull newz! I'm not a drug dealer & I already make enuff for a 4 wheeler! Why should I complain, tha order of business iz to entertain? Easy come, easy goe. Now on wit tha show!

To all tha readers, missionaries of media relations, N' girlz throughout tha nation; thankz for tha affectionate attention N' private lessons in AIDS prevention! Now I'm headin' way uptown. In search for sum skin in a white nightgown—cuz that'z tha way I like ta get down!

BÖNZ MALONE

TOP RIGHT PHOTO BY AARON RAPOPORT. ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF RANDOM HOUSE PUBLISHING

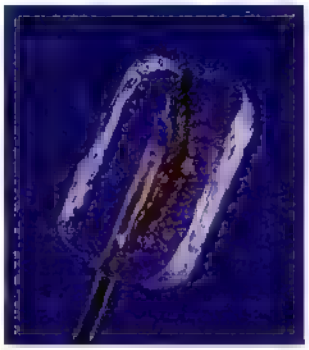
"A GUY CAN'T BE SEEN WITH JUST ANY OLD BAG."

THE COLD ROCK STUFF

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

Rapman

Now you can sound exactly like all your favorite rap DJs in the privacy of your own home! Well, okay, maybe not *exactly* like them, but at least close—for a lot cheaper than the price of a truckload of equipment. Casio's Rapman keyboard combines 25 sound effects—from sitars to sirens—with 30 rhythms from rap to rock, and features a scratch simulator, percussion pads, and a microphone with effects that will take your voice from Pee Wee to Satan and back. Rapman's in the house.



Hotlix

Hey man, can I have a lick? *Aaaaagh!* There's a worm in your lollipop! Yep. It's a worm. Stuck solid in the middle of each of these tequila flavored (non-alcoholic) lollies is one genuine mescal critter. Pretty gross, huh? How many licks does it take to get to the center of a wormy pop? We weren't sucker enough to find out, so place your order at *1-800-EAT WORM* and let us know.

At the Zoo

Quite a charming children's book based on Paul Simon's 1967

song of the same name. Simon's lyrics about a journey to the zoo serve as text for French artist Valérie Michaut's happy-go-lucky color illustrations of giraffes, elephants, orangutans, and other standard zoo fare. Guaranteed to bring out the stuffed animal in you.

NRG Shoelaces

If you spend 30 seconds a day tying your shoelaces, and you live a good long life, then we figure you'll spend a total of nine or ten entire days just in the act of tying. Not to mention untying. So think of all the extra time you'll have on your hands if you use NRG, a comfortable and convenient elastic cord lace system for athletic shoes. The lace locks come in many cool sporty styles, too, like soccer balls, baseballs, and basketballs. If your shoes fit, wear them.

Hologram Watches

Hey man, what time is it? *Aaaaagh!* There's a monster in your watch! Nope. False alarm. It's just a really cool timepiece with a holographic image hovering above its dial. Lions, horses, and skulls are just a few of the state-of-the-laser-art watch designs that'll seem to pop right off your wrist into your face. For more info send an SASE to *Norae, P.O. Box 5694, Spokane, WA 99205.*

Johnny Harra

This spittin' image of Elvis has impersonated the King just about everywhere—from the Silverbird Hotel in Las Vegas to the Red Bird Mall in Dallas. Photos of him in a parking lot once appeared in a *National Examiner* "world exclusive" which "conclusively" proved that Elvis was still alive in 1988. Now the faux Presley has released his own sizzling double album of cover songs, *All Brand New Again!* with the legendary Jordanaires. Johnny lives!

BOTTOM LEFT PHOTO BY JAIME BIONDO; TOP LEFT PHOTO BY LEN MASTRI

Drum. Your Own Rhythm.

Surprisingly Mild.

SPIN PATROL

Run Like an Eagle: Joe Walsh has announced his candidacy for Vice President in 1992, and raised the possibility of running on a joint ticket with Frank Zappa. For now, he remains an independent. He'll be campaigning on his upcoming tour. By the way, he's serious—Walsh garnered 100,000 votes when he lost to Reagan in 1980. • **Suicide Solution:** Last January, G.G. Allin repeated his promise to give the ultimate live performance on Halloween 1991, by ending his show in an onstage suicide. Due to scheduling problems the self-sacrifice has been moved back to October 31, 1992. • **Bargain Basement:** Price of the typical double CD: $23.98. Combined price of *Use Your Illusion I* and *II*: $33.98. • **Randy of the Republicans:** Roger Ailes, who shares credit for George Bush's use of Willie Horton's image in the 1988 presidential campaign, produced the video. Sig Rogich, one of the President's best spin doctors, conceived the song and assisted with the lyrics ("If you see what's wrong and you try to make it right / You will be a point of light"). Is this the first '92 Bush campaign spot? No, just "Point of Light," the current country hit by Randy Travis. • **You Can Go Your Own Way:** Who'd be a better boss—Axl Rose or Perry Farrell? Former Jane's Addiction guitarist and free agent David Navarro is one man who can answer that question, now that he has reportedly signed up with Guns N' Roses for the remainder of the band's tour. Another breakup: Grand Puba Maxwell has left Brand Nubian to record a solo album. • **Nolo Suave:** Gerardo is being sued by ex-partner Fabian Cooke, who claims to have cowritten "Rico Suave." Cooke's lawyer recently won five million dollars for a family whose small child suffered brain damage when a reclining chair crushed his head. • **One Day at a Time:** Rumors of a breakup between Valerie Bertinelli and Eddie Van Halen are greatly exaggerated. • **Bat Out of Hell VI The Undiscovered Country:** In an upcoming two-part episode of syndicated TV show *Lightning Force*, hefty rocker Meat Loaf plays an MIA army lieutenant, Richard Talbot, held in the Laotian jungle by the evil drug-crazed General Seng, played by Mr. Sulu (George Takei) from *Star Trek*. • **For the Record:** If the 1977 TV show *James at 15*, the title of which was changed to *James at 16* in its second and last season, were still on the air, it would now be called *James at 29*. • **Germ Warfare:** Caroline Records is reissuing X-Ray Spex's 1977 rare punk classic LP, *Germ Free Adolescents*. The original fetches upward of $100. At press time, the defunct band's lead singer, Poly Styrene, had filed an injunction preventing the release of the album. • **Readin' 'n' Rappin'** Radio stations across the country are broadcasting library support messages from RALLY (Rap Artists for Libraries, Literacy and Youth), a collection of more than 20 artists, including Main Source, EPMD, Salt-n-Pepa, and MC Lyte. "Knowledge is power," says KRS-One's message. • **Touring:** Red Hot Chili Peppers with Smashing Pumpkins and Pearl Jam; Guns N' Roses with Soundgarden; Nirvana, Fugazi, and Psychic TV. • **In the Studio:** Peter Murphy, Slaughter, Meat Beat Manifesto, Deee-Lite, Indigo Girls, and Buffalo Tom. Aerosmith is releasing a four-CD box set of greatest hits, live performances, and outtakes called *Pandora's Box*.

Penis Envy *The Wonder Years* star Jason Hervey paid $1,150 for a piece of original artwork created by Madonna for a charity auction. The pink and blue acrylic canvas painting spells out this message from the megastar: GET OFF MY DICK. LOVE, MADONNA.

Is MMM's Most Wanted Gangsta Ice Cube has decided that Louis Farrakhan is a prophet you ought to listen to and has converted to the Islamic faith. Unlike Cassius Clay he will apparently not be changing his name. His record company says reports that he'll be joining Farrakhan on a speaking tour aren't true

Amnesty Corner

In our November issue, guest-edited by Amnesty International's Jack Healey, SPIN pledged to work for the release of six Prisoners of Conscience. Each month we will update you on the status of these victims of a tyranny most of us could never imagine. We will ask you to write letters of support for one (or more) of your choice—in effect adopting your own Prisoner of Conscience—or to contact Amnesty International, U.S.A. (322 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10001; tel. 1-800-55-AMNESTY) to find out how you can help. Protest works. Lots of protest works better, faster.

On October 14, one of the prisoners we profiled, Aung San Suu Kyi, general secretary of Myanmar's National League of Democracy, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize "for her nonviolent struggle for democracy and human rights." Suu Kyi has been held under house arrest for two years by the ruling military government for organizing political gatherings in violation of martial law. Unable to contact Suu Kyi directly, the Norwegian Nobel Committee sent a telegram to Myanmar officials asking them to pass news of the award on to her.

Please support Amnesty's efforts to free Suu Kyi and the following prisoners. Every letter counts.

Aung San Suu Kyi
General Saw Maung, Chairman, State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC); c/o Ministry of Defense; Signal Pagoda Road, Yangon, Union of Myanmar (Burma)

José Ramón García
Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari, President de la Republica, Palacio Nacional, 06067 Mexico DF, Mexico

Riad al-Turk
President Hafez al-Assad, Presidential Palace, Damascus, Syrian Arab Republic

Orton Chirwa and Vera Chirwa
H.E. the Life President, Ngwazi Dr Kamuzu Banda Life President of the Republic of Malawi, Office of the President and Cabinet; Private Bag 388; Lilongwe 3, Malawi

Nguyen Chi Thien
Do Muoi, Chairman of the Council of Ministers, The Council of Ministers; Hoi Dong Bo Truong, Hanoi, Socialist Republic of Vietnam

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THE YEAR IN MUS

From R.E.M. to N.W.A, from C+C to G N' R, SPIN scans the highlights and lowlifes of 1991. From beginning to end, this was the year when. . .

Noisemakers: *left*, Morrissey in a rare introspective moment; *far left*, the good-natured N.W.A. *top*, our pal Axl Rose.

CHRIS CUFFARO/VISAGES

Jane's Addiction's Perry Farrell serenades the Lollapaloozers.

FACELESS FUNCTIONARIES **DNA** REMIX **SUZANNE VEGA'S** hitherto neglected "Tom's Diner" with lucrative results—except DNA didn't make any money and Vega's career remains of interest to a select few. Mixing-desk mavens Cole and Clivilles do better when they put their names up front for their remorseless hit machine, **C+C Music Factory**. **N.W.A**'s Dr. Dre beats up *Pump It Up* host Dee Barnes in a nightclub. **Paul Simon** releases *The Rhythm of the Saints*, his postcard from Rio. The record is strong in syncopation, less so in tunes. **Dinosaur Jr.** puts out its major-label debut, *Green Mind*

Whitney Houston lip-synchs "The Star-Spangled Banner." **Sting**, his three-year writer's block over, unleashes *The Soul Cages*. Here's to 1994. **Rock in Rio II**: **George Michael** entertains an intimate audience . . . in a stadium. Norwegian survivors **A-Ha** have them lining up around the block. The festival also boasts the year's first **Guns N' Roses** shows.

The ceremony begins! ***The Doors*** released to little acclaim or business. **Throwing Muses** release *The Real Ramona*. **Gerardo** drops trou. "High Wire," the **Rolling Stones**' timely comment on the Gulf situation, causes concern. The **Black Crowes** climb into the Top Ten, sparking a plenitude of "rock's not dead"–style coverage. **Enigma** puts the Marquis de Sade back in the Top 40. **Eazy-E** dines with the President, leaves big tip. **Doc Pomus**, pioneer lyricist, dies. **Janet Jackson** signs to Virgin for $40 mil **R.E.M.** releases *Out of Time*, press unsure, public convinced—the record hits No. 1.

Morrissey releases the indifferent *Kill Uncle* to great U S acclaim—proving that we may not always know great art, but we know what we like Mozzer prepares for his first stateside tour in years to capitalize on our bad taste; rapturous scenes ensue. In an apparently unrelated development, **James Brown** is released on probation from his six-year sentence for an exaggerated traffic violation. His several months behind bars may have taught the Godfather many things, but humility is not among these. "Rap music—it's all from me," he tells SPIN in the course of a rambling phone interview. **Leo Fender**, one of the pioneers of the electric guitar, dies unrepentant. New Kid **Donnie Wahlberg** sets fire to a hotel carpet in an attempt to gain credibility for his upcoming solo career. **Paula Abdul** is accused of lip-synching; a nation yawns. **Lenny Kravitz** releases an album of uncanny reconstructions of past musical styles (no one accuses him of genre-synching).

Queensrÿche's "Silent Lucidity," an artful Pink Floyd cop, enters the Top Ten. "Intelligent metal" is officially recognized as a legitimate critical term and consequently removed from *Bartlett's Dictionary of Oxymorons*. Both **EMF** and **Jesus Jones**, two British dance-rock hybrids distinguished from previous dance-rock hybrids like Happy Mondays by their, um, names, hit big on the singles charts. *De La Soul Is Dead* De La Soul's long-awaited follow up to *Three Feet High and Rising*, is released to a mixed critical and popular reception. **Neil Young** brings legendary New York noise rockers Sonic Youth on tour, and rediscovers the virtues of feedback.

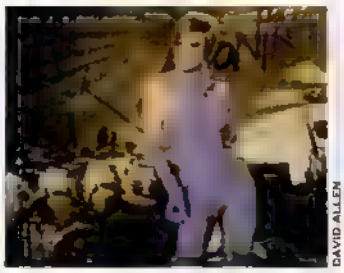
ANTON CORBIJN

L.L. Cool J's Chest.

The year's real star turns out to be **SoundScan**, *Billboard*'s new chart tabulation method, which more accurately reflects actual sales figures. As with any new democratic institution, some fine tuning is needed, but initial returns show some satisfyingly bizarre developments:Country star **Garth Brooks** rockets to the Top Five in the album chart, while many media darlings plummet precipitously. Truly *popular* American music—metal, rap, country—now cuts through the the thicket of record company hype to take its rightful place atop the pop charts.

Color Me Badd's "(I Want to) Sex You Up" thrusts to the top of the charts, while **R.E.M.**'s epochal "Losing My Religion" makes a strong bid for the airwaves. Punk legend **Johnny Thunders** dies

PAUL SLATTERY/RETNA


DAVID ALLEN

KRISTIN CALGANAN

Memorable moments. *From far left*: Morrissey on tour, Deee-Lite jazzes up the Montreux Jazz Festival, and Anthrax and Public Enemy gang up on PE's "Bring The Noise."

in New Orleans. **Slick Rick**, free pending trial for shooting his cousin, records two albums and makes five videos.

Extreme's "More Than Words" reaches No. 1 on the singles charts. For the video, the band members who don't play on the song sit around reading the newspaper and generally looking uncomfortable. **N.W.A.**'s *Niggaz4life* knocks **Paula Abdul** from the number one spot on the album charts. The group's violent, sexist, and violently sexist raps find a vast untapped audience among fraternity houses across the nation. In a more culturally uplifting development, thrash-metallers **Anthrax** cover **Public Enemy**'s "Bring the Noise," and are joined by **Chuck D** and **Flavor Flav** in the video. **Axl Rose**, on tour with **Guns N' Roses**, walks off the stage when he spies (gasp!) unauthorized picture-taking going on in the audience. An outraged crowd tears the venue apart looking for the culprits in an astounding show of solidarity with the band. Not.

Van Halen knocks **Skid Row** from the top of the charts. It's the first time in about three years that boring hard rock bands are No. 1 back to back. **L.L. Cool J** headlines the first ***MTV Unplugged*** rap show and blows everyone away. **Vanilla Ice** releases a live album and blows no one away; **3rd Bass** lampoon the idiot jar head in "Pop Goes the Weasel," punk luminary **Henry Rollins** playing the part of "Vanilla Wafer" in the entertaining video.

Everyone walks around annoying everyone else singing "La Da Dee, La Da Da" from **Crystal Waters**'s house anthem, "Gypsy Woman (She's Homeless)." **Frank Zappa** announces in SPIN that he plans to run for President. On ***Boyz N the Hood***'s opening night 33 people at 20 theaters are wounded and one dies, but the film's antiviolence message is superb.

Veteran alternative rockers **Siouxsie and the Banshees** score a Top 40 hit with "Kiss Them for Me." **Seal**'s "Crazy" hits the singles chart.

Super freak **Rick James** and his girlfriend Tanya Anne Hijazi are arrested for allegedly kidnapping a woman, torturing her with a hot drug pipe, and sexually assaulting her. At the **MTV Video Music Awards**, **Pee Wee Herman** shows his face, **Prince** shows his ass, and stripteaser **Michael Stipe** shows a generic interest in a lot of causes. **R.E.M.** cleans up, winning six awards, including Best Video for "Losing My Religion." **C+C Music Factory** takes a break from advertising Coke to perform live. The next day **Aerosmith** signs to Sony for over $25 million, a sum which should keep them comfortable well into middle age.

Judge Thomas O'Brien in Chicago's Cook County Circuit Court rules that anybody who was stupid enough to buy into **Milli Vanilli** in the first place can get rebates of three dollars on CDs, two dollars on tapes, and one dollar on singles. **Robyn Hitchcock** releases a great album, *Perspex Island*. **Paul Simon** performs in Central Park to over half a million nostalgia seekers—this time he's Art-less. Across the board concert attendance are drastically down. Many **Guns N' Roses** preview shows fall below 70 percent capacity and lose money for promoters. The **Public Enemy–Sisters of Mercy–Gang of Four** tour and **Operation Rock and Roll (Judas Priest, Alice Cooper, Motörhead, Metal Church)** are pretty much failures. **Perry Farrell**'s **Lollapalooza** fest is the nine-hour bright light of the summer, packing in the alternative kids across the nation. Everyone else is at the **Grateful Dead** shows.

M.C. Hammer's Saturday morning *Hammerman* cartoon makes its first appearance, despite the fact that Hammer was a Saturday morning cartoon to begin with. **Ice-T**'s

RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

Prince's MTV Awards appearance left him the butt of many jokes.

DANNY CLINCH

3rd Bass pops the weasel.

thrash-metal band, **Body Count**, performs a surprise gig at legendary New York club CBGB. Alan Parker's ***The Commitments***, about the rise and fall of a Dublin soul band, becomes the sleeper hit of the fall season. **Tin Machine**'s Greek-statue album cover causes another boring censorship controversy. **Metallica** rips **Natalie Cole** from the No. 1 spot. **Garth Brooks**'s *Ropin' the Wind* takes over until everybody lines up at midnight to buy two new **Guns N' Roses** CDs for the price of two, hoping there's not another last minute delay in their release. On one track, "Get in the Ring," **Axl Rose** challenges SPIN publisher **Bob Guccione, Jr.**, to a fight (Guccione accepted, Axl wimped out). **Marky Mark** proves what you can do if you're somebody's brother. Everyone is repeatedly questioned as to whether or not they're down with **OPP**. Legendary Cleveland avant-rockers **Pere Ubu** solicit funds from friends and family for an appearance on *Late Night With David Letterman* after the band's record company stops promoting its latest effort, *Worlds in Collision*.

KEVIN WESTENBERG

Robyn flies again.

Public Enemy's *Apocalypse '91: The Empire Strikes Black* is released. **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** release the long-awaited *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*. Despite production by the legendary **Rick Rubin**, the record unfortunately fails to meet expectations. Among releases from people who should be at home with their kids: **John Cougar**, **Bob Seger**, **Dire Straits**. Jazz legend **Miles Davis** dies. **Teenage Fanclub** releases the momentous *Bandwagonesque*. **Prince** releases *Diamonds and Pearls* with a cool holograph cover. **The Pixies** release *Trompe le Monde*, their best record yet, and embark on a U.S. tour. **Neil Young** puts out *Arc-Weld*, a limited-edition three-CD live set including 34 minutes of pure feedback from his recent tour. **U2** releases *Achtung Baby*. Happy holidays!

— Jonathan Bernstein, Mark Blackwell, and Jim Greer.

THE YEAR IN POP

From top, EMF, Boyz II Men, and Seal.

N.K. VAGLARIO

This was the year of the replacements. Color Me Badd, those crooning pumpkinheads, replaced the New Kids. Cathy Dennis replaced old-style Paula Abdul. New-style Paula Abdul replaced Janet Jackson. C+C replaced L.A. & Babyface as up-front back room boys. Londonbeat sort of replaced the Fine Young Cannibals. New Edition, whose component parts were unavoidable last time round, orchestrated its own replacement this year. Founder-member Michael Bivins launched versions of formative and mid-period NE in the persons of the shrill Another Bad Creation and the sartorially intriguing Boyz II Men. While both combos saw active chart duty, the most lucrative New Edition cop was perpetrated by Waco, Texas, rookies Hi-Five and their "I Like the Way (The Kissing Game)."

Also bowing in '91: a very belated British invasion. EMF, Jesus Jones, Seal, and the KLF all escaped from the U.K.'s *Ed Sullivan Show* of a Top 40—crammed to bursting with glove puppets, TV themes, and Belgian computer chips. They traded in a line of U.S. sportswear and samples that received a surprisingly warm reception from the source. Shoulder to shoulder with those chickens were some seasoned triers finally receiving their just desserts. Chris Isaak, Lenny Kravitz, and the Divinyls made chart debuts. Then there was Amy Grant. The Church Lady made herself over from censorious zealot into doe-eyed earth mother dreamboat, winning the hearts of both VH-1 cocooners and daytime atheists. Though the latter were fully aware that her pop hits probably bristled with subliminal triggers, they found resistance impossible up against that langourous delivery and polka-dot smock.

Equally irresistible, this year's crop of power ballads was highlighted by three standouts—hand-on-heart, I'm-just-a-poor-boy weepies always sound better coming from big-haired lunkheads than wimps with bangs. The Damn Yankees hit "High Enough" even manages to reconcile the always present, always problematic gulf between Ted Nugent's persona (blood-drenched throwback) and his product (thimble-cocked slop). Meanwhile, two things remain constant in the otherwise turbulent career of Bryan Adams. His complexion will always resemble the surface of the moon and his facility with an epic slowie will never be surpassed. That said, his *Robin Hood* theme, momentous and Sherwoodian as it is, couldn't help but be dwarfed by the subtleties of the song of the year, with its Everlys-sing-McCartney gorgeousness—Extreme's "More Than Words." An "our song" for years to come, this one smashed formats, stereotypes, generational, and sexual barriers, finding a home in every heart. The prominent featuring of stud virtuoso Nuno Bettencourt didn't hurt either. They won't be replacing him in a hurry. . . .

JONATHAN BERNSTEIN

Celebrating the year in which alternative became mainstream, JIM GREER talks to Perry Farrell about life after Lollapalooza.

ARTIST OF THE YEAR

PERRY FARRELL OF JANE'S ADDICTION

"Workers of the world disband; the world was created on a Sunday."
—Vladimir Nabokov, Strong Opinions

EVERY AMERICAN GENERATION FINDS ITS OWN way to be creative. Whether it's music, art, bad television, fast food, or just lots and lots of kids, we've always found a way to leave our mark. Each decade (that's how we measure generations now, in decades) has its own indelible character; at the beginning of a new decade journalists hold an unofficial contest to try to be the first to characterize, and more importantly name, the latest developments in our culture.

Which can be, let me tell you, a lot of fun, but it reduces a very complex situation to a label, and labels (if you've ever tried to read a soup can, you'll know what I mean) don't tell you very much. It's much better—as well as easier—to spot emerging trends and to try to tie them into a coherent knot, especially in an oversaturated information society such as this. Anyway, watching a culture define itself seems a much more entertaining prospect than defining it from above.

If you're watching, that's exactly what's happening—and no place more so than in rock music. This year, for the first time, it became resoundingly clear that what has formerly been considered "alternative" rock—a college-centered marketing group with fairly lucrative, if limited, potential—has in fact moved into the mainstream. This music, which encompasses college rock, rap, thrash, metal, and industrial, and has as many variants as adherents, has slowly attracted a larger and larger audience, to the point where the term *alternative* no longer means anything. Alternative music is purely and simply the music kids are listening to today.

You want proof? Well, that's what this article is about—proof. Witness the surprise success this summer of the Lollapalooza tour, spearheaded by Jane's Addiction, and masterminded by Perry Farrell, SPIN's 1991 Artist of the Year. That tour brought together seven disparate elements of the alternative rock community—Henry Rollins, Butthole Surfers, Ice-T, Nine Inch Nails, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Living Colour, and Jane's Addiction—on one bill, along with a potpourri of political and social issues, art, and, most importantly, strange food. This free-for-all attracted sellout audiences everywhere it went.

Lollapalooza was from its inception intended to be more than just another rock festival, and it succeeded mightily in its intentions. Even though the tour was essentially the brainchild of one man, Perry Farrell, it encapsulated, without seeming to try, some of the currents that have been flitting through the youth culture stew of late—concern for the environment, active awareness about political issues, increased interest in the arts, multicultural diversity, and so on.

While Lollapalooza may indeed turn out to be some sort of watershed event for this country's twentysomething generation, it's not the most significant thing Farrell's done to date. By breaking up Jane's Addiction *just because it was becoming too successful*, Farrell has put into action one of the most intriguing of those flitting currents referred to earlier; something touched upon in recent books like *Generation X* and movies like *Slacker*. It's a philosophy of rejection, a kind of nonviolent opposition to the system of values transmitted to us through popular culture in the '80s. We just don't want to participate anymore in the society that's been handed to us. We've figured out better things to do.

Call it laziness, if you want. I'm sure that's what *Time* would call it, if it hasn't already. Or misguided, confused, directionless, without ambition. I'm sure that's what our parents think—and maybe that's how it looks,

JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA

parents' fucking fault. But to tell you the truth—let me be really honest with you—I'm not trying to reach anybody; in all honesty I really am not. I'm just doing what I enjoy. But if you ask me what I would like to do if I had my choice—which you never really do, because you don't know if you are going to be a success or not—I started like everyone else. I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. I didn't know where I was going. So it would be easy for me now to say I'm trying to reach these kids, but no. I was just trying to do something that I respected myself for and liked. What I enjoyed, period.

But Lollapalooza is one thing that I can now start to do, if I want to manipulate anything in this world. And like I say, it's a very slow thing. I'm more interested in just getting to the bottom of things, and I don't think politicians have the balls to do it. If I have to flash little things on the Lollapalooza message board about what's going on, that's what I'm going to do. I'm keeping a different score entirely.

Kids today, I think, are confused at this point. There's no doubt about it. It's just lack of awareness. I would like to take credit for being a part of any kind of movement to improve that, but things happen when they need to.

SPIN: Well, nobody chooses to represent his or her generation. Pretty much each generation picks its own heroes—willing or unwilling.

Farrell: Exactly. I mean, another person could take my place, but change just simply has to happen regardless. It's dying to grow—it's kind of like roots underneath concrete. It's going to happen anyway, no matter what. I think that it's time for kids to read alternative books, and not get these books from school. They can't depend on school to give them the proper education on life. And that's why I drag Amok Books along on Lollapalooza. You might not like what these books have to say, and that's fine, too.

SPIN: Were you happy with the way Lollapalooza turned out?

Farrell: Yeah—because I'm looking at it as a great start. You know what I mean?

SPIN: The start of what?

Farrell: Well, the start of many more Lollapalloozas, I hope. We're already planning another one, we've been considering going to Europe, and we've had offers in Australia. And I'm sure, before it's all over, Japan will be interested, too. It's kind of like teaching sex education or parenting to high schoolers. You're not gonna instantly have another generation of great parents. But in a few years maybe, maybe. Things can change. It's a really slow, very long-term effect that I'm after. It's not a quick fix.

SPIN: Are there things that in the future you want to improve on?

Farrell: Yeah—I'm looking to get more international, or multinational, I should say. But this was a good start because, like I say, it turned peoples' heads. But now I would start incorporating bands that you've never heard of before. I look at it as something I can do the rest of my life; an ongoing project.

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SPIN: So if Jane's is really breaking up—
Farrell:—and that is for real—
SPIN:—then how will Lollapalooza work? Because it seemed to me that the major reason for the success of this summer's tour was Jane's Addiction's popularity.
Farrell: Well, I guess that's true. But the way I've always thought of Lollapalooza was, if I stepped outside of it, would I still want to go? If I was young and just wanted to find out current things that were going on in the music world? I think, Well, would you still go if Jane's Addiction wasn't playing?

But I don't know if the band could have drawn that many people in by themselves. I seriously doubt it. And we'll never know anyway. But the fact of the matter is, my angle was to draw that many people in basically because I wanted to play for a festival situation. I wanted to see what it was like once in my life and . . . I don't know if it will ever happen again, but I think everybody that plays music would like to once in their life play for a lot of people.

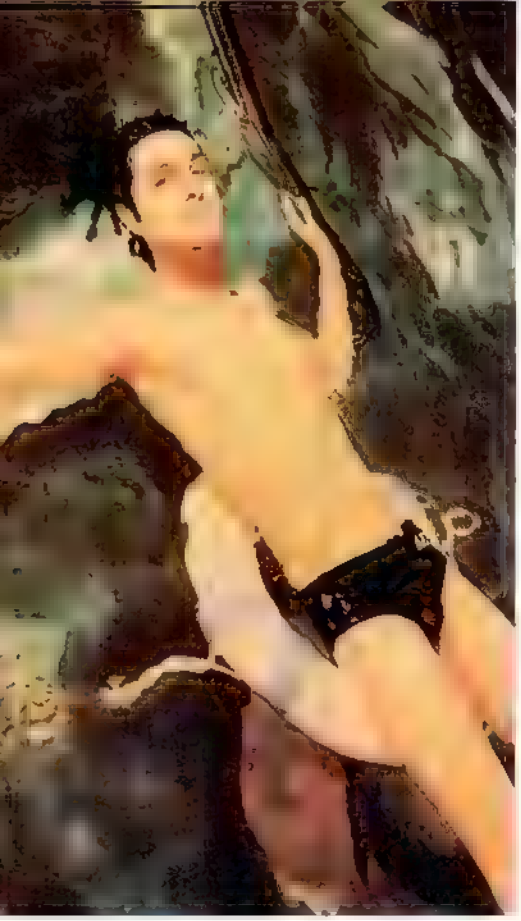
At the same time I wouldn't want to do it always, I've got other ideas. My next personal project will definitely be scaled down, but it was a very conscious decision to have a long list of bands at Lollapalooza, because I thought that way I could play a large festival and I wouldn't have to absorb all the attention. I could get out there and not feel like I was falling from a ten-story building. In all reality it was seven bands playing and the cumulative audience is what made up the festival.

SPIN: Right, and just having Jane's on the bill was a good way to introduce them to the idea. Get your foot in the door. Now that kids are familiar with it—
Farrell:—I mean, come on, it's the summer time, why wouldn't you go? I mean for the same ticket price that one act would headline we gave you seven bands, all kinds of entertainment, great food.
SPIN: Do you want to talk about the nature of your next project, or projects?
Farrell: Well, I have *Gift* [Farrell's feature-length movie] to finish editing. We're looking at February as a release date. In the meantime, we're setting up right now for another Lollapalooza to hit next summer, and I'm gonna help oversee that. And as I said, there's the possibility of bringing it to Europe, so that's another project. I've got another musical project in mind, for which the music's already written
SPIN: How would that be different from Jane's? Or would it be?
Farrell: Actually, it's not gonna be a lot different. It seems that there's a lot to change, but I have my own musical mentality that I follow, which is just the way I approach music, and it'll be that whether it's asking a guy to play a tuba or a guitar. And it really all does add up—it all stacks up similarly, believe it or not. It's not that big of an adjustment for me because I know what I'm after. And you know, it's very exciting for me. If I were to use the same musicians—you know, people tend to use what they know once they've made it. They also tend to use what they know the public likes. And that's really boring.
SPIN: How do you feel overall about the breakup of the band?
Farrell: It's scary; at times I question it, but only for a second, because, I don't know why, but I've always just followed my heart. And my heart tells me that the next record would just be very gluttonous. It would have a very slow energy because we have a safety net called Jane's Addiction. And I don't like dealing with a safety net.
SPIN: Is there a plan to release any already-recorded stuff?
Farrell: We have demos that were really good. We'll probably put out five songs that we never released. Along with maybe a couple of songs live. And then just let it rest. I just wanna get home and start the next project already. It's been long overdue. I'll never do a year and a half tour again. It's not good because I didn't get to create anything in a year and a half.
SPIN: You are in a position to do that, and that is very good. There are a lot of people who are in that position who don't do it.
Farrell: Well, I'm interested. I want to be in on the ground floor so I can see this movie *Slacker*, and read this book *Generation X*. I want to know these new artists, because I want the art work, I want to be able to own it for a thousand dollars instead of some crazy thing—you couldn't even pay for it. I want to be able to appreciate that, and own and collect young artists that I like, just because I think they're good, not because some museum tells me they are. Because to tell you the truth, museums are full of shit most of the time.

It's kind of antiquated, music. Yes, maybe Rudy Vallee was valid one day, in his day, and played the ukelele, but who gives a shit about him anymore?
SPIN: It's not even Rudy Vallee, it's more like these days, the Doors and the Stones, classic rock, these kids that won't listen to anything outside of what AOR feeds them.
Farrell: Yeah, you know, I listened to a Stones song the other day, and for the first time I couldn't get off on "Honky Tonk Women." And I was drunk! I was like, wow, man, I'll never like that song again, it's so sad. But I can still get off on "Louie, Louie," so, there's hope.

The sad thing is that AOR radio isn't even for young people. Unfortunately young people can't direct and run those things. They don't have the money most of the time, so you get an old opinion. And it's very difficult. I'm sure it's going to happen to me, too. I'm going to one day hear some music I think is terrible, and it's the new voice of the next generation. At least I want to be sensitive enough to realize that, and allow it to happen naturally. And maybe help it.

KEVIN WESTENBERG



KEVIN WESTENBERG

from the outside. From the inside, it looks more like a populist bohemianism—an art movement without the Art—one that everyone can participate in.

And, at the moment, however unwillingly, Perry Farrell is one of its guiding lights. Another facet of this fascinating culture is that it has no leaders, and those who are shoved into the spotlight (Michael Stipe, Farrell, Ian MacKaye of Fugazi) try their best to get the hell out of it as soon as possible. Everyone seems to want to be left alone, to be free to create, and in the process to construct an entirely different set of rules.

Which brings us to Farrell himself, and his own particular set of rules. Listening to him struggle with his own definitions, you get a sense of the similar, wider struggle of his generation, his culture, as it begins to come to terms with itself.

SPIN: One thing Lollapalooza seemed to prove is that there's a much larger portion of the mainstream audience who are into alternative music than anyone thought. In fact, it's almost a misnomer to call it an alternative audience anymore, because it's basically just what young kids are listening to.

Perry Farrell: Exactly. But I think that when you see the bands, and there's 30,000 people in front of them, it does look like the alternative market has hit the mainstream. But it's illusory. I don't think it's exactly the case. I think Lollapalooza purely as a festival would draw that many people in. There were a lot of young kids there and there's just no way they could have been into every one of those bands. Mostly they were there for one or two of the bands at most. Which is why I say it's kind of illusory in that respect.

Just look, for instance, at radio. . . . You know what happens when people mate within their own bloodline; they end up hemophiliac or inbred or really stupid. I think that's what radio's got a habit of doing to itself. And that's what I didn't like about continuing with Jane's. It would just be one big corporate buyout the next time around. It's, like, a sure thing we're going to get a radio hit, and we're going to be so fucking obnoxious that I won't even like me, you know. There's people putting out a lot of money to make sure that somebody gets a hit—and they can say whatever the fuck they want, but it's the goddamn truth—or they owe somebody a big favor, or they know that it's gonna sell because for the last five or six years this band's been getting more and more popular. And that's when the crossover to the mainstream happens. And I'm really not up for that at all, you know. So I thought that it was time to bail out.

But one good thing about alternative music getting the amount of success it has is that it's now the testing ground for everything. FM radio—there's no danger in it anymore.

SPIN: Let's talk a little bit, in general terms, about what's going on with the kinds of kids that you're trying to reach. There's a perception that today they just seem to drift and don't really care about anything.

Farrell: Well, if they don't care, then it is their

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ARTIST OF THE YEAR RUNNERS-UP

R.E.M.

I remember when R.E.M. released the *Chronic Town* EP, back in 1982. I was only three years old at the time, but I've got a pretty clear memory of the thing nonetheless. My sandbox pals and I were mostly of the same opinion—the record was a refreshing, if somewhat derivative, kick in the Pampers. If I recall correctly, a couple of the boys even wet themselves in excitement. (But then, that was far from unusual in those carefree days.)

Since then, thanks to R.E.M., I've come to learn a number of things: 1) Disposable diapers are bad for the environment; 2) Michael Stipe is a wacky guy with a heart of pure platinum; 3) guitarist Peter Buck, a very friendly young man, has appeared on more records by other people than by his own band. (I heard some guy come up to Robyn Hitchcock recently and say, "I'm a friend of Peter Buck's." Robyn replied, "That's unusual"); 4) Athens, Georgia, is a very nice place, but there is absolutely nothing—I tested this—unusual in its drinking water; and 5) "college rock," which was born with *Murmur*, died the day *Green* went platinum, and thank God for that.

Did you see them at this year's MTV awards? Man, they cleaned up, didn't they? Michael Stipe, what a nut, huh? Of course, he stole that layers-o'-T-shirts thing from a woman named Mimi Goese of Hugo Largo (whom Michael once produced). But that band broke up awhile back so I guess it's okay. It's interesting that after nearly ten years of solid touring-recording-touring, the one album R.E.M. decides not to tour behind goes ballistic, spawning heavy-rotation videos for "Losing My Religion" and "Shiny Happy People." Does this mean that big rock bands no longer need to tour if they make good videos?

Tour or no tour, this was R.E.M.'s year, though. In all my 67 years as a sportswriter, I've never seen one band dominate the art-rock field the way these guys did this year. Totally unexpected. I mean, everyone (except the band) thought *Out of Time* would do well, but No. 1? I remember when I first heard it, driving around Athens—my friend Mark and I had gone down to interview the band, and they loaned us a tape to listen to, which we then dubbed on a hastily purchased Radio Shack tape machine (sorry, dudes)—I thought, This is nice, I like it better than the last two records, but it seems a bit precious to really sell well. I do remember Michael Stipe saying that he thought this was their best album yet, but he says that about every album—and I also remember drummer Bill Berry worrying that people just wouldn't "get it."

In retrospect, the record's success was almost inevitable and doesn't seem all that mysterious. *Out of Time* is a marvel of nonspecific pop. The album presents a potent distillation of everything R.E.M.'s ever been about: folkish instrumentation, ambiguous, romantic lyrics, simple settings, and melodies. It's an affecting and subsequently much-copied blend, but R.E.M. manages to achieve that sound without really trying. Nothing the four of them play could ever *not* sound like R.E.M., and while "personality" is not first on my Virtues of Great Bands list, it sure as hell doesn't hurt.

"Losing My Religion" succeeded, paradoxically, by its lack of personality—in other words, not because nobody understood what Michael Stipe was singing about, but because everybody *thought* they did. That wasn't Stipe in the spotlight, that was everyone who ever sang along to the song (including me). Which, I guess, is what all good pop songs try to do—achieve some sort of universality of emotion. But the austerity of "Losing My Religion"'s setting helped make the song more evocative than just about anything else on AOR in 1991. Which is not a bad year's work.

JIM GREER

REX BELLER/OUTLINE PRESS

Clockwise from top left, Michael Stipe, Mike Mills, Peter Buck, and Bill Berry.

1991 EDITORS' TOP TEN LISTS

Jim Greer's 1991 Top Ten

1. Best Sleep Experience: Flying overnight back to New York in Wayne Newton's private jet. Dreamed I was rich and powerful. Woke up.
2. Best Rock Experience: God Is My Co-Pilot at CBGB sometime last July. Best no-wave tribute band since Sonic Youth went pop.
3. Best Rock Experience, Recorded Media: Jeez, I dunno. I liked Pavement's *Perfect Sound Forever* a whole hell of a lot. But mostly I listened to Queen's *Sheer Heart Attack* on CD.
4. Best Telephone Experience: Interview with James Brown last March. The only question I remember asking was, "Hello?" The Godfather pretty much took it from there.
5. Best Movie Experience: *Terminator 2*. Kinda disappointed in the special effects, but what acting!
6. Best Tulsa Experience: Coming home. Get real, Tulsa.
7. Best Drinking Experience: Anytime, anywhere, as long as it's with my pals Fred, Lauren, Johan, and Susie.
8. Best Lollapalooza Experience: Sleeping in the same bed with Mark Blackwell.
9. Best French Experience: Finally getting to see the French Open in person. Red, red clay, and Arantxa Sanchez. Plus I got in for free.
10. Runner-up, Best Rock Experience, Recorded Media: American Music Club, *Everclear*. An amazing record. Buy it. Buy several—makes a great Xmas gift.

QUOTES OF THE YEAR

"The path of excess leads to a dirt pit in a foreign land that people pour booze on and pull out cigarettes on."

—Axl Rose, after visiting Jim Morrison's grave

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ARTIST OF THE YEAR RUNNERS-UP

METALLICA

"The Beatles' 'white album' has an all-white cover!" I yelled. "This is Metallica's 'black album.' That's why it's all black!" My friend would have none of it. He said *Metallica*—Metallica's new and improved alloy—was nothing but a joke, a clumsy heavy metal joke. Alas, the joke was on him—he had just given me his newly purchased copy of this the band's sixth full-length album. I had two now, two's better than one. I quickly ran home, hastening to sandwich one white *The Beatles* CD on my shelf between the two black ones. Then I gazed upon my homemade Oreo a creamy "creme" center in the middle of two tough cookies. I pondered it. White, it seemed, means art; black means a bunch of long-haired jokers.

Critics disparagingly compare *Metallica*, the year's top-selling heavy metal album, to *Smell the Glove*. Recall *Glove* was the imaginary creation of Spinal Tap, a bunch of smug, aging comedians posing as a bunch of smug, aging rock stars in the film parody *This Is Spinal Tap*. Exploding drummers aside, *Spinal Tap* fell short of draining the full bit of satire, that precious fluid, from the collective head-banging cranium. Fittingly, Spinal Tap's *1991 MTV Music Awards* appearance settled into the show more comfortably than Metallica's rousing rendition of "Enter Sandman."

"One," Metallica's first gold single (from 1988's . . . *And Justice for All*), was a lesson at lead guitarist Kirk Hammett's fleet-fingered hand—the kind of magnum opus, a morbid battlefield tale, for which dim-witted guitar magazines provide note-for-note transcriptions. It's all machine-gun effects and deftly executed change-ups. While an impressive breakthrough track, "One" broke little new ground over 1983's *Kill 'Em All*, the band's happy-go-lucky debut disc.

This time out, producer Bob Rock carefully limned each song—"The Struggle Within" and "Sad but True" are particularly trim treats. And to hear Hetfield's bell-clear tenor chime in from behind a chorus of "So I dub thee the unforgiven" is to dance with wolves.

Still, I hold the male majority of Metallica's core audience suspect. Assuming the new album's a keeper, what's preventing more women from admiring Metallica's engorged persona? Most likely it's that Metallica's mind is the mind of the male loner. Should the band attempt a proper relationship song, it might be a sped-up cover of Arthur Godfrey's "Too Fat Polka" (chorus: "I don't want her / You can have her / She's too fat for me").

DARREN KEITH

Clockwise from top left, Jason Newsted, James Hetfield, Kirk Hammett, and Lars Ulrich.

Clearly Uriah Heep, Jethro Tull, Judas Priest, and Led Zeppelin—some of the bands lampooned in *Spinal Tap*—populate a grand arena that's beyond parody. Aping heavy metal is like trying to make fun of professional wrestling: The genre's basic concessions are so aggressively stupid, fantasy death scenarios for pizza-cheeked pubescents, that real-life incidents play funnier. (What's a better gag than a body slam? Or threatening to cancel an arena gig for a speeding ticket?) Spinal Tap was soon taken seriously by many, the fictional band's music consumed with relish by the stolid simians it aimed to skewer. Too bad the songs weren't as hep as *Metallica*'s.

I think of Metallica as a latter-day Lynyrd Skynyrd, lead singer James Hetfield playing black-booted glory boy to Ronnie Van Zant's barefooted confessor. Trade Skynyrd's Jack Daniel's for Metallica's Jägermeister and you've got a band so well-lubricated, anything's possible—might even cure your cough. The other day I wondered what Metallica would sound like if the band traded its trademark stage presence—feet apart, knees locked, weight in the shoulders—for a swivelly boogie hip shake, complete with Molly Hatchet–style unison guitar bows. Then I tried to imagine Hetfield in a slippery snake dance à la Axl Rose. By my calibrations, a looser feel would render Metallica a Hell's Angels polka band. I've also got a sense the band would make music I'd have good things to say about. As it stands, I'll still take Metallica over legions of doom bands. Not surprisingly, my friend told me he prefers Guns N' Roses, those nancy boys.

ALEC FOEGE

Lauren Spencer's Fine and Excellent 1991 List:

1 Most Fun Office Experience No. 1: Tripping the alarm system in the office on weekends and making the police come in the rain.

2 Most Fun Office Experience No. 2: Making up this list.

3 Most Fun Out of Office With SPIN People Experience No. 1: Breaking Tony Guccione's portable phone at Bob's birthday party. I swear I didn't mean to.

4 Most Fun Out of Office with SPIN People Experience No. 2: Moving the offices to Columbia, Missouri, for our college issue.

5 Most Fun Office Expression No. 1: "How tweaked is that?"

6 Most Fun Office Expression No. 2: "Let's go to Prix Fixe for a meeting."

7 Most Fun Had With No SPIN People Around at All: Proving that the security system at Boston's Howard Johnson is lax at best. And that made me very happy.

8 Most Sounds That Rocked My World: Screaming Trees, Teenage Fanclub, Nirvana, Soundgarden, Smashing Pumpkins, Corrosion of Conformity, Metallica, and Pearl Jam.

9 Most Insane Facts Learned in an Interview: Florida '91. How to apply an inverted cross on various parts of your body and still have a career as a human being . . . not.

10 Most Insane Facts Learned in an Interview No. 2: Learning that I really like interviewing people.

"I don't know about you, but winning a Grammy sure helped me get laid."
—Bonnie Raitt, presenting a Grammy

Mark Blackwell's Top Ten C List of Highly Personal, Yet Relevant, Revelations from the Past Year

1 Cuisine: Dining with N.W.A at the Russian Tea Room. Caviar, crime, crudity, and crudités, each in its highest form. (And thanx to everyone who sent me mean letters.)

2 Christmas Party: Attending the Berry, Buck, Mills, Stipe affair in Athens, Georgia. Southern hospitality with all the fixin's. (But not as many mean letters.)

continued on page 58

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ARTIST OF THE YEAR RUNNERS-UP

THE BLACK CROWES

From left, Johnny Colt, Rich Robinson, Chris Robinson, Steve Gorman, and Jeff Cease.

At a time when rock (or popular music) is being ruled on one side by Metallica's Black Sabbath–isms and Guns N' Roses' everything-but-the-kitchen-sink-isms, and on the other side by sappy, insincere pop singers trying to draw a connection between what they do and classic *soul* music, the Black Crowes fill a definite gap.

If the Black Crowes didn't exist, someone would've had to invent them. In fact, someone almost did. A band from England, calling itself the London Quireboys, released a debut album on Capitol just around the same time that the Crowes were releasing their multiplatinum, Top Five debut LP, *Shake Your Money Maker*, on Def American. Both bands sounded *a lot* like the Faces; in fact, the Crowes' "Jealous Again" was initially mistaken as an unreleased Faces' track by more than just a few people. But while the Quireboys soon faded with barely a trace, the Crowes went on to sell millions of records, score three hit singles, make international magazine covers, and receive high exposure on MTV, while managing to retain critical and "hip" credibility in the process.

Part of that appeal was based on the hip quotient of Rick Rubin's Def American label; the Crowes have become that label's biggest success to date, even though Rubin had nothing to do with the band's signing. A&R executive George Drakoulias had been trying to sign the band to A&M for two years, before taking them to Rubin. When Drakoulias first discovered the Robinson brothers (singer Chris and his guitarist sib, Rich) playing in Atlanta, Georgia, they were still Mr. Crowe's Garden, a punk band that could barely play its instruments. Over the years, however, the band evolved into the *authentic* rock thang it is today. And Chris gives great interview, mentioning catch names—like Alex Chilton, Big Star, Gram Parsons, Muddy Waters, the MC5, P-Funk, and Bob Dylan—that never fail to get rock critics salivating the way a bell got Pavlov's dog.

Of course, it might be argued that the band has yet to bring anything truly original to the form. Still, rock crits get off on the fact that this is one band with members in their early 20s whose rock history doesn't begin and end with Mötley Crüe; rock fans of all things irreverent, meanwhile, get off on the band being tossed from a beer-sponsored ZZ Top tour for badmouthing corporate sponsorships onstage, or Chris spouting off gems like "We have as much use for the music industry as we do a closet full of enema bags," even as they continue to exploit that industry for all it's worth.

The Black Crowes fill a definite gap. *Especially* in an age of reduced expectations.

BILL HOLDSHIP

SMASHING PUMPKINS

From left, Billy Corgan, James Iha, D'Arcy, and Jimmy Chamberlin.

With its simultaneously childlike and ferocious debut album, *gish* (Caroline Records), the Chicago-based hard-soft psychedelia foursome Smashing Pumpkins exploded onto the 1991 indie-rock landscape with all the messy orange furor of its namesake. Even though the group disavowed any overt connections to Halloween or related vandalisms, the trick-or-treat dichotomy has proven to be a recurring theme during the Pumpkins' short but illustrious career. Singer-guitarist-mastermind Billy Corgan, guitarist James Iha, bassist D'Arcy Wretzky, and drummer Jimmy Chamberlin thrive on contradictions and surprises.

First there's the music, which veers back and forth between huge, steely guitar constructions, not unlike Soundgarden plus Hendrix plus Zep plus Jane's Addiction, and soft-focus moments not unlike a stoned Saturday afternoon in bed with someone you love, their cat, and some dust motes filtering through the sunbeams.

More often than not, Smashing Pumpkins combine the two approaches in one song. "Siva," the subject of the first *gish* video, kicks off with a sinuous, multitracked riff, muscles through some reckless soloing, and tumbling stop-start accents, *then* segues into a whispery-bass-high-hat-peep-guitar figure while singer Corgan caresses the ears with talk of wishes and kisses sprinkled on your head. The entire cycle is repeated once, and the song finishes in a blur of jagged chording. Corgan calls this calculated tension-and-release approach "flow arranging," and one look at the audience's surging response in the live segments of a recent MTV profile suggests that he's gotten it down pat.

Corgan, a guitar visionary in the late-60s tradition, originally set out to make Hindu goth music but gradually worked back to his roots after a grueling nine-month stint in Florida with his first group, the Marked. By 1988 he'd collected Iha, D'Arcy (she usually dispenses with the last name), and Chamberlin.

After a couple of compilation-LP appearances and the 1990 Sub Pop single "Tristessa," Smashing Pumpkins' reputation was sufficiently sealed. By the time *gish* was released last June, the Pumpkins' next-big-thing status was almost a foregone conclusion. As of this writing, *gish*'s sales are fast approaching the 100,000 mark.

Billy Corgan seems suitably unimpressed with himself, or at least unsure that he can bring to life the full scope of sound in his head. "If the next record is no better than this record, then we've failed," Corgan told *Chicago Tribune* writer Greg Kot earlier this year.

If perpetual self-dissatisfaction isn't the hallmark of genius, what is?

TOM NORDLIE

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ARTIST OF THE YEAR RUNNERS-UP

WAYNE'S WORLD

Every Friday night at 10:30, the magic of public access TV brings you *Wayne's World*, straight from Wayne Campbell's fake-wood-paneled basement in Aurora, Illinois. Lounging on rotten couches, Wayne and his bud Garth party with you, talk to babes, and interview Aurora residents. Like Bill and Ted, they are excellent dudes. But instead of traveling through time with gnarly clothes, Wayne and Garth just sit there, looking like burnouts—ripped jeans, the Jack Daniel's baseball cap, and the immortal unbuttoned-plaid-over-rock-T. This makes them totally excellent.

Sure, Wayne and Garth are really Mike Myers and Dana Carvey, and *Wayne's World* is really a regular skit on *Saturday Night Live* (and soon to be a movie). But *Wayne's World* rules because, like public access itself, it shadow-boxes with the very category of the real, capturing the strange realities that emerge when television is placed in the hands of people whose only relationship with media is consumption. By reveling in extreme close-ups and unnecessary zooms, Wayne and Garth never let us forget we're watching a technological construction, and that cameras can be as fun as Slinkys. Also true to the spirit of public access is that *Wayne's World* is their show—the goal is not to entertain or inform us but to get themselves off; not to interview Wayne Gretsky but to face off against him.

Wayne's World shows that the focus of white culture is shifting from the boho gutters of the avant-garde to the suburbs of the lame. Wayne and Garth live in Everyforma, a world of convenience stores, "cool with the kids" teachers, passed-out babes, vomit jokes, air guitar, and lust for your bud's mom. Their wisdom are truths such as "Bon Jovi are *bogi*," "Parents are scary when they're wasted," and "Roadies are the bottom-feeders in the great babe food chain." When the real Aerosmith visits the show, their gleeful buzz comes off the screen like static electricity.

The Wayne and Garth routine works because Wayne and Garth's bud-dom itself is composed of goofy routines, word games, and ritual gestures. Their language is alive, a street talk that blends *Yo! MTV*-isms and So-Cal slang, and which mutates across the seasons like changing sneaker fads. On one episode, Rick, the coolest guy in school, introduces the new cool word of the year: sphincter. Wayne and Garth compete with each other in their permutations of words ("gimp," "gimpathon," "gimpesque," "gimpy," "begimped"), creating a white stoner version of playing the dozens, the African game of trading insults that is an important precursor of rap. Wayne's monosyllabic "Not!" has effortlessly become part of the national patois.

Wayne's World is television (*Saturday Night Live*) imitating television (public access) imitating television (talk-show formats) that's supposedly looking at real life. Throw in the fact that some of the *SNL* guests act as Aurora residents and some play themselves, and it's clear that *Wayne's World* is so warped it becomes real, like *America's Most Wanted* turned inside out. (It's no surprise that Wayne and Garth mimic that show on *Aurora's Most Wanted*, though of course they decide to misrepresent the crime they're reenacting by blowing each other away at the end.) Seventy-two hours after Operation Desert Storm began, the news-addicted Wayne and Garth gave us an update, spitting out Patriot stats, making fun of Dan Rather, and worshipping the sounds of "Scud" and "Brit Hume." For a few moments, theirs were the only true voices on television.

ERIK DAVIS

TEDD VAHLEFELD

Michael Myers and Dana Carvey.

continued from page 52

3 Cali: Hanging with my No. 1 homeboy of the year, Jimmy G., on the western leg of lovely Lollapalooza. (See Point Blank for mean letter.)

4 City: Trying to decide where the soul begins in Anchorage, Alaska.

5 Country: Cornering the Pixies in Dublin, Ireland.

6 Concert: Watching R.E.M. tape their brilliant *Unplugged* for M.T.V., with my oh-so-beautiful-and-magnificently-delectable-sweet-child-o'-mine pal Beth.

7 Convention: Going to Austin's South by Southwest, one of the last of the unspoiled music fests, with the bestest boss that anybody in the world could ever hope to ask for, Mr. Bob Guccione, Jr.

8 Cinema: Seeing Hal Hartley's *Trust*, sort of a Romeo and Juliet for the '90s (except they don't die in the end), with my best friend on this whole earth Kerry (who deserves megathanks for all her love, inspiration for my cartoon and beyond, and no mean letters).

9 Circulatory Publication: Last year I said *Sassy* and people made fun of me, but I think I'll say *Sassy* again anyway.

10 CD: The Goo Goo Dolls' *Hold Me Up*, a sizzling soundtrack for the mistreated and jilted pathetic loser in all of us.

"I could rip her throat out. I can sing better than she can, if that counts for anything."
—Meryl Streep, on losing the title role of the film *Evita* to Madonna

Nathaniel Wice's Year of Ten Inklings

1 Romance. Personal highlight of year is vicarious thrill of following the courtship in those Maxwell House commercials. (Q: "How do you know I'll say yes?" A: "Because I know you find my taste in coffee irresistible.") Smooth.

2 Friendship. Impossible under present capitalist relations. Try again next epoch.

3 New York City. If you can make it here, you probably cheated.

4 Offices. A placard reads: "Some people say anarchy won't work. That's not an argument against anarchy; that's an argument against work."

5 Travel. L.A. turned out to be lots of fun, although I learned that

continued on page 68

Material chronicles prevent unbroken

ROMANA
SAMBUCA
THE FLAVOR OF ROME IN ITS PUREST FORM.
ROMANA
SAMBUCA
Romana Sambuca. Alc. 42% by vol. © 1981
from Italy by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J.

street surfer

GREGOR EHRLICH talks to Shawn Stüssy, surf bum turned designer of choice for a generation.

Around 1980, Shawn Stüssy was enjoying a simple life, shaping surfboards and skiing. In those days, the only connection the young surfing entrepreneur had to fashion was occasionally visiting flea markets where he'd buy huge Air Force khakis, later cutting them off into baggy shorts for himself and his friends. Since his eye for style began to put his clothes in demand among the surf crowd, Stüssy came upon the idea of buying fabric and sewing the shorts himself. "At first, my mom helped me sew some pairs," Stüssy confesses. "It was all very shooting-from-the-hip—I never went to the fashion institute or anything." And so the seeds were planted for what would grow into Stüssy, Inc., a sprawling empire of urban skatewear and beach apparel, a $20 million concern spanning from Tokyo to Trinidad.

Just how Stüssy managed to leap from the pack of similar T-shirt companies and into the league of American icons is something even he seems mystified by. Talking about his rise to the top, Stüssy still sounds a little awed. "It just blows my mind, it totally blows my fuckin' mind. I have no idea why it happened." There are several clues to help explain Stüssy's success. For instance, his unyielding drive and the fact that his clothes have an elusive, desirable quality—and, of course, the millions of dollars worth of free advertising and celebrity endorsements on MTV. With bands such as Jesus Jones, EMF, Jazzie B., and Big Audio Dynamite all wearing his clothing, Stüssy, as he says, "really lucked out with music videos." Typically, this windfall was just a happy coincidence: there was no promotional effort or product placement.

From the beginning, Stüssy was a surfer with a vision. After high school, he began a small business, custom-shaping surfboards and decorating them with his idiosyncratic, slashing signature. The parallels between surfing and negotiating the shark-infested waters of corporate America instilled a do-or-die business ethos which has served Stüssy well in the gnarly, extremely competitive garment industry. The influence in his character is obvious: He keeps total control of his company, his leadership as independent and daring as a surfer gleaming the cube.

Initially, though, Stüssy was reluctant to give up the custom surfboards. "I was just dabbling in T-shirts," he recalls. "It still wasn't really a clothing company." In fact it took until 1985 before Stüssy and high school buddy Frank Sinatra, Jr. (no relation) founded the company. True to his rebel roots, Stüssy was out to deliberately ignore the rules of the fashion business. He never put on a suit, never hired a secretary, never met with the banks. "We're not doing anything like the old school," insists Stüssy. "Even with the garment industry people that I have to deal with. They talk about shipping dates and show dates and the proper ways to do it and I'm just like, 'Yo, fuck all that stuff. I got nothin' to do with it.' Frank and I both take a very unorthodox approach to business."

Shawn Stüssy: surfer with a vision

With a cropped goatee and T-shirt, Stüssy looks more like Perry Farrell on the beach than a motivated young CEO who has become couturier to the Lollapalooza generation. His rollicking success in outfitting everyone from Cali surfers to New York hipsters has afforded him the luxury of doing things his own way, the privilege of power that turns craziness into eccentricity with the flash of a platinum card. "I'm over the hump. I can go into nice stores and people stare at me, but I don't mind, 'cause I'm like, Homey, you're gettin' paid six bucks an hour. What are you lookin' at? I've got a card in my pocket, and I'll *buy* this place. So don't look at me funny."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARREN McCOLLESTER; HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY LORRAINE LECOMTE FOR WARREN TRICOMI

André wears a black cotton T-shirt by Stüssy, red quilted nylon jacket by Cross Colours; 501 denim blue jeans by Levi Strauss and Co., black twill ballcap by Stüssy, black leather harness boots from Nafia shoes.

tony prawan

IT'S 2:00 A.M. AT THE LISTENING PARTY FOR THE new Red Hot Chili Peppers album *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*, and I'm kneeling before Rick Rubin. Perched on the Sphinx-like producer's shoulder, in the Hollywood moonlight, is his latest client, Peppers bass player Flea, whose staring green eyes glow out of the shadows. Suddenly, the bouncers dispatch a reveler headfirst down the mansion's stone steps with unnecessary roughness. Rubin and Flea don't notice. Unsmilingly, they wonder why I've come to the party but haven't come to interview them. I explain I'll be getting to that later, but Flea keeps bitching about how it better be a cover story.

It was one of those times when I wished I had bigger balls and had said: "Look Flea, you were on the cover a year ago, and you didn't even deserve it then. Why? Because you and your band, more than any other band in rock, have failed to actualize your potential, that's why. And now Warner is paying you 5.7 million bones for three albums? Give me a break. All that dough spent, all that stink raised, and all that ink spilled, and you've come up with what, one gold album? You're just like your boy Agassi, who never wins the big ones, now does he? In fact, you shouldn't have pimped for Nike with him, you should have been in his ad for Canon, saying 'Image Is Everything.' 'Cause that's all you are: tube steaks in tube socks, flexed pecs and strained necks, punk 'n' funk 'n' junk. So yo bro', take all that crap and shove it up yer tattooed ass!"

Of course, I just smiled and took my lumps.

A FEW WEEKS LATER SOME FRIENDS TAKE ME TO A QUIET barbecue at Anthony Kiedis's white box Bauhouse up near the Hollywood sign. We're asked to take off our shoes before entering. When introduced, I don't identify myself as a writer. Kiedis's mom is there, as is actress Ione Skye, Kiedis's old girlfriend. She's with her new boyfriend, Beastie Boy Adam Horovitz, but this doesn't appear to bother Kiedis.

The party is very L.A., very '90s. There are no drugs or drink, only Hansen's Natural Soda and the American Spirit cigarettes Kiedis smokes which contain only "natural tobaccos." I talk to a gray-beard with leathery skin and tattoos who turns out to be "Dr. Detox," rehab consultant to the stars. In keeping with this mood, Doug Feiger of the Knack shows up and, smiling beatifically, hugs Bob Forrest of Thelonious Monster. "Have you gotten high today?" Feiger asks with very L.A., very '90s concern.

Flea arrives, grumpy with tonsillitis. He doesn't remember me from the listening party but scowls nonetheless.

I finally face the Peppers some weeks later, over dinner at a Santa Monica Boulevard restaurant called Dan Tana's. The place is filled with 50-year-olds—it's all mahogany walls, burgundy leather booths, and muted lighting. The kind of place where comedian Richard Belzer feels at home. (When we left, he leapt up and crowed, "Hey guys, remember me? *Alan Thicke Show*, '83.")

Into this setting walks guitarist John Frusciante with a mohawk. Then comes Flea with his crew cut augmented by a

Photography by Jason Beck

HIGHER GROUND

For years the Red Hot Chili Peppers were the biggest jerks in rock. Suddenly, they're offering to walk your grandmother across the street. BOB "CUDDLES" MACK catches them with their guard—not their pants—down.

Matterhorn spiral that makes him look like Mr. Softee. The maitre d' frowns at his tank-top undershirt, and a mustard yellow busboy tunic is retrieved from the kitchen. Flea grumbles but puts it on, and we squeeze into a booth, joined by drummer Chad Smith, who doesn't take off his baseball cap.

Flea beats on the table like an infant. Frusciante smells like Magic Johnson after the game, and I'm like, here we go again. But no, as our conversation unfolds it becomes apparent that the Chili Peppers are neither as menacing as they appear nor as fit.

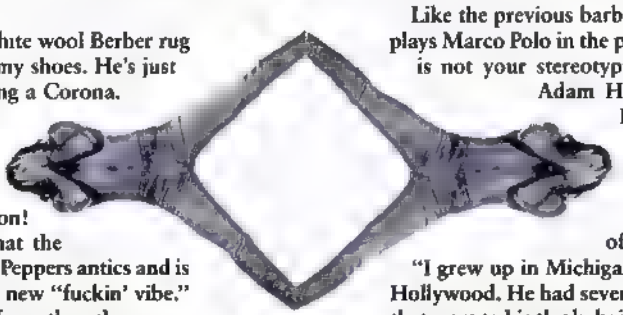
Smith: Are you lifting weights?
Flea: I was gonna bulk up for the tour and lifted for three days, but then . . .
SPIN: Do you guys actually tune up before a tour?

Kiedis: When we were younger we didn't have to worry.
Flea: Only with this tour have I started jogging—something I swore I'd never do.
Smith: We just shot our video and after jumping around for three minutes, I was out of breath.
Kiedis: I was so happy when I saw you out of breath.

The many faces of the big Chilis, *from left:* Anthony, Flea, Chad, and John.

AND I WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE THE PEPPERS ADMIT TO BEING MERE MORtals (the resulting video for "Give It Away" even reveals Kiedis's slight spare tire). Not all of the 17 tracks on their new album were sounding good yet. (Indeed, for all the hoopla around Rick Rubin's production and recording in the mansion, the first cut, "The Power of Equality," sounds positively terrible.) But at least I still had an appetite for interviewing them each in their own habitat, hopefully with their faces in repose—and not contorted into the goofy masques of a thousand photo ops.

Chad Smith's house has the same kind of white wool Berber rug as Kiedis's, but he doesn't ask me to remove my shoes. He's just been working on his Harley and is now sipping a Corona. His T-shirt says NEW KIDS ON THE COCK. In the '70s, it would have said DISCO SUCKS.



"The Chili Peppers need someone to kick their ass," he says with a laugh. "The first time we jammed I was yelling at Flea: 'Come on! Fuck! Piss! Doom!' Even they were like, What the fuck?!" Nowadays, Smith goofs along with the Peppers antics and is careful to include himself in their harmonious new "fuckin' vibe." Nonetheless, he has distinctly different roots from the others.

"I'm from the Midwest," he points out. "I have good morals. I was a fuckin' peanut-butter-and-jelly guy, really involved in sports. More on the normal side." That normalcy is manifested in his loud, no-nonsense drumming. "I think I bring a rock element to the band," he admits.

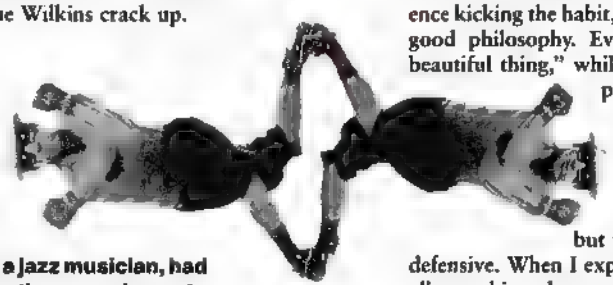
Chad

For while Frusciante loved the Germs, Kiedis dug Grandmaster Flash, and Flea found the funk, Smith had . . . uh, Kiss. "The picture on the back of *Kiss Alive*, taken at Cobo Hall? I was there. In the 12th row. The picture is of the 16th row. It was the coolest thing."

In the same way that Smith loves meeting "youngsters" now that he's a star, he still enjoys meeting his own heroes—or at least some of them. "I met Peter Criss and he took me by the arm, he was really cool. Then I met Ace [Frehley], and it was really sad. And another time, when we met Gene [Simmons] and Paul [Stanley], John *accidentally* spit gum into Gene's hair. He was like [imitating Gene's basso profundo], 'Don't touch it!' I think he wears a wig or something. They were such assholes.

John

"But the coolest thing I've done recently—wait, let me show you." He takes me into his living room and puts in a video of him playing the national anthem prior to a Pistons-Hawks game in his hometown Detroit. The performance is simply Chad Smith banging away to an album version of the anthem. Afterward, he stumbles over his kit, as Isiah Thomas and Dominique Wilkins crack up.



Smith: Anthony, tell him about my first audition.

Kiedis: Chad walks in, looking like the geek he is, and he starts playing like a pair of 200-pound gorilla testicles. And we all just started laughing.

Flea: It reminds me of when my stepdad, a jazz musician, had these jam sessions at our house. My reaction was always to just laugh hysterically.

(Egged on by Flea, everyone but Frusciante orders the most expensive entrée, a $36 lobster dish. Frusciante opts for the manicotti. We talk about punk, which prompts the band to open up about their childhoods.)

Kiedis: I was a complete freak of nature as a kid.

SPIN: This is a great place!

Kiedis: I used to come here with my father. He was the King of Hollywood. I'd hang with Keith Moon, who'd put his arm around me.

Anthony

MEANWHILE, KIEDIS CALLS CHAD SMITH'S PLACE WONDERING where I am. "Flavor Flav's up here, man. You're missing it!" So Smith hops on his Harley to escort me to Kiedis's, and sure enough Flavor Flav's there with his new Buckwheat minidreads. Kiedis excitedly tells of how Flav played the new Public Enemy, then asked to hear the new Peppers—and then went wild with his knock-kneed routine. "It was a really nice exchange," Kiedis says. "The mutual admiration society was in full effect."

Like the previous barbecue, this is a low-key affair. Sure, Kiedis plays Marco Polo in the pool with two topless British girls, but this is not your stereotypical Tinseltown bacchanalia. Skye, sans Adam Horovitz, plays with her T-shirt on. Finally we settle in Kiedis's spare white bedroom under one of his many Robert Williams paintings—this one depicts a Visigoth vixen bitch straddling the unicorn she's just killed and sawing off its horn.

"I grew up in Michigan but would visit my father, who lived in Hollywood. He had seven-inch-heel rainbow-silver platform boots that went to his thigh, hair down the middle of his back, and a giant handlebar mustache. He was usually up to illegal doings, but he was an outlaw in the beautiful sense of the word."

Not surprisingly, Kiedis moved out to Hollywood, where he and his dad shared a small apartment that rocked every night with "fights, drugs, and lots of guys and girls getting crazy." Father and son would also hit the town, where they "got the red carpet treatment at all the clubs. He was making a lot of money dealing and constantly paying people to take care of him. We'd have these matching pinstripe suits and hang out with Moon or Alice Cooper."

While Hollywood was a "magic kingdom" and his dad was both "his best friend" and a good parent ("each week he'd give me a new book and little vocabulary quizzes"), Kiedis realizes his unusual upbringing was a "double-edged sword." "It got me off to such an early start. I was like decadence and debauchery."

Was is the key word, because for three years now Kiedis has been clean. The death by heroin overdose of the band's original guitarist, Hillel Slovak, still haunts him and informs "My Lovely Man," the one new cut, with its violent and sad grooves, that grows on you most. "I was in my room, missing Hillel, and I just started crying uncontrollably for hours. Even when I went outside, I couldn't stop, so I wrote that song."

As a result of his shock over Slovak's death and his own experience kicking the habit, Kiedis has developed an almost vigilant feel-good philosophy. Everything's groovy. Even death "can be a beautiful thing," while smoking cigarettes is "a really wonderful part of life." And just as press accounts of his tiff with Faith No More's Mike Patton were exaggerated, so were the reports of his breakup with Ione Skye.

None of the three new acoustic love songs are for her, he insists. I believe him, but it's weird. Kiedis is at once open and oddly defensive. When I express my belief that even with this solid new album, things have yet to dovetail for the Peppers, he deadpans, "There's something beautiful about a dovetail with a few feathers missing. It's the imperfections in life that are really interesting."

Maybe it's just a personality quirk. Like his taste for acupuncture ("it's the generation of nerves, which is the generation of life"), and tattoos ("the ultimate beautification of the body"). But it's the tattoos, in fact, that brought Kiedis's sometimes perplexing mix of new age philosophy and libertine bravado into better focus. On the right shoulder is the warrior, Sitting Bull, and on the left is the pacifist, Chief Joseph. In the middle, right near his heart, is where he gets this urge to fight like a brave—and be a prince of peace as well. ▶

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Merry Christmas
from
Marlboro Country
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Flea: It's great when a star takes you under his arm. I played as a kid and went to see Dizzy Gillespie once. He put his arm around me real tight for like fifteen minutes—right until he went onstage. It was the most exciting fucking thing in my life.
Frusciante: He felt the vibration—that one day you'd be a musical god.
Kiedis: Not only that, but if you hold a little kid, it inspires them.
Smith: It leaves a lasting impression on a youngster. I love meeting little kids, man.
SPIN: Sounds like you're mellowing. Is that true for you, John—you're just a "youngster" yourself.
Frusciante: I'm twenty-one, but my dick's older and wrinklier than theirs.
Smith: His dick looks like a pizza.
Kiedis: Bear in mind John used to be a complete social outcast. He was a character out of a John Waters film without a John Waters film to be in.
Smith: Tell him about the cuddles.
SPIN: John, what about the cuddles?
Smith: Heh-heh.
Frusciante: I had a friend, and if one of us had to pass gas, we'd say, "Cuddle!" And the one guy would stick his nose against the other's asshole. You got the purest smell of gas undiluted by air molecules.
(On that note, dinner is served.)

JOHN FRUSCIANTE'S CARPET IS STAINED WITH PAINTS, AND HIS PRIMITIVist paintings litter the room. He gives me a cup of coffee and tells me what life was like as a nine-year-old who "cuddled" and listened to Germs albums. "When I was nine I had romantic dreams about what it would be like to be bisexual," he says. "The point is, I'm weird. But I never felt weird."

Like any other kid, Frusciante says, "I started out playing sports, but those people had taken all the fun out of it with their leagues. I realized punk wasn't a competitive thing. It was your war against those fucking average white, suburban, bland idiots who were destroying the world. That rage connected so fucking well with me. During the last weeks I played baseball, I sat out in right field making up punk songs about how much I hated the pitcher—he was the stud, so handsome and everything, and I thought he should die."

"Nine Inch Nails are bratty and don't seem

The young Frusciante subsequently locked himself in his room for 15 hours at a time and, legend has it, actually learned to play by listening to the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Nowadays Frusciante is still wary of normal folk. He refuses to drive, and his few friends are mostly the guys in Thelonious Monster and Two Free Stooges. Tempering his punk rage, however, is a hippy-dippy vibe (he's the one who said "we hug each other a lot" in the band's latest press release). And while he insists that "I have no fucking ideas, man," he is, in fact, one giant repository of modernisms like: "I'm currently listening to something called Music Improvisation Company, which uses no actual keys or chord changes."

Sometimes he takes this stuff too far. "It's a wordless state I'm in," he says, "as if outer space were walking through a room outlined like a person."

If the earth hurtles through space at 66,000 miles per hour, why doesn't it affect our hair?

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

Hmm, sounds like that Peter Gabriel video . . .

"I love early Genesis," he blurts out.

"But I thought you were punk. . . ."

"Yeah, but a lot of the people who started punk in L.A. loved progressive rock. At that time it was the only shit around that was weird. Yes, King Crimson, I love that shit."

This kind of ultra-openmindedness is reflected in the spectrum of sounds Frusciante captures on the new LP: from the strong melody line in the title track to the chicken scratching on "If You Have to Ask" to the Robert Fripp–type backward solo on "Give It Away" to the "The Greeting Song," which sounds suspiciously like "The Song Remains the Same."

to have any respect for the humbleness of Robert Johnson."

Frusciante switches off my recorder and whispers, "Achilles' Last Stand."

Then he starts in again with the air molecules. Commenting on Rick Rubin's favorite band, Nine Inch Nails, he says, "The way the air molecules are set up when they're playing, I don't appreciate it at all. They're bratty and don't seem to have any respect for the humbleness of Robert Johnson."

One could argue that the Peppers are pretty bratty themselves, but at least Frusciante has no lack of appreciation for the masters. Listening to legendary bluesman Kansas Joe, he goes into an amazingly convincing strained-neck-and-clenched-jaw punk pantomime. Sure it may be an act, but it comes off real. "What those people did was out there. Out! That's the fucking outest shit!"

His voice quivering with emotion, Frusciante has either made a believer or a sucker out of me. Probably both.

Flea: If Anthony didn't come to school, I wouldn't know what to do. I'd pretend to get something out of my locker, walk around, go back to my locker.

SPIN: So up onstage, what comes out are all those years of pretending to look in your locker?

Flea: I can't intellectualize it, but my fear of dealing with people has something to do with my aggressiveness onstage.

(Such trademark tantrums—read: being assholes—have given way to what Flea calls the "more relaxed feel" of the new album. *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* was recorded not in a studio but in the big stone mansion where the listening party was held—where the Beatles first took acid and where everyone from Valentino to Hendrix have allegedly lived. But isn't this just a latter day version of Eno and U2 recording in an Irish castle, that lamest of all mid-'80s idiocies?)

Flea: No, because you go into some studio, and for all you know, Poison or fucking Loverboy could've been in the day before puttin' their vibe down and blowing your whole scene.

SPIN: And you have these precious new acoustic songs—

Flea: It wasn't like we said, "Let's do an acoustic song." We still want to explode in your face, but there are other emotions we want to express.

CONTRARY TO MY FIRST IMPRESSION, FLEA'S A FRIENDLY GUY, EVEN WHEN I wake him for an interview at 11:00 the next morning. One of Magic Johnson's size-14 sneakers hangs over a door like a horseshoe, and a display

continued on page 121

Why Ask Why?
Try Bud Dry.
It's smooth draft taste is Dry Brewed, not watered down. To drink light, yet satisfy completely. For refreshment that's beyond question.
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN

continued from page 56

you're not supposed to admit this in Prague or San Francisco.

5 I really don't want to talk about this one.

7 War. How dare those censors? Next time they preempt prime time, I want to see some *action*. Take a hint from the LAPD.

8 High school. My father sent me an article from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. It turns out that the music teacher at my high school was molesting his female students for years. The newspaper never printed my mean letter to the editor blaming it all on the principal I hated, Dr. Melvin K. McMaster. He was so uptight that he had every reference to cigarettes in a production of *Grease* changed to potato chips, and menstruation to a head cold.

9 Rock'n'roll. I heard Neil Young sing about it.

10 Vindication. He who laughs last took the longest to get the joke.

66 Heard any good jokes lately? 99

—Pee Wee Herman at the MTV Music Video Awards

Scott Poulson-Bryant's Personal Top Ten for 1991

1 Spending the day at *MTV Unplugged* taping, first for the rap segment, then for R.E.M. Near wild heaven, indeed.

2 Chatting at the airport with Michael Stipe about Massive Attack, Seal, and my few days with Prince at Paisley Park.

3 Madonna's stylish self-defense on *Nightline*. Take that, Forrest Sawyer.

4 Standing in La Guardia and hearing Bob Guccione, Jr., say, "Your destination, Scott, is New Orleans."

5 Morrissey at the Garden: The '60s Brit-pop tape before, the "That's Entertainment" cover during, and the gladiola petals on the floor after.

6 *Terminator 2*: I wish a black man had that much power.

7 Columbia's box sets of the divas: Billie Holiday, Mahalia Jackson, Barbra Streisand.

8 *Boyz N the Hood*: Who would have thought that black macho circa hip hop could be so downright smart?

9 My Tommy Boy Carhartt jacket: promosexuality at its finest.

10 The Great Scott Productions brunch on Ashland Place, Brooklyn, U.S.A. Could this be your last sorrow?

20 BEST ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

(In order, as rated by SPIN's editors)

1. Teenage Fanclub, *Bandwagonesque* (DGC). This Scottish band's last record, *A Catholic Education*, was a powerfully loose shot of punkish guitar pop that proved to be among 1990's finer releases. *Bandwagonesque*'s refinements (better playing and production, more standard song structures) take a good idea even further—this record would be hard to equal in any year. Rock music doesn't get much better than this. (Blackwell)

2. R.E.M., *Out of Time* (Warner Bros.). This disc leaves you out of breath with wonder. Understated beauty, moody eclecticism, and guest stars galore. Jefferson, I think they've found their way. (Poulson-Bryant)

3. Nirvana, *Nevermind* (DGC). What can I say? Are you tired of hearing me rant about this album yet? Well too bad, you won't get tired of listening to it. So just buy it. (Spencer)

4. Pixies, *Trompe le Monde* (Elektra). In the distant future, a friendless historian may well look back and select this as one of the most sublime and thorough expressions of a late-20th-century mannerist style in popular music that was known as "college rock." (Wice)

5. Pet Shop Boys, *Discography* (EMI). Anticipation, envy, bitterness, and longing. All the little things that make life worth living linger inside this peerless collection. Beautiful, eloquent, heartsick echoes of another England from the greatest blue-eyed soul duo since the Righteous Brothers. (Bernstein)

6. Robyn Hitchcock, *Perspex Island* (A&M). Robyn's "straightest," most convincing record ever. "She Doesn't Exist" is possibly the best song he s written. (Greer)

7. Public Enemy, *Apocalypse '91: The Empire Strikes Black* (Def Jam). Not as sprawling as *Fear of a Black Planet*, not as lean as *It Takes a Nation of Millions*, but tight, funky, and engaging. (Poulson- Bryant)

8. Soundgarden, *Badmotorfinger* (A&M). You may think you've heard the riffs before, which is always comforting,but this big, churning album will blow you right away. (Spencer)

9. Smashing Pumpkins, *gish* (Caroline). Lush, textural sounds that hit hard, soft, and everywhere in between. Without a doubt the debut album of the year, and if you were smart and got it early, you're allowed to be smug and say, "I told you so." (Spencer)

10. R.M. Dawn, *Of the Heart, of the Soul and of the Cross: The Utopian Experience* (Island). A long, pretentious title for an album long on pretensions. But the hooks hook, the samples excite, the ambition amazes. Debut of the year. (Poulson-Bryant)

11. Metallica, *Metallica* (Elektra). Heavy, heavy, rock'n'roll that packs a walloping steel-fisted punch. This sixth effort is the band's tightest, most mature, simple, and commercial (nothing wrong with that) release yet. (Blackwell)

12. Massive Attack, *Blue Lines* (Virgin). Cascading melodies over big sexy beats; rhyme-styles in an elegant, soothing mode. Perfect balance. (Poulson-Bryant)

13. Fugazi, *Steady Diet of Nothing* (Dischord). A collection of beautifully constructed, tighter-than-ever songs that quake, rant, and shudder with the simple frustrations of everyday life. One of the more disparate and talented bands to emerge in recent years. (Fidler)

14. Urge Overkill, *The Supersonic Storybook* (Touch and Go). If I were a major label, I'd sign these dudes tomorrow. Sartorial splendor aside, they rock. You need this. (Greer)

15. Pearl Jam , *Ten* (Epic). Not just the founders of Seattle's Long Hair Club for Men. These guys are also clients. And in *Ten*'s groove-laden tracks you'll find hair-raising inspiration plus follicle stimulation. (Foege)

16. Seal, *Seal* (Virgin). Sultry grooves with folky edges. A poet dressed up like an icon, Seal broke out, wry observations and oblique asides with the assured and polished flight of a pro. Lyric of the summer: "In a sky full of people / Only some want to fly / Isn't that crazy?" Indeed, indeed. (Poulson-Bryant)

17. De La Soul, *De La Soul Is Dead* (Tommy Boy). Long-winded, self-indulgent, immature, flatulent. . . But the songs were good. (Wice)

18. Mudhoney, *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge* (Sub Pop). Always sonically rich, now Mudhoney is just plain rich. Cheers to college-rock stardom. (Foege)

19. Guns N' Roses, *Use Your Illusion I & II* (Geffen). On which Axl frustratingly challenges Bob, our boss, to a brawl, something we do all the time around SPIN. But it looks like Axl's gonna back down from Bob's ready acceptance to fight, which we *never* . . . oh yeah, um, we do that around here, too. But anyway, these two fine records of signature G N' R tracks, come complete with all the fire and fury of *Appetite* and a hell of a lot more swearing. (Blackwell)

20. Hole, *Pretty on the Inside* (Caroline). An album that starts out with a tune called "Teenage Whore" and gets louder, more brutal, and better is destined for a little corner of music history. Snarling and clawing its way—always prettily—into the a(n)nals of rockdom. (Spencer)

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LAST MILES

In the last major interview before Miles Davis's death, JENNIFER LEE plays both sides of the late trumpet player's complicated genius.

I LOVED WATCHING HARRY REASONER'S EXPRESSION ON *60 Minutes* when Miles told him he felt there was nothing wrong with being a pimp: "Women liked me," rasped the controversial, iconoclastic, horn-playing genius. Oh, Miles! I could hear women gasping from coast to coast! This man did speak his mind. I decided I finally had to get in touch with this gravelly-voiced musical messenger and get him to talk to me, even though the word was he wasn't talking to anybody (not even to promote his just-released autobiography, *Miles*, for Simon and Schuster). And he is oh so difficult—authentic and stubborn. Good enough for me; I had to try.

Miles Davis was born on May 25, 1926, in Alton, Illinois. He grew up in East St. Louis where, at the age of 13, he began blowing his trumpet. But it was hearing Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet and Charlie Parker's saxophone that made Miles decide to be a musician. Arriving in New York in 1944 to study at Juilliard and to find Dizzy and Bird, Miles soon found that "the shit they was talking about was too 'white' for me." He began hanging out on "the Street"—Fifty-second Street—the Three Deuces, the Onyx, and Kelly's Stable, where a heavy jazz scene was happening and all points converged. He finally found Bird and Dizzy and the other legends of his musical bebop tribe. He quit school and began playing with Charlie Parker's quintet. But soon Miles took his own direction, and, with musicians like Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan, and Lee Konitz, a new, more complex style called cool jazz emerged.

Restless and searching, Miles moved again, this time away from cool jazz to proclaim the arrival of hard bop, recording with musicians such as Sonny Rollins and Thelonious Monk. With *Kind of Blue* in 1959, Miles moved on to modal jazz, which would become the conclusive style of the '60s. His coterie for this decade included Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams. Miles added electronic instruments and ended up with a haunting, aggressive sound—improvisational, but rooted in rhythm. The musicians who worked with Miles during this period went on to form innovative rock groups such as the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Tony Williams's Lifetime, Chick Corea's Return to Forever, and Weather Report. In the '70s, he used Indian table drums and sitar—he had replaced melody and harmony with a funky melange of rhythm and electronics.

In 1975 ill health forced Miles into a five-year retirement and led to a drug abuse relapse. When he returned in 1981, critics said he had become a "business." One thing is certain, the human sound of Miles's trumpet and his angry, innovative style is a permanent legacy to the music of America. His final appearance was at the Hollywood Bowl at the JVC Jazz Festival on August 25, 1991. He died in Santa Monica, California, a month later, on September 29. This interview, Thanksgiving 1989, was his last.

When I first called the Essex House, the hotel on New York's Central Park where Miles lived, the operators were definitely on the job. "Yes, Jennifer Lee. You see, I met Mr. Davis, actually it was ten years ago with my ex-husband, Richard Pryor. He had had an operation." I was put on hold for several moments. Suddenly I heard the famous rasping voice (after a throat operation he yelled too soon at someone, resulting in badly damaged vocal chords). Somehow it struck me how perfect that voice was. One had to lean into it, listening closely, attentively. Sexy yet chilling, it conjured up scenes of Regan in *The Exorcist*, swiveling on the bed giving her speeches from hell. And he spoke deliberately as well, slow, measured.

Miles Davis: Yeah?

SPIN: Miles, you probably don't remember but Richard and I came to visit you. I think you had just had a gall bladder operation.

Davis: Could've been. They've taken so much out of me. Hang on a minute. [*Silence for several moments.*] Yeah.

SPIN: Miles, you were a very chic patient as I recall. Roaming around in your huge suite at New York Hospital in a stunning navy blue silk robe. You said the best thing to Richard.

Photography by Anton Corbijn

Davis: What'd I say?
SPIN: [*In my best imitation of the voice from hell*] "Richard, she's fine. Are you going to marry the bitch?"
Davis: [*The voice from hell laughs.*] And did you?
SPIN: Yeah, I did. We did.
Davis: How was it?
SPIN: Divorce, heartbreak, Miles.
Davis: Hang on one minute.
SPIN: Miles, I read an excerpt from your book in *Vanity Fair*.
Davis: Writers are funny, man. [*Perhaps a reference to Quincy Troupe, with whom he coauthored his autobiography.*]
SPIN: Why?
Davis: If you say, "I don't give a shit," they have to say, "I don't give a damn."
SPIN: Well, Miles, I don't think it's easy to mess with your truth too much; it's really strong stuff.
Davis: Yeah—you think so?
SPIN: Yeah, I do. Like that story of your cocaine dealer who couldn't give you the dope without you paying her.
Davis: Well, she gave it to me, didn't she?
SPIN: Yeah, after you pulled your cock out and her boyfriend was on the way up. . . . *Whew!*
Davis: You're funny. Are you in the lobby?
SPIN: I'm funny? No, I'm at home. Listen, Miles, before you say no, just think about it. What about a conversation, an interview? I'll let you go. Just give it a thought.
Davis: When are you going to call again?
SPIN: Tomorrow night, same time.

Miles's nude-on-a-napkin, presented to the author over dinner.

I CALLED BACK THE FOLLOWING EVENING AND Miles asked me to come meet him. "And bring something to drink if you drink. I don't," he said.

A couple of hours later, I rang the doorbell to Miles's suite. After a few moments, he opened the door and studied me for a few seconds before asking me in. My first thought was, "transcendent." The father of hip, the original cool cat. And predatory as hell.

He was a striking man. I was amazed at his youthful appearance. This man was over 60, yet his face held no time. He had on a pair of black and white tweed jodhpurs, a black and white sweater and a pair of black socks with little red dots. There was an immediate energy between us. He began by showing me around his suite. Then he pointed to a canvas on the floor. It was a large rectangular canvas with modern images dancing the length and width of it. Miles walked me slowly through the two large rooms with walls covered in art. His own, many framed, as well as many other works by up-and-coming artists which ran along the lines of ethnic folk art. Immediately I sensed his isolation amidst all this creativity. Here was a man who lived on and in his bed. With a TV in each room. The one in his sleeping area, I sensed, was always on, as it was this evening, nestled between some musical instruments and other electronic equipment. The vivid colors of all the low chairs and couches and tables, the wall-to-wall mirrors and the lighting, could easily be called "modern." The tone of this environment felt early '60s. Yet there was a naiveté to it as well. Piles of things all around. Exercise apparatus stood like weird pieces of sculpture, neglected and dusty. We settled in his sleeping area. He sat in his low-rider white chair and stared at the television; I sat on the edge of his low platform king-size bed.

"Miles, what is that scar on your lip? Is it from the horn?" • "It's from making love for so many years."

Davis: How's Richard?
SPIN: Not good.
Davis: Whadya mean?
SPIN: He's sick.
Davis: With what?
SPIN: I'd rather not say.
Davis: What? Come on, tell me?
SPIN: Well, it's not AIDS.
Davis: Is it palsy?
SPIN: MS.
Davis: Richard never calls me. I told him, "You don't have to call me every day, just once a month." It's been three years.
SPIN: You know I worked with your wife, Cicely [Tyson], once, on *Bustin' Loose*.
Davis: Ex-wife. . . . [*They were divorced in 1987.*]
SPIN: Miles, I know you don't like to give interviews. I heard Simon and Schuster is mad at you for not promoting the book.
Davis: They are? You know why I don't do interviews? Because more than one person shows up, they snoop around and ask stupid questions. That's why. But Jennifer, I like you, that's different.
SPIN: Thanks.
Davis: When do you want to do it?
SPIN: This weekend?
Davis: You should read my book.
SPIN: I've got to get it.
Davis: It's in the other room; walk straight back, you'll find it.

I RETURNED WITH A COPY OF *MILES*, I OPENED THE book and saw a picture of his mother. He pointed to the picture and tapping it several times said, "Good woman."

"Did you enjoy doing this?" I said.

"The book?" He shrugged. "No."

His private portable phone rang. He picked it up and listened without speaking for several minutes and then handed it to me. I listened to someone playing saxophone at the other end, oblivious. "It's one of my musicians," he said, then took back the phone, listening for a few more moments, and without speaking placed the phone back into its holder. At this point the energy between us was translating into attraction.

"Well, I've got some research to do," I said.

"How 'bout some soup?"

"Fine."

With that Miles went into the kitchen, poured soup into two mugs, stuck them into a microwave, hit a few buttons, and, leaving, said, "You get 'em."

I stood staring at the neon digits click down, and while I'm no Julia Child, I suspected this was too long for soup to be nuked. I opened the door and took out the mugs. The broth had disappeared and the only thing left were the vegetables sitting at the bottom getting ready to burn. I took them in anyway and we ate the brothless soup. I was struck by the sweetness of this.

SPIN: Miles, what is that scar on your lip? Is it from the horn?
Davis: It's from making love for so many years.
SPIN: What?
Davis: I'm kidding. It's from the horn. Come here, let me show you. [*He put his lips to mine and using his tongue very lightly, acted as if he were blowing his horn.*]
Davis: My embouchure.
SPIN: Oh, I see.
Davis: Can I ask you something?
SPIN: Sure.
Davis: May I touch your hair? [*I leaned over and my short hair fell forward.*] This is the most beautiful part of a woman [*touching the back of my neck. I sat up, feeling a bit awkward.*]
SPIN: [*Noticing a small red medal on his sweater*] What's this, Miles?
Davis: The Knights of Malta. They gave it to me.
SPIN: For what?
Davis: For my artistic contribution. 'Cause I'm a genius. Jennifer, can I ask you something?
SPIN: What?

PHOTO BY JAIME BIONDO

law #1

How you spend your night can affect your day.

VINCENTE NESI®

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Davis: See this cream? Would you massage my feet for a while with it? They're cramping, they hurt.

I DID THIS A FEW MINUTES. THE CREAM was expensive and smelled wonderful, his feet were cold and gnarled. "What happened?" I asked.

"Car accident, broke my ankles. My Lamborghini."

I decided it was time to go. I gave him a kiss goodbye, and he asked me to call him the following afternoon. I left carrying with me some emotion and thinking the entire evening was just like jazz.

I called the following afternoon.

SPIN: How you doing, Miles?
Davis: I don't feel okay today. I got a lot of aches.
SPIN: Do you have the flu?
Davis: What?
SPIN: Miles, I haven't read your book yet. What are you doing over the weekend? Friday?
Davis: I don't know what I'm doing Friday. [*Pause.*] What are you doing now?
SPIN: Well, Miles, I haven't read your book. I did get a copy of your *Playboy* interview, the one you did in 1962. They think that's one of the best they've ever done.
Davis: I requested Alex Haley. They wanted to send me a white writer. I wouldn't do it. I got him two thousand dollars for that. They messed with that, trying to make me sound angrier.
SPIN: What are you doing?
Davis: Do you want to come over?
SPIN: You see your book—
Davis: I don't want to force you. I'm hungry.
SPIN: I'll see you in a little while.

"A little rude, Miles."

"When we all went to Prince's New Year's Eve party, his girlfriend just sat and cried, 'cause he couldn't dance."

I just looked at him. I was still thinking about being called Renée.

"Don't you think he's funny?"

Davis: Bring some food. Italian. Clam sauce.

I ARRIVED IN A BUBBLE OF GARLIC. MILES LOOKED dashing and seemed glad to see me. I began to unpack the food—eggplant parmigiana, linguine with clam sauce, fettucine, and Beaujolais. Miles stood watching me until the doorbell rang. It was his road manager, dropping off some movies. Miles pretended he couldn't remember my name.

"Uh, let me see—Renée, right?"

I wasn't laughing. "I'm Jennifer Lee, hello." I turned my back and prepared our plates. They disappeared into the other room and I was mildly pissed. After a few moments, the roadie announced he was leaving. He turned at the door and said, smirking, "Nice meeting you, Renée."

Under my breath, I said, "Goodbye, asshole." Miles heard it.

"Oh, Jennifer, he's a nice guy."

"Guess you had to be there."

"Let's eat in the other room."

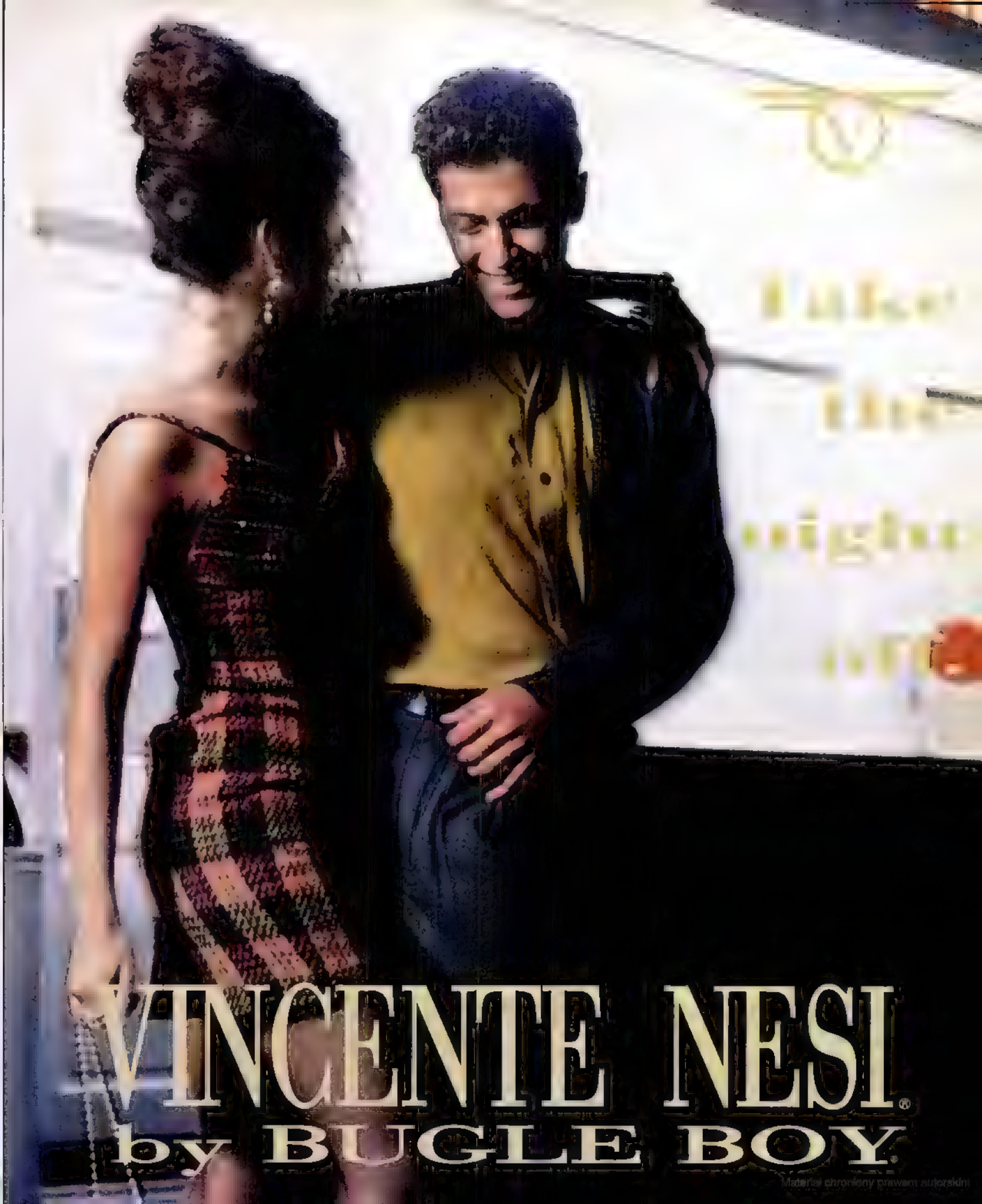
We sat at a little round table. I felt as if I were on a date. A large framed painting Miles had done stared at us.

SPIN: You know, your painting is like your music.
Davis: I know. I just figured that out. That's my girlfriend [*pointing to a striking-looking face in a painting*].
SPIN: She's beautiful. What's her name?
Davis: Bridget. She taught me how to draw a nude. I missed you last night [*taking a pencil, he drew an abstract figure of a woman on a napkin and handed it to me. After dinner, we moved to the bright blue couch. Miles stretched out and put his head on my lap*].
SPIN: I thought of you, too [*touching his very thick, long black hair*].
Davis: Careful with my hair—it's a weave so it hurts when you touch it. [*I moved away.*] Let's watch a movie. [*He put a tape into the VCR and immediately we were watching some weird B-movie takeoff of* The Exorcist.]
SPIN: Miles, I don't like to watch this kind of stuff. I hate it [*especially in the presence of Miles's voice*]. It's too dark.
Davis: You know, Jennifer, you are brilliant, obviously. But you have to be careful, because you're very open. You get it all—the good and the bad.
SPIN: Are you the receiver?
Davis: Yeah. You know, someone told me, you can go so far, but you better not cross a certain line. Did you know more people die at night?
SPIN: You know once when Richard was on freebase, he saw himself as the embodiment of the Devil, half nude, walk through a wall.
Davis: Freebase . . .
SPIN: Bad stuff.
Davis: What the fuck do you know about it?
SPIN: For starters, I used it.
Davis: How did you kick?
SPIN: No problem. One day, I came home and found Richard freebasing at the kitchen counter with the new housekeeper. I moved out. I wrote a song, "Your Woman Is Freebase."

MILES JUST STARED AT ME, AND I WONDERED why. At this point in the movie we were watching, a priest's head fell off and worms began crawling out of his neck. I asked Miles to change it, and he put in another tape, this time an old B movie starring Ryan O'Neal. Almost as scary.

"You know why I don't do interviews? Because more than one person shows up, they snoop around and ask stupid questions. That's why. But Jennifer, I like you, that's different."

SPIN: Miles, I want to ask you a sensitive question.
Davis: What?
SPIN: Do you have AIDS?
Davis: Why are you asking me?
SPIN: Well, it's a heavy rumor about you—and what if I wanted to sleep with you some day?
Davis: My ex-wife started this rumor. She called up women and told them. [*In his book, he says it began when he was in the hospital in Santa Monica with pneumonia.*] Would you have left if I said yes?
SPIN: No. You've had an extraordinary amount of health problems.
Davis: Yeah, Cicely helped me a lot. My hand was so gnarled up. She got me acupuncture [*indicating where the needles were placed*], and it straightened out. At first they thought it was honeymoon arm. I couldn't feel a thing.



Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

SPIN: What's a honeymoon arm?

Davis: When you lean on your arm in bed, 'cause you're having a lot of sex.

SPIN: Sounds as if you had a heart attack.

Davis: That acupuncture fixed me right up. Then I went to La Prairie in Switzerland.

SPIN: For the sleep cure?

Davis: Sleep? The doctor asked me if I sleep. I told him, "No, I only wake up." I went for those injections. Unborn sheep fetus.

SPIN: They say those are a little dangerous. It's for rejuvenation, right?

Davis: To build you up. They made me float. I just rose up off the bed. The doctor there discovered I was missing a third vertebra in my neck.

SPIN: Maybe it's from playing the horn.

Davis: I never thought of that. I have trouble with sex.

SPIN: What do you mean? Having it? [*He nods.*] Miles, do you go out much?

Davis: No, but if I put on my medals, all over my chest, no one knows who I am. [*He got up, showing me more Maltese medals along with a rather large medal the French bestowed on him, for his international artistic contribution.*]

BY THIS POINT THE VIDEO WAS over and we were watching television. Liza Minnelli came on *The Arsenio Hall Show* in a dated, distressed outfit singing songs from her new album produced by the Pet Shop Boys. I groaned, and Miles seemed agitated suddenly.

"I like her," Miles said, defensively.

"I don't," I said; then, "That song's a hit in Europe."

The air was filled with palpable

continued on page 122

U2

Achtung Baby

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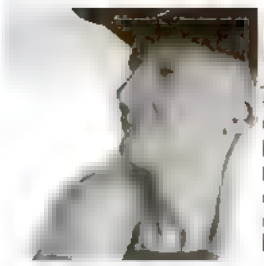
pointblank

give some good blues this holiday season

JOHNNY WINTER

Let Me In



The illustrated man is back! Legendary Texas blues guitarist Johnny Winter debuts on Pointblank with *Let Me In*. Guest musicians include Billy Branch (harmonica), Jeff Gonz (bass), and Tom Compton on drums. Johnny is a hard-working no-nonsense artist who has built a career on substance.

JOHN LEE HOOKER

Mr. Lucky

Mr. Lucky features all-star performances by friends of Hooker including Albert Collins, Johnny Winter, Robert Cray, John Hammond, Carlos Santana, Van Morrison, Johnnie Johnson plus more. *Mr. Lucky* is the latest landmark in the remarkable career of John Lee Hooker.

ALBERT COLLINS

Recently hailed as "the most powerful blues guitarist in the world," his Pointblank debut album is classic Collins. Backed by his regular touring band, The Icebreakers, Collins mixes things up a bit with funk, blues and r & b as well as stunning background vocals but still keeps the signature Albert Collins sound.

LARRY MCCRAY

Ambition

Ambition is the U.S. and Pointblank debut for McCray. His guitar style is likened to the three Kings – B.B., Albert, and Freddie, but more. McCray has a style of his own, mixing blues, soul and hard rock/funk. It's been said, "the blues renaissance starts here."

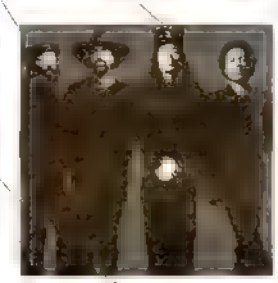
WALTER WOLFMAN WASHINGTON

Sada

For the last twenty years, Washington has been polishing his skills in New Orleans' afterhours clubs, developing a style that draws from New Orleans street music, gospel, funk grooves and above all, soul. *Sada* is marked with velvety guitars and rousing horn arrangements.

THE KINSEY REPORT

Powerhouse



As guitarist Donald Kinsey put it, "we're sons of a bluesman. The blues is our foundation .." Maintaining the feel, they extend the form on *Powerhouse* heading further into rock and even touching on reggae. It's The Kinsey Report's strongest, most versatile project to date.

For more information on Pointblank artists and blues news, write to
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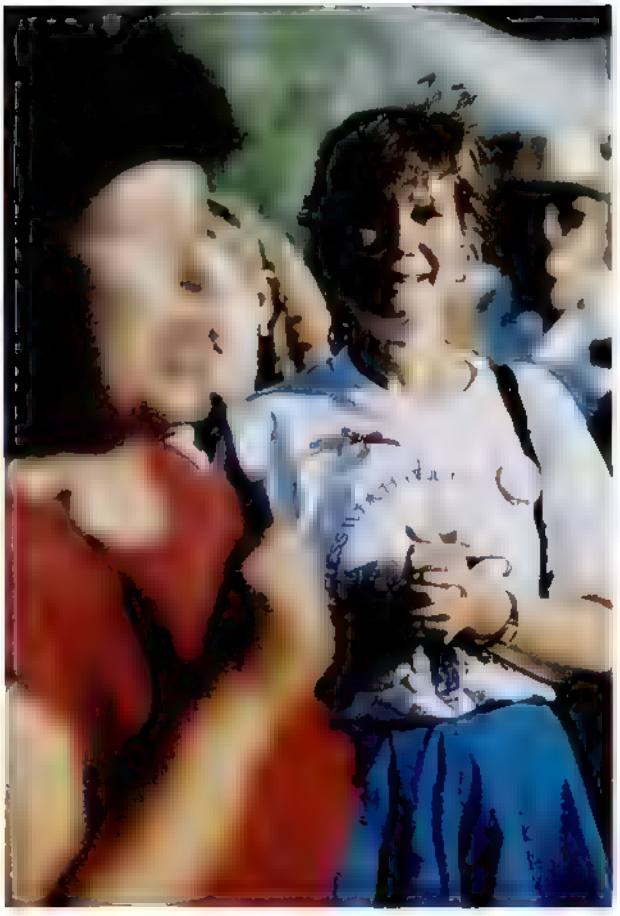

Above, one of the 60 protesters arrested in one day by police for blocking the entrance to Dr. George Tiller's clinic. *Right*, Operation Rescue protesters outside Wichita abortion clinic.

MIXED EMOTIONS

In Wichita, Kansas, this summer, you were either for or against abortion. There was no in-between. CELIA FARBER reports.

"Jesus said, If you want to follow me, then don't play games. Follow me."

—pro-life activist, Kansas Youth for Life

IT WAS A TYPICAL SATURDAY MORNING IN WICHITA, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 1991. TV had long since turned its gaping eye elsewhere, to other world events, and as far as the nation was concerned, Wichita was over. But it wasn't over; in fact it had only just begun. The pro-life leaders had left Wichita and returned home, but the fire they started was still burning nicely.

By 8:00 A.M. a sizable crowd has already gathered in the parking lot in front of the Wichita Plaza, their lapels studded with the pro-life movement's stinging symbol—two golden baby feet on a red ribbon tied in a bow. In the distance, through the fog, I see a blue bus waiting, with the words FIRST PENTECOSTAL CHURCH written across it. The crowd grows, people stream toward it from all directions, emerging through the fog as if out of nowhere. Many are young—bleary-eyed teenagers with Reeboks and sweatpants. There are children, too, bundled up against the sudden mid-September cold, standing quietly next to their parents. One wears a Bart Simpson sweatshirt with Bart floating in a womb, saying,

COURTESY OF GLOBE PHOTOS

Wichita police arrested over 2,600 protesters during this year's "Summer of Mercy" demonstrations.

"Dig life, dude."

The plan for the day is to go out and target Wichita's three abortion clinics. It is to be a low-key day of protest compared to previous weeks. No "rescue," i.e., blocking the entrances to the clinics, is to take place. But maybe there will be a "save" or two. A save is when a woman is on her way in to a clinic to have an abortion, but pro-life "sidewalk counselors" stop her and change her mind. Usually in pairs, they'll approach her asking if they can "talk to her for a minute." They have to move swiftly; it may only be a few seconds before she's inside the clinic. So they use the words that will slice right to the heart of the average female psyche. "*Please.* Don't murder your baby!"

And if the words don't get them, the pictures might: bloody fetuses, usually around six months old, often with limbs torn off, or floating in a jar. Other pictures show babies that look fully developed lying in garbage bags, or thrown on a compost heap, stomachs ripped open, with the text: OUR THROWAWAY SOCIETY. One photograph in particular gets credit for many "saves." It is a photograph of the bloody head of a fetus held in a pair of tweezers. The text above the image reads FREEDOM OF CHOICE?

The self-proclaimed leader for this morning's pro-life group, Bryan Brown, is courteous and well-spoken. He wants me to write a good story. He wants me to tell the "truth." He bids me a cheerful good morning and hands me a copy of a book titled *Grand Illusions: The Legacy of Planned Parenthood*, by George Grant. The cover features a top hat, a magician's wand, and a pair of bloodied white gloves.

"There is no doubt in my mind that *Roe* v. *Wade* will be overturned," he tells me, as we stand watching the crowd gather. "I think it will be over by March of 1992."

Finally, satisfied with the size of the crowd, he cups his hands to his mouth. "Okay everybody, let's start with prayer," he shouts. The members of the crowd clasp their hands and bow their heads. "Lord Jesus, thank you for your goodness. Thank you for your truth. Let us pray that you'll send us forth in power this morning in your spirit, in peace, so that we can be witnesses to the truth that you love us all. So that we can be witnesses to the deceived women that there's hope and help for them, and that we can be witnesses to the child-killing industry. That they will all stand before you one day for judgment. I thank you, Lord, that our judgment is covered through the blood of Jesus Christ. Grant us your peace as we go in Christ's name I ask. Amen."

Bryan then raises a bullhorn to his lips and starts giving orders, his whole persona suddenly intensified. With his longish blond hair, beard, intent stare, and megaphone, he could be any kind of activist—Greenpeace, PETA, ACT UP. As it happens, it is not trees or animals but human fetuses he intends to save this morning.

THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE KANSAS YOUTH FOR Life held its first rally at the Central Christian Church in Wichita. The church was packed with the whitest, most rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed bunch of teenagers I'd ever laid eyes on. They were all wearing those baby feet. Pins, necklaces,

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

earrings. I felt their eyes on me as I entered and tried to slide unnoticed into one of the pews. My head was spinning after three days in Wichita. No, after three days among these antiabortion people. If they knew about my life, they'd have dropped right down and started praying for me. In fact knowing absolutely nothing about my life, a few of them still prayed for me. They said they could tell I had a longing for God, and I thought, Well yeah, don't we all. But I always thought I was okay, as people go, until I came here. They're all very nice, you see. The nicest people you'd ever want to meet. They invited me to this pizza party and it was like walking into the 1950s. Just the way they act and everything. They're so innocent and never sarcastic. They gave thanks to God for the pizza. Then the hostess made milkshakes for everybody. And the next morning at the crack of dawn they were gonna get up and head for the abortion clinics. Absolutely.

A young blond teenager stood at the preacher's pulpit and introduced the evening's first speaker, Tiffany. He said that Tiffany had been demonstrating outside a Wichita clinic every day and night for months, and she had a real touching story to tell. The audience applauded. A pretty brunette teenager stepped up to the podium.

"Hi. I'm Tiff. [*She pauses.*] Three years ago, when I was sixteen, I got pregnant. And I went to the clinic on Hillside, and I had an abortion. I didn't understand that it was a baby. I wanted to keep my child, and I had a feeling there was a life there. But I thought I could trust my mom, and she said abortion was the right thing to do. There wasn't anybody outside the clinic, and I was hoping there would be because I would have run to them so I didn't have to give up my baby. Nobody knows unless they've been there. The mother goes through a lot of pain. I have to live with the fact that I let them kill a human life. When you go out there to protest, you're not just saving babies, you're saving mothers. And you're saving souls, witnessing to people about Jesus. If it wasn't for the people out there protesting, I would still be going over to my boyfriend's and crawling in bed with him. But now I'm going to church, and I've met some new friends and I know that abortion is wrong. Don't give up you guys, we need you out there. [*Applause.*]

"Nobody ever showed me a picture," Tiffany told me later. "I thought I could trust my mom. She said it was just tissue, but it wasn't. I was four months along. In the middle of the procedure I sat up and saw everything. Then I passed out. I said to my mother recently, 'Mom, I really can't deal with you since you made me kill my baby.' "

Later that evening, Bryan Brown drove me back to my hotel and it was like putting my head in a blender. He had this brand new red car and he didn't quite know the way so we were spinning around all over the place, while he explained his ideas about how Satan has won the tug of war with God over the planet. I'd get it all wrong if I tried to explain it but it had to do with the eternal struggle between God and Satan and the Marxist-paganist seizure of the American mind. "Satan's plan is to wound us before he can use us," he said, his voice smooth and calm. "He crushes people before he uses them and a lot of the people who are the radical pro-aborts have made that horrible mistake in their past and they're just trying to justify it now." I actually had this thought: Well, if my life were in fact ruled by Satan, I wouldn't know it. Satan would make me think I was okay. That's the whole point of Satan, that he sneaks in and locks the doors from the outside. Right? I swear these people will put thoughts like this in your head. They'll target your guilt and your fear. Zap. Zap. Zap. All you have to do is show up.

"When *Roe* v. *Wade* is overturned—and I say when, not if—I would not be at all surprised if we come close to a civil war in this country," says Wichita's Reverend George Gardener.

WICHITA, KANSAS, IS THE GEOGRAPHICAL midpoint of the nation. As of this year it has also become a breaking point for the one issue that threatens to tear the country in half: abortion. What happened in Wichita during the 1991 so-called Summer of Mercy was no accident, no freak occurrence, no stage show. It was simply the

first true display of the ferocity that fuels the burgeoning pro-life movement and the lengths to which it is willing to go to finally outlaw abortion in the United States.

Since *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Supreme Court decision that overruled state laws limiting abortion in 1973, access to safe, legal abortion has been taken for granted. But in recent years, the solid ground abortion once stood on has been gradually eroded, a process that began when Ronald Reagan won the presidency in 1980. During his eight years in office, Reagan appointed three new Supreme Court justices, replacing three of the members of Roe's original seven-to-two majority. George Bush is also explicitly opposed to abortion. The pro-choice movement, which had been lulled into a false sense of security about abortion rights was kick-started back into action by the 1989 Webster ruling, which gave the states expanded power to restrict and regulate abortion. Both sides are gearing up for the final showdown, which most feel will be during the coming year.

"When *Roe* v. *Wade* is overturned—and I say when, not if—I would not be at all surprised if we come close to a civil war in this country," says Wichita's Reverend George Gardener, head of the pro-choice group Religious Leaders for Choice. "I'll tell you why. Because a lot of gentle spirits that have been quiet on this issue forever have said that if *Roe* v. *Wade* is taken away, they'll take to the streets. These are women who grew up without birth control, and when abortions were illegal. They've had friends die, and they are adamant."

Equally if not more adamant is the pro-life movement, which has taken to acts of civil disobedience, violence, and terrorism to fight their conviction that abortion is murder. Since 1977, 93 clinics have been the targets of arson and bombing, 254 have received bomb threats, 276 have been invaded, and 279 vandalized. In one tragic instance during a clinic protest, a pro-life activist kicked a pregnant abortion-clinic staffer in the stomach, and a few days later she miscarried.

In 1989, the radical fringe of the pro-life movement came together under the name Operation Rescue, and it was that group, invited by local pro-lifers, that descended on the city of Wichita on July 15, 1991. Their arrival catalyzed the Summer of Mercy, which landed a few hundred people in jail and led to over 2,600 arrests, thus setting the new standard for pro-life activism.

In the days and weeks that followed July 15, pro-lifers threw themselves by the hundreds in front of Wichita's three abortion clinics, forming "human barricades" intended to stop people from entering the clinics. Women trying to enter the clinics were pelted with plastic fetuses and met with cries like, "Mommy! Mommy! Please don't kill me!" and "Don't murder your baby!" Children of activists, already firm in their pro-life beliefs, were throwing themselves in front of moving vehicles. One pro-life leader, who claimed the children were not coerced in any way, was filmed nodding his head and gesturing them toward the cars. Patients could only get into the clinics with special teams of police escorts, and sometimes not even then. For the whole first week and on several subsequent days, the clinics had to close. On the days they remained open, Dr. George Tiller, the main target of the protests, walked in wearing a bulletproof vest.

"Wichita was a city under siege," recalls Peggy Jarman, spokesperson for Dr. Tiller and head of Wichita's Pro-Choice Action League. "The police were very passive. They were ordered by the top officials in this town to interpret the loitering law in this way that said people weren't breaking the law unless somebody was demanding access to the clinic. So they would have 200 people in front of our gate, and we had to keep a few patients out there in their cars at all times demanding access or else they wouldn't arrest people. Once for twenty-six hours straight they arrested people, and we had to keep patients out there the entire time."

The Summer of Mercy in Wichita was to the pro-life movement what Woodstock was to flower power—the culmination of a belief system, and the concentrated and frenzied expression of it in one particular geographical location.

The whole thing took a very macabre turn on July 18, when Operation Rescue called a press conference. Once the unsuspecting reporters were seated, and surrounded by hundreds of pro-lifers, a six-month fetus was pulled out of a Tupperware container by a Reverend Rob Schenck, who thundered, "Do you have the integrity to show this on TV, like you've shown images from the Nazi death camps?" The fetus—about 12 inches long, blackened by chemicals, and intact—was displayed for all to see on a cake pan. It was named "Baby Hope." Reporters sat horrified while the crowd chanted, "Tell the truth." Atlanta police told *Wichita Eagle* reporter Judy Thomas that when an Operation Rescue room was raided in Atlanta, there were four or five such fetuses lying around the room.

Pro-life protesters came up with a few tricks to prolong the process of arrest, the cleverest being "baby steps," which had protesters, once they had been arrested, taking microscopic steps toward the arrest van. A 30-foot space could take hours to cross, and many felt that the police showed an unprecedented patience with these

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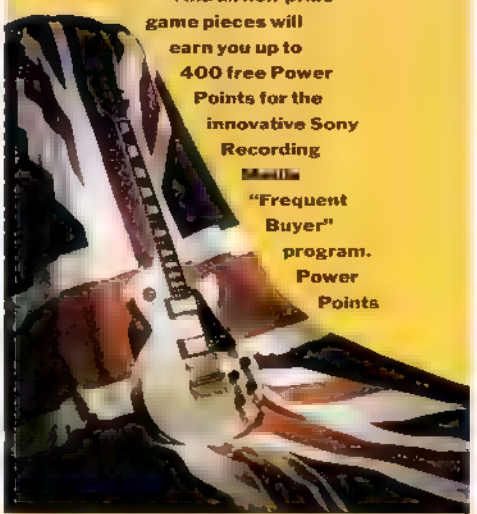

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particular protesters.

"By the second week," recalls Jarman, "we discovered that the police had been handcuffed by Mayor Bob Knight [who is pro-life], so we filed for an injunction. I was told by a reliable source that Bush and [Attorney General Richard] Thornburgh had a conversation and that from that conversation came direct orders to the marshals to come and just observe, and support the police. They were told to make arrests only for the most major violations of the injunction. That week, Judge [Patrick E] Kelly sent all the Operation Rescue people home and called off the marshals. Finally, Judge Kelly took control, and if he hadn't, who knows what could have happened."

The Summer of Mercy in Wichita was to the pro-life movement what Woodstock was to flower power—the culmination of a belief system, and the concentrated and frenzied expression of it in one particular geographical location. Twenty years from now, no doubt, Wichita will have its own "I was there" mystique.

"Wichita awakened a sleeping giant," says local radio reporter Ed Poplin of KNSS-AM. "I was amazed. We all were. On August 24 there was a pro-choice rally here and about 4,000 people showed up. The next day there was a pro-life rally and they had to move it to Cessna Stadium. They had 30,000 people. These people are acting out of a genuine, sincere, and *absolute* conviction. They feel that abortion is murder, plain and simple. I saw them out there on days when it was pouring rain. They didn't care, they got right down in the mud and prayed. Nothing will deter them. And they are incredibly well organized."

Operation Rescue founder Randall Terry (*foreground*) kneels in prayer outside a Wichita abortion clinic.

COURTESY OF GLOBE PHOTOS

WICHITA BECAME THE ABORTION debate's boiling point, not just nationally but internationally, for rather ironic reasons. First, Kansas, although a Bible Belt state, has one of the most liberal abortions laws in the country. It requires, for instance, no parental consent and allows, technically, for abortions to be performed all the way up to the point of birth, although according to Peggy Jarman this is never done. The clinic of Dr. George Tiller, which became the battleground for this summer's abortion wars, is one of the only clinics in the country that provides third-trimester abortions. While the pro-life movement depicts Tiller as a cold-blooded Dr. Mengele, who slaughters babies and then dumps them in his incinerator—all for the love of blood and money—his defenders insist that he provides an important and merciful service. "Dr. Tiller only performs third-trimester abortions in cases of severe fetal abnormalities," and then only in the beginning of the trimester, says Jarman. "We're talking no brain, no kidneys, tumors that totally fill out a chest cavity to the point where the chest is protruding, no abdominal walls—all you have is this stuff lying outside the body. These are horrible, tragic situations and by the time these couples come to Dr. Tiller's clinic they have already gone through hell and been forced to make a very painful decision. These so-called pro-life people have no sensitivity to that whatsoever and they have put our patients through absolute torture."

"Tiller does up to eighty late-term abortions a week," Bryan Brown insists. "And he gets up to three thousand dollars for each one. It's big money."

"We do at the very most thirty of these procedures a year," says Peggy Jarman. "Most doctors have been driven out of this practice, and so naturally, more and more patients come to Dr. Tiller. He does run a for-profit abortion clinic, but I don't know of any doctor in the country that does not make a profit.

"Why do they have such a poor opinion of women?" wonders Jarman. "That's the thing that bothers me more than anything. I've seen pro-life leaders on television saying things like, 'If they have a hangnail or hemorrhoids, Tiller will give them an abortion up until the moment of birth.' That is so absurd. We send women back to New York, back to Florida, back to California. Somebody is refused a procedure, on aver-

age, once a week. There was a woman from Chicago who was twenty-seven weeks along who *begged* him to do it. But it was a viable fetus, so he refused. She went back to Chicago and found some butcher to do it because she was so desperate. She lost her ovaries, her uterus, almost her life."

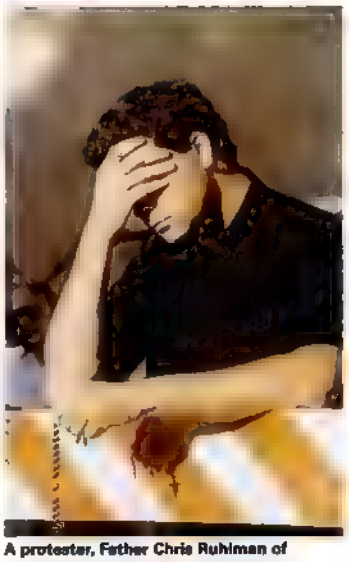
Minor protests have been going on outside the Tiller clinic since the early '70s, growing gradually in size and intensity. In 1986, the clinic was bombed. By 1991, it was time for Operation Rescue.

Operation Rescue, comprised primarily of Evangelicals and Roman Catholics, is to the pro-life movement what Earth First! is to environmentalism: an action-oriented group on the radical periphery of its cause, which is willing to both break the law and resort to acts of minor terrorism to fight it. But what makes this group more radical than even the most zealous of political activists is the fundamental religious beliefs that fuels it.

The group was founded in 1987 by used-car salesman turned charismatic leader Randall Terry, who describes its philosophy as "blood guiltiness," meaning that "if you stand by a killing you share the guilt of that killing." Terry himself is an enigma—once a drifting, pot-smoking hippie and aspiring rock star, he was conceived out of wedlock and raised by women, his mother and three aunts, who spent their lives fighting for abortion rights, one of them even as an employee of Planned Parenthood.

Terry's organization, at last count 100,000 members strong, feels that abortion is the sin that has brought virtually all of our current catastrophes upon us, and that until it is stopped there can be no peace on earth. They make no distinction between abortion and the Holocaust, and frequently compare themselves to the German resistance. They have said that they hope to one day bring Dr. Tiller and other doctors who perform abortions to trial for "crimes against humanity."

One of the more positive battle cries of Operation Rescue is "Don't kill your baby—we'll take care of it." There have been a number of individuals in the pro-life movement who have opened their homes to unwanted children, and a smattering of organizations that provide free prenatal care, blankets, diapers, et cetera. But large-scale efforts to fulfill this promise have not gotten off the ground. Randall Terry himself and his wife Cindy, a pioneer of the pro-life movement, stand alone among pro-life leaders who have adopted. The Terrys have adopted three biracial children, one of whom Terry says is the result of one of his own saves outside a clinic.



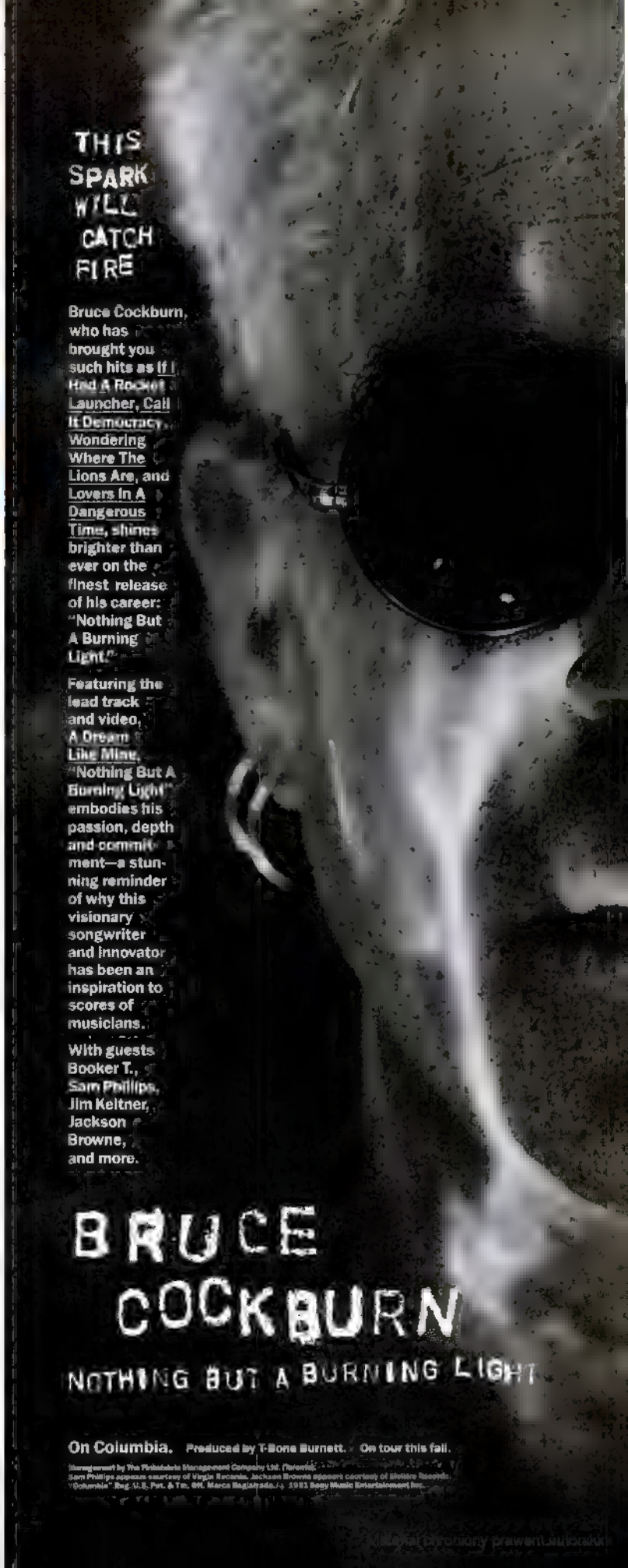
A protester, Father Chris Ruhlman of Kansas City, prays while leaning on a barricade outside Dr. George Tiller's besieged clinic in Wichita.

Operation Rescue supports home schooling and vehemently opposes homosexuality and birth control, which it views as "antichild."

Operation Rescue is well funded, receiving major donations from pro-life corporations and from wealthy private sources. The group, which never did have tax status, cites $300,000 a year in donations. When police searched an Operation Rescue hotel room in Atlanta a few years ago, they found at least $50,000 in cash stuffed in dresser drawers and bags. Yet after the summer in Wichita, during which many key members received jail sentences and hundreds of thousands of dollars in fines, Operation Rescue declared bankruptcy and went underground. Randall Terry himself has served a total of seven months in jail.

At a pro-life youth rally I attended, a young speaker bragged about the number of times he had been arrested and sent to jail for "rescuing" outside an abortion clinic. He urged crowd members to bring their toothbrushes with them at all times, in the event they get arrested. "I pray for each and every young person in here," he said, "that you would pattern your lives to be radical Christians. The kind that does not compromise. The kind that will not allow children to be slaughtered in your area. If you read the book of the martyrs, you'll see that they all had a chance to recant, but they didn't."

continued on page 120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queen's logic

Rap's matronly monarch surprised many when she smoothed out her hip hop on the R&B tip. DIMITRI EHRLICH asks her why.

THE EVENT IS A LUNCH TO CELEBRATE the release of Queen Latifah's latest album, *Nature of a Sista'*. The venue is Nirvana, a nouvelle Indian restaurant 15 floors above New York, its windows running along one entire wall, commanding the sprawl of Central Park up to 110th Street. Wearing a purple tailored jacket, a black hat, and black pants, Latifah is tall and graceful as she works the room.

Since her electrifying 1989 debut, *All Hail the Queen*, Queen Latifah has been hailed as a trailblazer for integrating singing with rapping, and for sneaking tastes of R&B, jazz, house, reggae, and soul into her hip hop soufflé. The question is why has the East Orange, New Jersey, native followed up with *Nature of a Sista'*, an album that sounds more like Bell Biv DeVoe than De La Soul? "It's true that there isn't as much hardcore rap on this album as I've done in the past," she admits. "But it was really like a freedom of expression–type thing. This new one has a woman's touch to it, I suppose, my little trademarks; so it's more my album than the producer's."

Although Latifah still has widespread credibility with many hardcore rap fans, the fabric of *Nature of a Sista'* is woven more out of lingerie than khaki, and has decidedly more of a new jack vibe than *All Hail the Queen*: heavy on the harmonies, with lots of programmed drums beats. Perhaps most importantly, Flavor Unit helmsman DJ Mark the 45 King is all but absent from the proceedings. For now, at least. "In a few months I'm gonna drop a hard EP: I've got three or four DJ Mark beats that are just so def I gotta flow to 'em, you know what I'm sayin'? See, now this is the hardcore in me coming out. *Nature of a Sista'* is so laid back in certain ways that people might get confused as to whether the queen can still *rip shit*."

At this point, a sinister grin creeps across Latifah's face. "So when I drop this EP all the hard rockers around here is gonna flip, because it's gonna be def. And I *know* that, 'cause I go off on my little thing and do what I wanna do, but I never forget what or where I'm from, and I wanna drop something strictly for New York, New Jersey, and L.A."

Although, at 21, Latifah has set her sights on being the first solo female rapper to reach platinum status, she denies that her change of approach on *Nature* was a calculated one. "I *like* singing. I didn't do it to 'go R&B' or 'go pop,' and make money. It wasn't about money. It was about making a record I like. I have to make what feels right to me. I can't go out and jump on everybody else's jimmy just to try and sell records. If my success comes slow, fine, but it'll come. Now when I play the album, I feel like I'm still missing something, you know what I mean? That's why my EP has to be hard. I don't care if a single off this album sells millions, I'm not gonna make another record exactly like it, the way Tone-Lōc did 'Wild Thing,' and followed with 'Funky Cold Medina.' I don't wanna do that. I gotta get hard. I gotta bring it home! Then I can say, This is how we do it in Jersey."

As well as being less political, and less beat-driven, *Nature of a Sista'* expresses far more tender sentiments than its predecessor. With songs such as "Give Me Your Love" and "How Do I Love Thee," the album may wind up getting as much play on the quiet storm as the dance floor. Was Latifah falling in love when she wrote these tunes, or what? "I'm a romantic person," she sheepishly confides. "And it has a woman's touch. I wrote 'How Do I Love Thee' on my birthday, when I was shooting *House Party II* in Los Angeles—I was away from home and I was . . . you know, kind of horny."

GERHARD JURKOVIC EARRINGS BY DEANNA HAMRO FOR FRAGMENTS AT HENRI BENDEL. PINK FEATHER HAT BY JAMES COVELLO AT SHOWROOM SEVEN

10 BEST ALBUMS OF THE YEAR YOU DIDN'T HEAR

Overlooked, underheard—lost classics for your consideration.

■ **Pooh Sticks, *The Great White Wonder*** (Sweet Virginia Sympathy for the Record Industry). Tough and tight like early punk, hooky like sugar pop, on the face of it these Welshmen are cynical satirists, turning pop into indie rock, then including a list of the riffs, hooks, titles, and lyrics they stole. But an obsession with recapturing innocent thrills—whether it be first orgasm or first Frampton—keeps them on the right side of parody. And that list of stolen goods runs from Neil Young, James Taylor, and Jonathan Richman to Smokey Robinson, the Four Seasons, and Hot Chocolate (Bon Jovi, too), giving them a bigger playing field than anyone else even tries to imagine. *White Wonder* is brilliant, clever, and sarcastic, but more importantly, incredible fun. (Joe Levy)

■ **Pavement, *Perfect Sound Forever*** (Drag City). These wacky bicoastal dudes' gimmick is to record through static, lending their tuneful indie-rock ravings a sheen of late-night radio melancholy. *Perfect Sound Forever* is underproduced in all the right ways, with a good understanding of how guitars and drums are supposed to sound together. This little ten-inch EP might just change your little ten-inch life. (Jim Greer)

■ **Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, *Mustt Mustt*** (Real World/Virgin). Nusrat is the world's foremost *qawwali* singer, which probably means no more to you than it meant to me when I first read that. *Qawwali* is Muslim devotional music but forget whatever preconceptions that gives you (unless you're Muslim), because this is the most haunting, emotional, magical music I've ever heard. Especially Nusrat's singing, which has incredibly unique range and dimension. Like Beckett's playwriting, it is liberated from the restrictions of meaningful language. Only two songs have actual lyrics, the other nine consist of unconnected words strung together purely for how they sound, often repeated over and over purely for their hypnotic rhythm.

Apparently Nusrat somewhat modernized traditional *qawwali* for this record, making it simultaneously more accessible and unique. This record is not just for world beat lovers, it transcends the genre: Its massive, sexy richness is for all music lovers. (For that matter, all lovers.) (Bob Guccione, Jr.)

■ **Negativland, *U2*** (SST). It took a court order to suppress what is quite possibly the most truly subversive rock record ever made. But having attracted the litigious wrath of U2's recording and publishing companies, Negativland's snarky and brilliant multileveled takeoff on the Christian liberals' "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For"—with foulmouthed Casey Kasem samples, a bone-headed Bono interview, and a ditzy disco version—proved yet again that the price of artistic freedom can be hefty legal fees. (Richard Gehr)

■ **Chubb Rock, *The One*** (Select Records). The best rap artists never lose their fan sensibility—and thus, never lose their fans. Chubb Rock's nimble rhyme-style combines a black man's love of language with a rap fan's love of the language's possibilities. Quick and incisive, Chubb Rock rules the roost when it comes to chronicling the lyrical everyday. *The One* simmers with Chubb's "treat 'em right" initiative: a party record and a listener's treat all rolled into one. (Scott Poulson-Bryant)

■ **Pere Ubu, *Worlds in Collision*** (Fontana/Mercury). Between entreaties to a carnival rain king and equally desperate appeals to a woman named Irene, Pere Ubu's David Thomas brings about some unusual juxtapositions on the most atmospheric, carefully sculpted recording in the band's 13-album catalog. "Goodnight Irene," "Playback," and "Worlds in Collision" are perforated with a cutting, Talking Heads cynicism and the kind of big-ideas pop songcraft that's painfully absent from 1991's more highly touted efforts. (Tom Moon)

■ **Jimmie Dale Gilmore, *After Awhile*** (Elektra/Nonesuch). While Clint Black and Garth Brooks were bringing country to the Top 40, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, a singer-songwriter from Austin, Texas, was reaffirming its role as the ultimate loner music. "Tonight I Think I'm Gonna Go Downtown," *After Awhile*'s opening track, hammers the final nails into romantic country's leaden coffin. Subsequently, Gilmore's quivery tenor and plaintive truths place him in the company of country rock's quintessential rebel—Gram Parsons. (Alec Foege)

■ **Royal Trux, *Twin Infinitives*** (Drag City). Royal Trux is the better half of what happened to former NYC noise-mongers Pussy Galore. Neil Haggerty, ex-axman for that band, got himself a synthesizer and started the only Captain Beefheart–influenced Rolling Stones tribute band in recent memory. *Twin Infinitives*'s twisted riffage will have you picking slivers of song fragments from your clothes for days afterward. (Jim Greer)

■ **Monster Magnet, *Spine of God*** (Primo Scree). To hell with TAD and Mudhoney. See ya to Seattle altogether, in fact, because New Jersey's Monster Magnet has cooked up some of the best bowel-movement metal of the year. *Spine of God* is a chunky, clunky, but funky sludgefeast that makes Soundgarden seem like the New Kids. And any band that names a song after the '70s pot-smell deodorizer, Ozium—and names itself after an episode of *Gigantor*—isn't just okay. It's a total KO. (Bob Mack)

■ **Apollo Smile, *Apollo Smile*** (Geffen). The only Connecticut dance floor diva ever to hire Johnny "Guitar" Watson and a Masters of Reality riffsman. *And* steal a line from pig-fuck legends Big Stick. On her debut album, this second-generation peacenik dubbed herself "Child of the Sun," put on white fingernail polish, recited beatitudes, and spruced up her cosmic girlie disco with stratosphere melodies, bubble gum factory noise, and boogie metal wah-wah. (Chuck Eddy)

"I believed in Morrison's incantation. Break on through. Kill the pigs. Destroy. Loot. . . . All that shit. Anything goes. Anything. I tried anything in that state."

—Oliver Stone, on how he once emulated legendary rocker and drug user Jim Morrison

My Top Ten List by Staci Bonner

1. Seeing Sting walk by on the street and grabbing him by the arm, and barging past his manager—the lethal, toxic, and charmless Miles Copeland.
2. Hearing John McEnroe yell, "*Fuck!!*" at the umpire at the Hamlet Cup Challenge in Long Island.
3. Eating pints of delicious ice cream on the roof of the SPIN building with Mary Ann, baking in the sun on a beach towel.
4. Seeing Jodie Foster outshine a slew of dysfunctional men in *The Silence of the Lambs*. And later in the year, seeing the premiere of heroine Foster's *Little Man Tate*, her directorial debut.
5. Interviewing Psychic TV for the umpteenth time. Drinking herbal tea and eating strawberries while watching a video of their daughter, Caresse, singing "Are You Experienced?"
6. Watching L.L. Cool J on *MTV Unplugged* and understanding why he really is the baddest rapper that ever could be. I got goosebumps.
7. Planning out the first, second, and third episodes of the SPIN sitcom.
8. Hearing Camille Paglia sputter 90 words per minute on the phone, and hearing Mark Woodruff laugh, for any reason.
9. Hearing hundreds of elementary school children go crazy when Wynton Marsalis walked onstage at Lincoln Center.
10. Meeting Raoni, an Amazon Indian with a lip bowl, and hearing about the rainforests in Brazil from someone who lives there.

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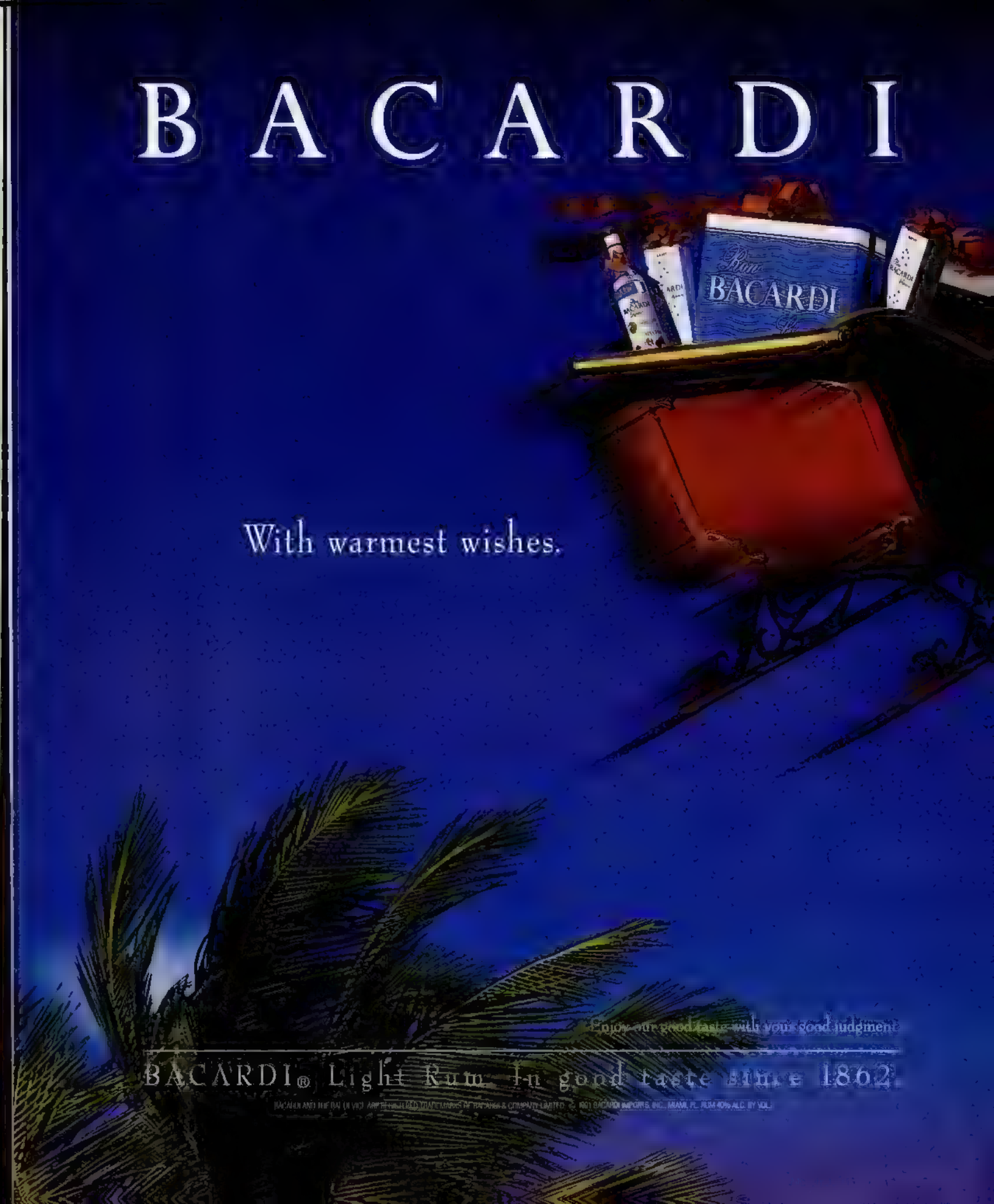

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AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

Surgeon General Antonia C. Novello, and Dr. James Mason, head of the U.S. Public Health Service, make the government's case on AIDS in powerful interviews with VICTORIA A. BROWNWORTH.

EMILYA NAYMARK

AT THE END OF 1991, THE END OF THE first decade of the AIDS epidemic, AIDS has become the most feared disease in the world. In this country, that fear has provoked anger, frustration, and hysteria from many sectors regarding how the federal government—and most particularly the President and head of the Public Health Service—are mobilizing to fight the ever-broadening scope of the epidemic.

The U.S. surgeon general, Dr. Antonia C. Novello, and Dr. James Mason, assistant secretary for health and human services and head of the U.S. Public Health Service, are the nation's leading governmental authorities regarding AIDS. Novello is charged with primary education for the entire U.S. population on AIDS, while Mason directs public-health policy in that area. In separate interviews with Victoria A. Brownworth, Novello and Mason addressed the State of the Union on AIDS. As spokespersons for the Bush Administration as well as the arbiters of public health-care policy in the U.S., their perceptions are both compelling and provocative. The questions and their responses have been woven together here for the sake of coherence.

SPIN: What is the status of the AIDS epidemic in the U.S. at the end of its first decade?

Dr. James Mason: We continue to have more cases of the disease, about 146 a day. Over 190,000 people have contracted AIDS since 1981, and at least an estimated million other Americans are HIV-positive and asymptomatic of AIDS, but they are carriers of the virus.

SPIN: The early years of the epidemic labeled AIDS the gay plague and the majority of those dying from the virus were gay men. Many Americans still believe AIDS is a disease of only one or two so-called high-risk groups. Is that true?

Mason: It was Dr. Novello's predecessor, Dr. [C. Everett] Koop, who said of AIDS that the virus doesn't discriminate. In 1991 there is no American who can consider him- or herself immune to the disease. It has affected every single segment of the population regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation, ethnicity, religious affiliation, or age. The incubation period for the disease can be up to ten years—maybe longer. What we are seeing now with the epidemic is the extent of heterosexual spread of the disease. The fastest rate of growth is among heterosexual women, adolescents, and people in their early twenties.

SPIN: Both of you [Dr. Novello and Dr. Mason] reinforce the idea that heterosexual transmission is the new focus of the epidemic, yet recent surveys, particularly in popular magazines geared toward a young heterosexual female audience, suggest that women believe they are at relatively low risk for the disease. How do you explain and address the contradiction?

Dr. Antonia Novello: There is no more age of innocence with women and AIDS. The Centers for Disease Control reports that AIDS is continuing to spread more rapidly among women than men. The most recent studies indicate that it is seventeen times more likely for a woman to contract AIDS from a man than the reverse. However, women still do not believe that they are at risk. Some important statistics reveal that from November 1989 through mid-October 1990, 11 percent of all reported AIDS cases in the U.S. were found in women, and the rates for women had *increased by 29 percent as compared to 18 percent in men.* In the U.S., for every 700 females born, one is HIV positive. As of September 26, 1991, of the 19,281 women infected with AIDS, 52.4 percent were black and 20.5 percent were Hispanic. The death rate of black women with AIDS is nine times that of white women. This is sexually transmitted cases, not attributed to intravenous drug use.

Worldwide, the statistics regarding heterosexual transmission offer little comfort and considerable warning—eight to nine million adults are infected and a third are women. Over the next several decades, heterosexual intercourse will become the primary means of spreading HIV infection in most industrialized countries and *by the year 2000, the AIDS cases in women will begin to equal the cases in men.*

SPIN: Indicators are that teen pregnancy and STDs [sexually transmitted diseases] among teens are epidemic. Is that also true about AIDS?

Mason: We are seeing more and more cases of AIDS—not merely HIV positivity—among teens as young as twelve. And since we are also seeing so many cases of AIDS among those in their early twenties—and based upon what we know about the length of the incubation period for the virus—we also know that many of those cases were contracted during adolescence. A recent study shows 1 in 500 college students has tested positive for AIDS. In the military and the Job Corps, the numbers are higher. Anywhere from 0.36 percent to 0.5 percent of all Job Corps recruits test HIV positive. In the mili-

tary, it's about 0.12 percent. These numbers may seem low, but they are actually very, very high—just like teen pregnancy and other STDs.

Adolescents believe they are immune to AIDS. They most definitely are not. We are on the verge of an AIDS epidemic among adolescents alone. CDC data out of San Francisco showed that among young gay seventeen- to nineteen-year-olds hepatitis B and AIDS and HIV are extremely high. Yet we also know that in the San Francisco gay community those numbers are going down among other age groups. The message about safe sex is not reaching—or being acknowledged by—teens of any sexual orientation or gender.

Novello: We are well aware that the majority of adolescents in this country are having sex. Adolescents and young adults comprise two-thirds of the cases of sexually transmitted diseases—STDs—in this country. Adolescent women have the highest rate of gonorrhea for *all* females, and gonorrhea, because it produces open infections, can itself be a contributing factor to the transmission of HIV and AIDS.

In an attempt to bring these issues to light, I speak out as often as possible to women and to young people about high-risk behavior, versus personal responsibility.

If they already have HIV, they must not risk the lives of others by sharing needles or having sex without a condom.

SPIN: There is a current level of hysteria nationally over transmission of HIV. There are many who are campaigning to enact laws that would prevent certain persons with HIV or AIDS—like health-care professionals—from having contact with uninfected persons. What is the stance of the U.S. government on this issue?

Novello: I was pleased to read in the October issue of SPIN that HIV is a virus that does not transmit very easily. I will continue to encourage people to base their personal risk assessment on the facts about HIV transmission. These *facts* are that HIV is transmitted through sexual activity, the sharing of needles, and, almost never, through blood transfusions.

Mason: The chance of getting AIDS from an infected health-care provider is more remote than the chance of being killed in a car accident on the way to see that health-care provider. We do not recommend mandatory testing for HIV for anyone. What we *do* recommend is that people who believe themselves to be at risk for the disease be tested, confidentially, so that they can best access the treatment and medical care they will need.

SPIN: There has been some discussion among scientists researching HIV that there are alternate routes to an AIDS diagnosis—that there are things other than the HIV virus that cause AIDS.

Mason: There has been some discussion to that effect in the scientific community. I've reviewed those articles. But while I have the greatest respect for [those scientists] I am convinced—there is no question in my mind—that HIV causes AIDS, is the sole cause of AIDS. There is just not enough science to refute HIV equaling AIDS.

SPIN: One of the so-called cofactors for the theory that AIDS might have other sources other than HIV is data on the drug AZT. For six years AZT has been the only available drug therapy to treat AIDS and related forms of the HIV disease. Recently two drugs in the same family as AZT, ddC and ddI, have been made available in expanded clinical trials as alternative AIDS treatments.

From the outset we have known that AZT was a highly toxic drug—nearly a third of those with advanced HIV disease are unable to tolerate it. It also has serious side effects such as anemia, requiring blood transfusions and build-up of iron in persons taking the drug for an extended period. Now there is data that suggests long-term use of the drug may cause some of the very problems it was developed to treat—that it may actually cause immunosuppressive damage in certain patients.

Dr. Antonia C. Novello

Mason: There are people who can't take it, who can't tolerate it, but I don't think the numbers are quite as high as you state them.

"The fastest spread is among heterosexual women, adolescents, and people in their early twenties."

Dr. James Mason

We are also seeing some phenomena—that some patients have developed certain tumors of immune cells, lymphomas. It's hard to say, because the data just aren't there, if these tumors are related to AZT or to living longer with AIDS. What I mean is, before AZT, people were dying of more cancers—Kaposi's sarcoma, lymphomas. So what we are seeing may just be the natural progression of the disease over time. AZT isn't a *cure*. It doesn't stop the disease. But it does extend life and so we don't have a choice about using it because of the fatality of AIDS.

SPIN: Another concern frequently voiced, by both critics of the Bush administration and by the President's own appointed National Commission on AIDS advisory group, which released its final report September 26, is that not everyone with HIV disease or AIDS in this country is receiving the same level of care. I have spoken to several members of the President's commission since they released their report. One of their most pressing concerns is for a comprehensive national health-care package that would address not only AIDS, but all other illnesses that could have an equally debilitating long-term effect—not just on the person and family coping with the illness, but on the nation's resources as well.

Mason: This is several questions. First, we are reviewing the AIDS Commission report and will respond to it on all the different levels of concerns it addresses.

We are all aware here in Washington—acutely aware—of the health-care crisis. There are thirty-three million Americans completely uninsured, or underinsured, in the U.S. Among them are people with AIDS. Obviously we need radical health-care reform. What forms it will take and how that change will occur has yet to be seen.

As for the response of the Administration to AIDS, President Bush has been instrumental against AIDS discrimination. He has taken a very hands-on approach. He has visited National Institutes of Health [NIH] more than any other President since the NIH was established. He has sat down with AIDS patients and rapped with them. Both he and Mrs. Bush have been seen squeezing babies with AIDS. Yet people continue to be critical of him. I think he is very concerned about AIDS. When he has made statements that AIDS is a life-style problem—the result of life-style choices—I think he has said what we all know to be true, that individuals have a responsibility to stop this disease before it starts. The government can do a lot in some areas but when it comes to the AIDS epidemic I am reminded of John Kennedy's quote, ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country. We have to have a responsible citizenry to help stop this epidemic. The truth or consequences of AIDS is individual responsibility.

SPIN: Many health professionals have said that the response of the gay community to the AIDS crisis has been a model for the nation on how best to cope with the epidemic—that in fact it has *led* the nation in coping with the epidemic.

Mason: There is no question that the adoption of safe sex behaviors by individuals has helped slow the spread of the epidemic.

Novello: I challenge each of us to remember those first faces of AIDS, those who pioneered humane and effective community programs to care for those who were sick and dying with HIV. Without their heroic efforts, we would not have come so far in our struggles to contain this epidemic. We have to help these new faces of AIDS—the women, the children, but never at the expense of the men.

SPIN: AIDS is no longer just a disease of gay men, but also a disease of young, heterosexual America. The major spread of AIDS in the straight community has been initiated by intravenous drug use and use of crack and cocaine, which lower the immune system's defenses. Many of the babies being born with HIV are born to young and teenage mothers who are drug users. What is being done to provide treatment and education to this community? What about needle-exchange programs which have been found to be highly effective in the communities in which they have been used?

Novello: The adverse effect of drug abuse on the immune system and the progression of HIV, as well as the interaction of drug abuse medications

continued on page 127

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ANTIHERO

It *is* the novel of the twentysomethings: *Generation X: Tales for an Accelerated Culture*, by blindingly provocative DOUGLAS COUPLAND. Here, the first excerpt published in the U.S.

SHOPPING IS NOT CREATING

TEXLAHOMA IS A SAD EVERYPLACE, WHERE CITIZENS ARE ALWAYS GETTING fired from their jobs at 7-Eleven and where the kids do drugs and practice the latest dance crazes at the local lake, where they also fantasize about being adult and pulling welfare-check scams as they inspect each other's skin for chemical burns from the lake water. Texlahomans shoplift cheap imitation perfumes from dime stores and shoot each other over Thanksgiving dinners every year. And about the only good thing that happens there is the cultivation of cold, unglamorous wheat in which Texlahomans take a justifiable pride; by law, all citizens must put bumper stickers on their cars saying: NO FARMERS: NO FOOD.

Life is boring in Texlahoma, but there are some thrills to be had: All adults keep large quantities of cheaply sewn scarlet sex garments in their chests of drawers. These are panties and ticklers rocketed in from Korea—and I say rocketed in because Texlahoma is an asteroid orbiting the earth, where the year is permanently 1974, the year after the oil shock and the year starting from which real wages in the U.S. never grew ever again. The atmosphere contains oxygen, wheat chaff, and AM radio transmissions. It's a fun place to spend one day, and then you just want to get the hell out of there.

Anyhow, now that you know the setting, let's jump into the story—a story about an astronaut named Buck.

One afternoon, Buck the Astronaut had a problem with his spaceship and was forced to land in Texlahoma—in the suburban backyard of the Monroe family. The problem with Buck's spacecraft was that it wasn't programmed to deal with Texlahoma's gravity—the people back on earth had forgotten to tell him that Texlahoma even existed!

"That always happens," said Mrs. Monroe, as she led Buck away from the ship and past the swing set in the backyard toward the house, "Cape Canaveral just plum forgets that we're here."

Being the middle of the day, Mrs. Monroe offered Buck a hot nutritious lunch of cream of mushroom soup meatballs and canned niblet corn. She was glad to have company: Her three daughters were at work, and her husband was out on the thresher.

After lunch, she invited Buck into the parlor to watch TV game shows with her. "Normally I'd be out in the garage working on my inventory of aloe products I represent, but business is kind of slow right now."

Buck nodded his concurrence.

"You ever thought about being a rep for aloe products after you retire from being an astronaut, Buck?"

"No ma'am," said Buck, "I hadn't."

"Give it a thought. All you have to do is get a chain of reps working under you, and before you know it, you don't have to work at all—just sit back and skim the profit."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Buck, who also complimented Mrs. Monroe on her collection of souvenir matchbooks placed in an oversized brandy snifter on the parlor table.

But suddenly something went wrong. Right before Mrs. Monroe's eyes, Buck began to turn pale green, and his head began to turn boxy and veined, like Frankenstein's. Buck raced to look at a little budgie mirror, the only mirror available, and knew instantly what had happened, he had developed space poisoning. He would start to look like a

PEG PASTERNAK

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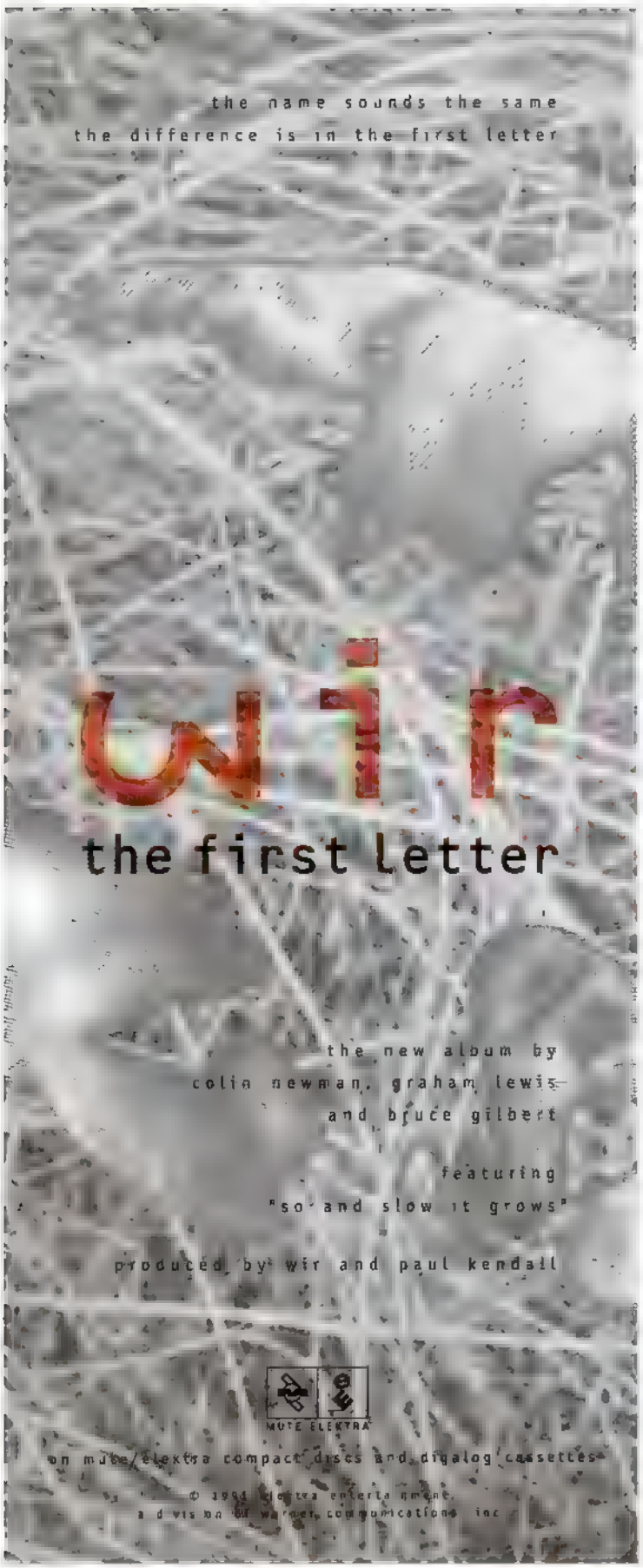
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monster, and shortly, he would fall into an almost permanent sleep.

Mrs. Monroe immediately assumed, however, that her cream of mushroom soup meatballs had been tainted and that as a result of her culinary shortcomings, she had ruined Buck's adorable astronaut's good looks, and possibly his career. She offered to take him to the local clinic, but Buck deferred.

"That's probably for the best," said Mrs. Monroe, "considering that all there is at the clinic is peritonitis vaccinations and a Jaws of Life."

"Just show me a place where I can fall down to sleep," Buck said, "I've come down with space poisoning, and within minutes I'll be out cold. And it looks like you'll have to nurse me for a while. You promise to do that?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Monroe, eager to be let off the hook of food contamination. Buck was quickly shown to the cool basement room with half-finished wall covered with simulated wood grain particle board. There were also bookshelves bearing Mr. Monroe's bonspiel trophies and the toys belonging to the three daughters: an array of Snoopy plush toys, Jem dolls, Easy Bake Ovens, and Nancy Drew mystery novels. And the bed Buck was given to sleep in was smallish—a child's bed—covered with ruffled pink Fortel sheets that smelled like they'd been sitting in a Goodwill shop for years. On the headboard there were scuffed up Holly Hobby, Veronica Lodge, and Betty Cooper stickers that had been stuck and half-heartedly peeled away. The room was obviously never used and pretty well forgotten, but Buck didn't mind. All he wanted to do was fall into a deep deep sleep. And so he did.

Now, as you can imagine, the Monroe daughters were most excited indeed at having an astronaut-monster hibernating in their guest room. One by one the three daughters, Arleen, Darleen, and Serena came down to the room to stare at Buck, now sleeping in their old bed amid the clutter of their childhood. Mrs. Monroe wouldn't let her daughters peek long, still being fractionally convinced of her implication in Buck's illness, and shooed them away, wanting him to get better.

Anyhow, life returned more or less to normal. Darleen and Serena went to work at the perfume counter of the local dime store, Mrs. Monroe's aloe product business picked up a bit, taking her out of the house, Mr. Monroe was out on his thresher, leaving only Arleen, the eldest daughter, who had recently been fired from the 7-Eleven, to take care of Buck.

"Make sure he gets lots to eat!" shouted Mrs. Monroe from her salt-rusted blue Bonneville sedan as she screeched out of the driveway, to which Arleen waved and then rushed inside to the bathroom where she brushed her blond feathered hair, applied alluring cosmetics, and then dashed down to the kitchen to whip up a special lunchtime treat for Buck, who, owing to his space poisoning, would only awaken once a day at noon, and then only for a half hour. She made a platter of Vienna franks appended to toothpicks and accessorized by little blocks of orange cheese. These she prettily arranged on a platter in a shape reminiscent of the local shopping mall logo, the Crestwood Mall letter *C*, angled heavily to the right. "*Facing the future*" as the local newspaper had phrased it upon the mall's opening several hundred years previously when it was still 1974, even back then, since, as I have said, it has always been 1974 in Texlahoma. As far back as records go. Shopping malls, for instance, a recent innovation on earth, have been supplying Texlahomans with running shoes, brass knickknacks, and whimsical greeting cards for untold millennia.

Texlahomans shoplift cheap imitation perfumes from dime stores and shoot each other over Thanksgiving dinners every year.

Anyway, Arleen raced down to the basement with the food platter and pulled a chair up to the bed and pretended to read a book. When Buck woke up at one second past noon, the first thing he glimpsed was her reading, and he thought she looked ideal. As for Arleen, well, her heart had a romantic little arrhythmia right on the spot, even in spite of Buck's looking like a Frankenstein monster.

"I'm hungry," Buck said to Ar-

leen, to which she replied, "Won't you please please have some of these Vienna frank-and-cheese kebabs. I made them myself. They were most popular indeed at Uncle Clem's wake last year."

"Wake?" asked Buck.

"Oh, yes. His combine overturned during the harvest, and he was trapped inside for two hours while he waited for the Jaws of Life to arrive. He wrote his will out in blood on the cab ceiling.

From that moment on, a conversational rapport developed between the two, and before long, love bloomed, but there was a problem with their love, for Buck would always fall back asleep almost as soon as he would awaken, owing to his space poisoning. This grieved Arleen.

Finally one noon, just as Buck awoke, he said to Arleen, "Arleen, I love you very much. Do you love *me*?" And of course, Arleen replied, "Yes," to which Buck said, "Would you be willing to take a big risk and help me? We could be together always and I could help you leave Texlahoma."

Arleen was thrilled at both thoughts and said, "Yes, yes," and then Buck told her what she would have to do. Apparently, the radiation waves emitted by a woman in love are of just the right frequency to boost the rocket ship's engines and help it to lift off. And if Arleen would just come with him in the ship, they could leave, and Buck could get a cure for his space poisoning at the moon base. "Will you help me, Arleen?"

"Of course, Buck."

"There's just *one* catch."

"Oh?" Arleen froze.

"You see, once we take off, there's only enough air in the ship for one person, and I'm afraid that after takeoff, you'd have to die. Sorry. But, of course, once we got to the moon, I'd have the right machines to revive you. There's really no problem."

Arleen stared at Buck, and a tear came down her cheek, dripped over her lip and onto her tongue, where it tasted salty, like urine. "I'm sorry, Buck, but I can't do that," she said, adding that things would probably be for the best if she no longer took care of him. Heartbroken but unsurprised, Buck fell back to sleep and Arleen went upstairs.

Fortunately, Darleen, the youngest daughter, got fired from her perfume sales job that day and was able to take care of Buck next, while Arleen got hired at a fried chicken outlet and was no longer around to cast gloomy feelings on Buck.

But with Buck's being on the rebound and Darleen's having too much free time on her hands, it was only a matter of minutes, practically, before love again blossomed. Days later, Buck was making the same plea for help to Darleen that he had made to Arleen, "Won't you please help me, Darleen, I love you so much?"

But when Buck's plea came to the part about Darleen's having to die, like her sister before her, she froze. "I'm sorry, Buck, but I can't do that," she, too, said, adding that things would probably be for the best if she no longer took care of him. Again heartbroken but again unsurprised, Buck fell back to sleep and Darleen went upstairs.

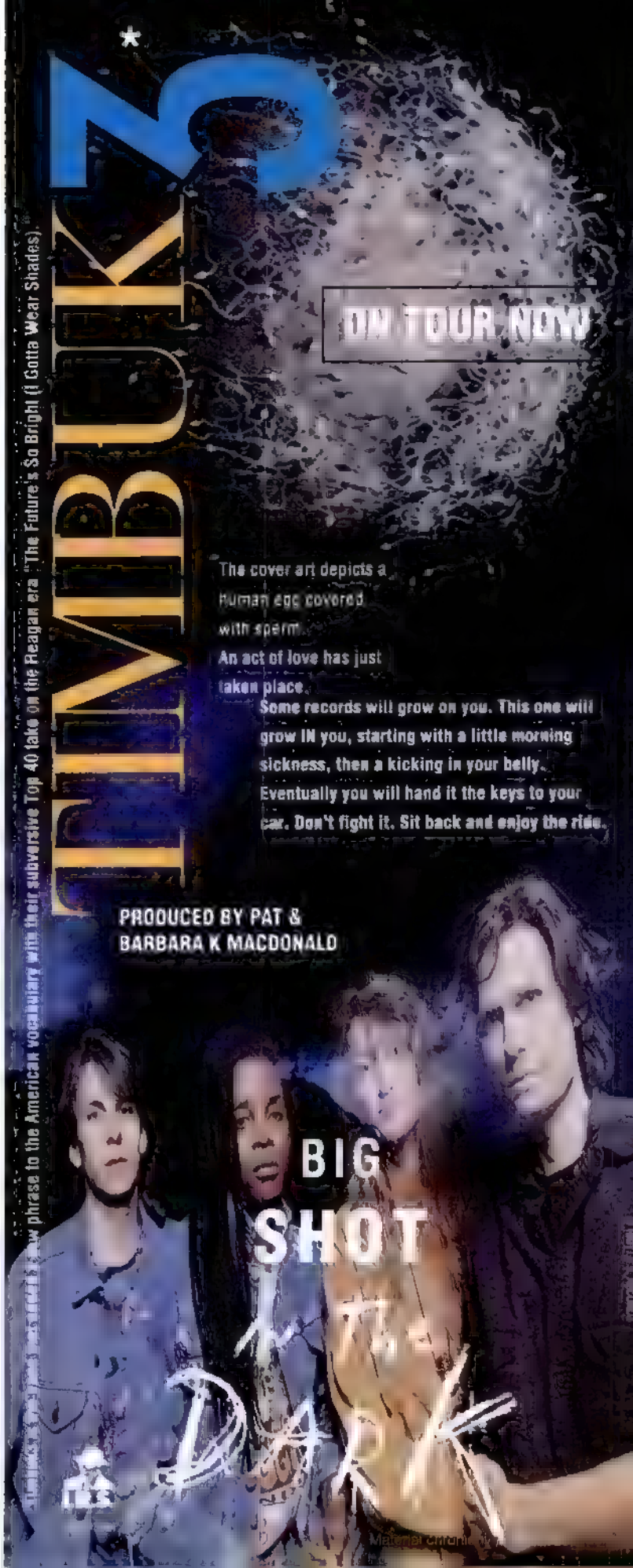
Need I say it, but history repeated itself *again*. Darleen got hired at the local roadside steak house, and Serena, the middle child, got fired from Woolworth's fragrance counter and so was put in charge of taking care of Buck, who had ceased being a novelty in the basement and had become instead, kind of a grudge—of the same caliber of grudge as, say, a pet dog that the children argue over whose turn it is to feed. And when Serena appeared at noon with lunch one day, all Buck could bring himself to say was, "God, did *another* one of you Monroe girls get fired? Can't any of you hold a job?"

This bounced right off of Serena. "They're just small jobs," she said. "I'm learning how to paint and one of these days I'm going to become so good that Mr. Leo Castelli of the Leo Castelli art galleries of New York City is going to send a rescue party up to get me off of this godforsaken asteroid. Here," she said, jabbing a plate of crudité celery and carrot in his chest, "eat these celery sticks and shut up. You look like you need fiber."

Well. If Buck thought he had been in love before, he realized now that those were merely mirages and that Serena was indeed his real True Love. He spent his waking time for the next few weeks, savoring his half hours which he spent telling Serena of the views of the heavens as seen from outer space, and listening to Serena talk of how she would paint the planets if only she could see what they looked like.

"I can show you the heavens, and I can help you leave Texlahoma, too—if you're willing to come with me, Serena my love," said Buck, who outlined his escape plans. And when he explained that Serena would have to die, she simply said, "I understand."

continued on page 127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MOVING IMAGES

Revolution, mass destruction, conflict, death. So much for reality: In 1991, Hollywood showed us a prettier picture.

Redemption Song

Five words made 1991 a less than banner year for movies: "It's a story of redemption." A grimly anticipated new cycle swung into effect: Acquisitiveness was annihilated, simple values were celebrated, success was stomped. Previously homicidal cyborgs atoned for past transgressions with a wave of carnage condoned by the director's dubious peacenik subtext. Flint-hearted corporate carrion found the road to a new life signposted by a bullet in the brain.

From *Backdraft* to *Doc Hollywood* via *The Fisher King*, life lessons lurked inside the most innocuous offering. The year's contrite cabal of sensitive screenwriters, actors, and directors tried to meet what they imagined were the demands of the new decade. But for some of us, the only real feel-good movie of the year, the only one to send you high-stepping into the sunshine in love with life, was *Slacker* (although, if you empathized, maybe it's time you had your formalydehyde changed).

Harrison Ford's lovable blank slate (*Regarding Henry*), William Hurt's snooty sawbones (*The Doctor*), and Robin Williams's lyrical deadbeat (*The Fisher King*) were notable only for evoking pangs of nostalgia for the excess and explosions of the '80s. But there's no turning back now. The year '91 saw the decline of several of the last decade's once-profitable but decidedly nonprestigious genres: horror (*Misery*'s Academy nod notwithstanding), teen, goofball—and the rise of an old favorite, the after-dinner movie. Lights were dimmed, empty plates pushed aside, shirtsleeves rolled up, and before long the table was being thumped, voices were being raised, and fingers were jabbed in opposing red faces as the assembled company thrashed out the flashpoint issues of the day. Was *Dances With Wolves* nothing but interminable paleface pandering? (Yes.) Did *Silence of the Lambs* exploit and degrade women more comprehensively and insidiously than any workaday slasher? (No.)

Unforgettable images? *Top, from left:* The Doors, *Silence of the Lambs, City Slickers,* and *Boyz N The Hood; above, The Fisher King,* and *below, Slacker*

And what about *Thelma and Louise*? Anyone stricken with testicles, no matter how withered and unwanted, was in a no-win situation here. If you liked *T&L*, you *were* Harvey Keitel. If not, there was a trough with your name on it. Reluctantly sinking ankle-deep in swill. I've got to say I found Callie Khouri's screenplay too concerned with ticking off and duly subverting items on the buddy-movie and road-movie checklists. (And those clowns, those saps the girls ran rings round, they bore as much resemblance to men as *City Slickers*' cry-baby cowboys or *Regarding Henry*'s big kid.) Geena Davis spoke great good sense when she asked, "Why, because it stars women, is this suddenly a feminist treatise, given the burden of representing all women?"

The most improbable consequence of *T&L* was giving Ridley Scott a shot at stepping into Spike Lee's shoes. This wasn't such spiffy news for Spike, who was ready to take on the world when the *Jungle Fever* controversy erupted. While he's waiting, Lee can find consolation in the fact that all over the country dinner tables are being reinforced in readiness for *Malcolm X*.

While 1991 saw more movies than ever pour down the turnpike, public resistance to films featuring performers named neither Schwarzenegger nor Costner was insurmountable. The ever-expanding infotainment industry's unslakable appetite for new flesh has created a climate where, as never before, films are peopled by actors who

TOP LEFT TO RIGHT SIDNEY BALDWIN, KEN REGAN, BRUCE McBROOM D. STEVENS

MOVING IMAGES

Which moving image provoked the strongest reaction from you in 1991?

Tim Burgess of Charlatans UK: "Watching *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* video was an enlightening experience. It was inspiring for our new songs, because the feeling of the next record will deal with eccentricities and normality."

Ann Magnuson of Bongwater: "The 'road to Basra' footage on CNN that showed all those burnt Iraqi trucks and cars huddled under a highway overpass in a futile attempt to hide from American bombs. Bodies may have been conspicuously absent but the mangled, charred vehicles left behind were more than sufficient body doubles."

Nash Kato of Urge Overkill: "I was homesick in a hotel on the Fourth of July when *All My Children* came on. Jackson and Erica were on a riverbank and recalled their last Fourth. Fireworks started and he kissed her on the forehead. The tears started streaming down Erica's face. She just could not stop. It was goodbye. I wanted to literally reach up on the screen and push them together."

Chris Connelly of Revolting Cocks: "Where Madonna lies on her mother's grave in *Truth or Dare* and dry-humps it."

Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth: "The scene at the end of *Boyz N the Hood* when Doughboy (Ice Cube) is crossing the street to go home, and he just vanishes from the screen. That scared the hell out of me."

Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth: "*Thelma and Louise*, when Susan Sarandon kills the guy at the bar."

Compiled by Staci Bonner

All in a year's movies. Top, from left: *Backdraft*, *Regarding Henry*, and *Return of the Vampires*; and left, *Jungle Fever*.

are instantly recognizable, who regularly grace front covers and chat-show couches, and who *no one wants to see*. When did you leave the house with the express purpose of laying out folding money in order to gain admission to a movie featuring Kevin Bacon or Kiefer Sutherland or Dennis Quaid or Mickey Rourke or Robert Duvall or Gene Hackman, or any of these rotten kids, these Christian Slaters, Patrick Dempseys, and the other two goons from *Mobsters*?

This may have been the year of *Thelma and Louise*, but it was also the year Julia Roberts's glass slipper broke, leaving the country without *one* bankable female star. Consider Streep, Fonda, Field, Lange, Keaton, Hannah, and Hawn; all women whose names are synonymous with taste, talent, virtuosity, range, pulchritude, integrity—and the phrase "Coming soon on HBO."

Of course, these past few years, going to the movies has been an awful lot like watching TV. The cinema screen keeps shrinking; the TV screen keeps getting bigger. This can occasionally benefit the latter medium (*China Beach* and *Twin Peaks*), but it's bad news at the Octoplex where it's getting increasingly tough to avoid 90-minute sitcoms complete with maudlin moments, weepy domestic therapy sessions, and wrap-up fatuities. Blame for this mountain of mush can be laid squarely at the doors of family men Garry Marshall, John Hughes, and Ron Howard. Strangely, many movies have been blighted by an inexplicable technological malfunction whereby many small-screen performers are invisible on celluloid. The likes of Ted Danson, Tom Selleck, John Ritter, and Bill Cosby have all suffered from this puzzling anomaly. However, now that onetime NBC top banana Brandon Tartikoff has eased into the driving seat at Paramount, expect more, *much more*, of this ill-advised medium-hopping in the days ahead.

The year's benchmark black movies were *Boyz N the Hood* and *New Jack City*. Few would violently disagree with Eazy-E's summation of *Hood* as "an after-school movie with cussing," but no one would deny the chord struck by the film or the fact that it's one of the few movies in recent years to have audiences praying for a happy ending. *NJC* galvanized crowds with a kinetic first half hour, but performance and plotting deficiencies derailed the rest of the film. *Jack*, incidentally, was the source of the year's two most pitiful performances in a major motion picture: Judd Nelson's white Tonto and Phyliss Stickney, about whose showing . . . words fail me. They certainly failed her.

This year's array of rotting corpses must have caused a panic in some executive bladders. Not only did a clutch of can't miss sequels collapse (*Rocky V*, *Look Who's Talking Too*, *Predator 2*, *Godfather 3*, *Return to the Blue Lagoon*), but some fingers-crossed franchises failed at the gate, chiefly *V.I Warshawski* and *The Rocketeer*. Below these straightforward failures, there were the movies which seemed to trigger off a collective acknowledgement that attendance equalled admission of worthlessness. You know the names: *Havana*, *The Doors*, *Scenes From a Mall*, *Almost an Angel*, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, Mel Brooks's *Life Stinks*. (The latter is noteworthy, however, because it embodies not only this year's buzzword, *redemption*, but also next year's—Chaplinesque.)

Perhaps the least conventional, most inventive, arch and unexpectedly entertaining big-budget bomb of the year was . . . *Hudson Hawk*. (Will I bend over now?) Hey, *It's a Wonderful Life* didn't become a classic overnight, you know. The relish with which both media and masses celebrated *Hawk*'s nosedive has obviously caused some of the parties involved to reevaluate their public personas. Trumpeting Bruce Willis's up-and-coming whackfest, *The Last Boy Scout*, producer, *compadre*, and cheesemeister Joel Silver announces, "I see it . . . as a story of redemption."

JONATHAN ROMNEY

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DREAMING AMERICA

NOTES OF A NEW JACK

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

THE JAMMY AWARDS

"O.P.P." proves that sex in hip hop ain't just a man's thing; women can be naughty, too, and don't have to pay a price.

FOR MANY, N.W.A IS THE HIP HOP STORY OF THE year—professional nihilists that flew to the top of the pop chart with a bullet, a reputation, and a whole new crew of fans in the 'burbs. I'd like to think that the group were telling me something new about my condition or their own, but I can't. I can only believe that somewhere along the way, Americans were destined for a group that bore out every possible negative image of young black folks. Don't tell me about how rich they got or how they control their own—this is still a society that continually proves black men powerless and meaningless until our activity is deemed powerful, meaningful, or liberational to white folks. *That's* how N.W.A gets its records out there. That's how blackness is being exploited.

But anyway, enough about them. Let's remember 1991: Tim Dog's "Fuck Compton," a raw and brutal and funny attack on our brothers with attitude; *MTV Unplugged*'s episode with L.L. and De La and Tribe and Lyte, striking some fierce poses to acoustic backing; Public Enemy's sizzling "Can't Truss It" video, swinging to and fro from then to now and seeing the same old shit wrapped up nice; the straight-outta-Canada thoughtfulness that marked the debut of Dream Warriors; Intelligent Hoodlum (with a rhythmically supportive Chuck D) dropping knowledge on Marley Marl's second cruise-controlling collection of jams; Q-Tip's lyric: "Back in the days when I was a teenager / Before I had status and before I had a pager," from "Sky Pager" on *The Low End Theory* (complete with the year's most provocative and stunning cover art).

I now give you the Jammys. The rap Grammys. For excellence in a bustling and inventive year of debuts, sophomore efforts, and comebacks. If anyone notices an East Coast bias herein, that's only because Ice Cube's *Death Certificate* and Digital Underground's *Sons of the P* (by artists whose debuts would have won first and second place had there been a Jammys last year) got to the desk just after deadline.

Album of the Year: *De La Soul Is Dead*, De La Soul. Sprawling and busy, engagingly awkward yet distinctively self-assured, these Strong Island brothers took a bold premise—their own necessary demise—and turned it into a funkily literary and literate portrait of artists as young rap fans. "Millie Pulled a Pistol on Santa," about youthful response to a painful life story, proves that these guys are writers of the first order. Runners-up: *Apocalypse '91: The Enemy Strikes Black*, Public Enemy; *One for All*, Brand Nubian; *Naughty by Nature*, Naughty by Nature.

Single of the Year: "O.P.P.," Naughty by Nature. In which some Jersey guys prove that sex in hip hop ain't just a man's thing; women can be naughty, too, and don't have to pay a price. Melodic, fluid, anthemic, perfect. Runners-up: "Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)," De La Soul; "Hip Hop Junkies," Nice and Smooth; "Just a Friendly Game of Baseball," Main Source.

Live Performance of the Year: L.L. Cool J's new and improved live-band extravaganza at the Superfest at Madison Square Garden, during which the hardest-working hard rock in show biz became the best-built bandleader in New York. Cocky, strutting, nodding to the old school and teaching the new a thing or two. Quite a knockout. Runners-up: De La Soul's new and improved, heavy-on-the-words show at the Ritz; Leaders of the New School's bare-bottomed dancer shenanigans at the Ritz on the same night; KRS-One's sweatbox triumph at the Island Club.

Debut of the Year: *Of the Heart, of the Soul and of the Cross: The Utopian Experience*, P.M. Dawn. Breaking assured new ground with a melodic, cross-referential blend of rap and a little of everything else, these brothers scooped the competition with fluid harmonies and ear-catching attitude. Runners-up: *One for All*, Brand Nubian; *Naughty by Nature*, Naughty by Nature; *Breaking Atoms*, Main Source.

Sample of the Year: "O.P.P."/"Ghetto Bastard," Naughty by Nature (using, respectively, "ABC" by Jackson 5 and "No Woman No Cry" by Bob Marley). A sample or loop should enhance a song, acquiring new meaning for the sampler and the samplee. The innocence of "ABC" becomes a cute and conscious reminder of the simple pleasures of early black pop and teenage fun when placed against the 1990 savoir faire Treach rhapsodizes. "Everything's gonna be all right," speaks a hope that the too-real lyrics of "Ghetto Bastard" only hint at. Runners-up: "A Roller Skating Jam Named 'Saturdays,'" De La Soul (using Chicago, Chic, and "Grease is the word . . . "); "Set Adrift on Memory Bliss," P.M. Dawn (using a sample from Spandau Ballet's "True"); "What's It All About?" Run-D.M.C. (using Johnny Mathis's pop hit).

Jammy Award winners, *clockwise from top left*: Naughty by Nature, L.L. Cool J, P.M. Dawn, De La Soul.

Best Guest Performance: "Don't Curse," Heavy D. and the Boyz, featuring Big Daddy Kane, Kool G Rap, Grand Puba, C.L. Smooth, Q-Tip, and Pete Rock, in which some of the best flex-ers around gather to teach the tribe a lesson in restraint. In which respect for the community, each other, and the hip hop form coalesce. Runners-up: "Back From Hell (remix)," Run-D.M.C. (featuring Ice Cube and Chuck D); "Nitty Gritty," K.M.D. (featuring Brand Nubian); "Wickedest Man Alive," Naughty by Nature (featuring Queen Latifah).

TOP RIGHT: ANTON CORBIJN

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REVIEWS EDITED BY JIM GREER

PLATTER DU JOUR

U2

Achtung Baby

Island

Those of you still alive who remember U2's last studio album, *The Joshua Tree*—released some 423 years ago when the world was still young and full of promise—will doubtless regard *Achtung Baby* with a healthy skepticism. After all, what has the band been doing all this time? (I mean, apart from the world tour and the movie and the mostly live album.) For any other group, such a long fallow period might spell career death. But quite apart from the fact that the band probably doesn't harbor strong careerist tendencies anyway, U2 could have taken another millennium to finish this record without damage to its popularity. Delays just feed the band's mystique, heightening anticipation—to the point where, now, an album of Bono's lip farts would probably chart respectably.

Which means that *Achtung Baby*—an ambitious failure and by almost any standards an excellent record—will probably fare enormously well. Its failings stem from its excesses; when the band strays from familiar territory, the results are hit-and-miss. And while this experimentation, especially with such a chart-tested formula, is welcome and should be applauded, the plain fact is it doesn't always work. Which wouldn't really be a problem if this were a routine release, but the buildup only magnifies whatever flaws may exist.

That said, on to specifics: this isn't quite the rumored "dance record," although a lot of the tracks are more groove-heavy than anything the band has tried before, albeit in a charmingly lead-footed way. U2 has obviously not spent the last several years as cave dwellers, and they sound like (God help us) big Stone Roses fans, but the band's approach to indie dance is so solemn and dignified (see the first single, "The Fly," or "Mysterious Ways") it's perversely grandiose. Bassist Adam Clayton and drummer Larry Mullen, Jr., seem determined to beat the groove into submission, but if their efforts were any less clumsy they wouldn't seem so good-hearted. An amelodic workout like "The Fly" is rescued from mundanity by the nasty chop of the Edge's central riff—his playing on much of the new stuff is heavier, less ethereal and melodic than usual, which gives the weaker material added heft.

While its mildly ironic title and more intimate subject matter—love songs, nothing but love songs—might suggest that U2 is lightening up, the band's central aesthetic remains in force, whatever the subject: Big romantic gestures apply equally well to the weight of one love or the woes of the world. Anyway, those who castigate the band for its earnestness miss the point, at least as far as its kajillion fans are concerned; we appreciate U2 precisely because the band takes itself so dead seriously. Humor wouldn't become these guys, and when they try to be funny it comes off stiff and calculated. Sick as I might think I am of the guy's whining, Bono's voice has an undeniably iconic, incantatory quality to it: it's as immediately identifiable to me as my mom's and has something of the same effect—a mingling of comfort and irritation. Except for the hook phrases, you don't catch much of what he is or isn't saying, and you don't really care, because the level of communication the band seems to be striving for is more basic than unwieldy, imprecise words. You don't really need a message any more complicated than "Don't let the bastards grind you down" (from the moving "Acrobat") to hang a melody from.

U2's songwriting remains at best a vessel for its hugely gorgeous sound, but there's no denying the power resident there. Give the band credit for trying to broaden its palette and hope that the next record doesn't take as long. **Jim Greer**

ANTON CORBIJN

SPIN MUSIC GIFT GUIDE

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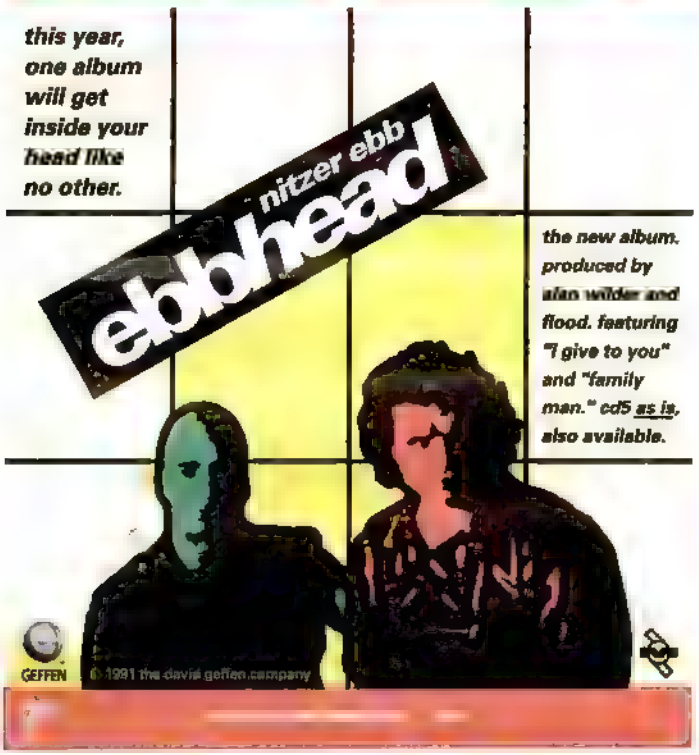
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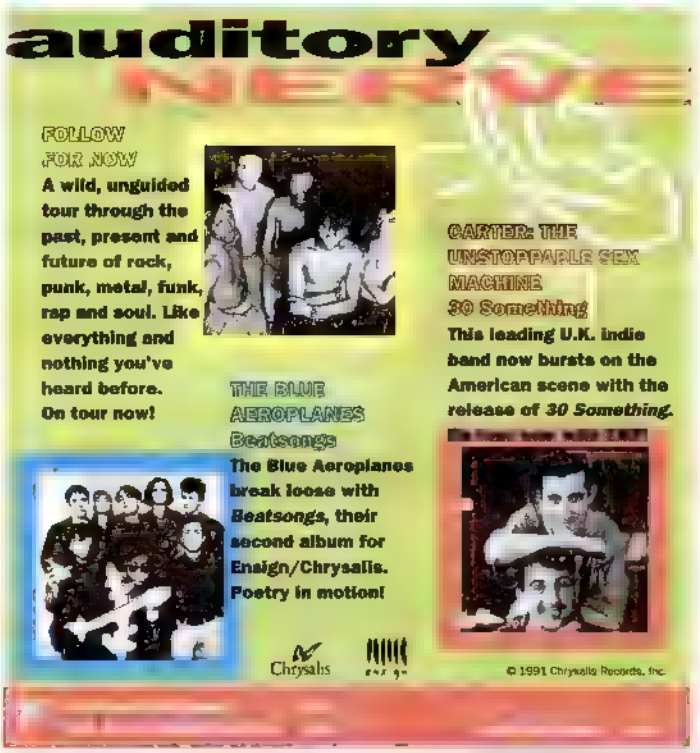
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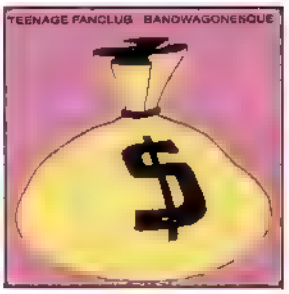

TEENAGE FANCLUB

Bandwagonesque

DGC

"Great rock groups are all alike," noted the famous rock critic Leo Tolstoy. Teenage Fanclub, a conspicuous member of that happy family, has with *Bandwagonesque* now released two of the really fine records of this decade (including last year's *A Catholic Education*). By tightening the first record's slap-happy aesthetic—or "pull[ing] in the slack," as TFC puts it in "The Concept"—the band broadens the music's scope and effect; it empowers traditional rock-song structures instead of extending or bursting them, as on the previous record. The overall effect is hyper-real—like hooking up to a computer with the entire history of rock at your fingers, and being able to *use* it.

Bandwagonesque's relative formalism (probably a result of increased technical proficiency and more time in the studio, rather than conscious thought) makes sense, at least to me; while many bands work in the opposite direction—groping toward structure before abandoning it—TFC appears to have trashed cherished forms in order to rebuild them in the band's own image. Taken even strictly as an exercise—which, given the band's near-hysterical anti-pro attitude, seems unlikely—it bears fruit.

Nothing on this record will sound new to you, in its component parts. But the recombining process is, these days, about the closest thing we've got to originality in rock music. And the way TFC has gone about that process bespeaks an extraordinary love for and understanding of the way the basic tools of rock music—guitar, drums, voice—can be used to express (and consequently manipulate) human emotions. In short, this music makes your spine shiver.

Teenage Fanclub is God's gift to college radio. Equal parts Neil Young, Big Star, Rolling Stones, Lindsay Buckingham, and Eddie Money, plus a bunch of bands you never heard of, *Bandwagonesque* pulls the kinds of moves you'd expect from a much smarter, more ambitious group of guys. The lyrics, for all their occasional lapses into Edie Brickell-isms like "All I know is all I know" (from "Alcoholiday"), are for the most part complex and intriguing, in that half cynical manner that only really innocent twentysomething kids can convincingly pull off: e.g., "Went to

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

It all began when the cartoonist was not inspired to do the cartoon.
IDEAS FOR DEC. CARTOON:
Suddenly it became crystal clear that in order to root out the cause of this inspiration void, a psychic must immediately be consulted. So late on the night before the deadline...
madame zoma
tarot palms laser cards read reading
SPECIAL NOTE: THIS IS A TRUE STORY IN WHICH THE CARTOONIST SPLAYED, AS IS OFTEN THE CASE. BY SUTTY (AND NAMES WERE CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT C. AIRVOYANT).
LOOK DEEEEP INTO MY EYES AND BE VEEEEERRY STILL...

bed, but I'm not ready / Baby, I've been fucked already" (also from "Alcoholiday").

The record is, admittedly, a bit uneven: While songs like "December," "Alcoholiday," "Starsign," and "The Concept" are gems, there's more filler on *Bandwagonesque* than there should be—witness "Satan," a thankfully short Sonic Youth–style instrumental jam that starts off nowhere and goes backward from there

But this is merely a quibble. *Bandwagonesque* is a movable feast. Jump on it. (*available early November*)

Jim Greer

PIXIES

Trompe le Monde
Elektra

"Did you hear my screams?" was Black Francis's plaintive query on *Bossanova*, an album some thought signaled the softening of the Pixies. He screams more on *Trompe le Monde*, but my initial worry—that the band was paying too much attention to the opinions of insensitive rock bigots—proved groundless. As they've gotten more popular, the band has just gotten more rocking *and* prettier, more grandiose, strang er—better

It's not hard to point out weak points on *Trompe le Monde*. A song about a session musician brought in to do fancy drum fills seems to lend new meaning to the term "filler." There are two songs about being pretentious ("I was all dressed in black / She was all dressed in black"). And a Jesus and Mary Chain cover ("Head On") sounds like the punchline of a mean joke. But never mind, just follow Black Francis as he "trompes" around the galaxy, taking a trip to a friendly star somewhere between the gravitational pulls of "Major Tom" and "Ashes to Ashes," diving eight miles below sea level and then, just to wind down a bit, shimmying up the outside of the Eiffel Tower.

An orchestral blend of new wave, surf instrumentation, Muzak, loud.

guitars, and a tenderly nostalgic chorus of sci-fi movie soundtrack effects is what the Pixies call music; they call lyrics anything Black Francis has on his mind, which includes evidence ("photographs in files"), geography, his alma mater ("U-Mass" contains the immortal chorus, "It's education-al!"), and his collection of sea mon keys. He started a letter to someone who's been moping around Graceland for too long but wrote "Letter to Memphis" instead, a melancholy song, like Rod Stewart's "You Wear It Well," about his failure to write an actual letter. Out of the kitsch and froth of the Pixies' sensibility, a line like "trying to get to you" sticks in your mind like a piece of genuine feeling hidden on the back of a tacky

CRUZ RECORDS PRESENTA

=PSYCHOPOWER=

Los discos locos de la revolucion

BIG DRILL CAR — BATCH

BIG DRILL CAR is a muscle machine zoomin' head-on into a hairpin turn. On their third release, BATCH, this So Cal quartet spinout hard hooks and bone breakin' beats. BIG DRILL CAR slams, screeches and cranks on every cylinder with a lean mix of pop and rock that explodes on contact. Frank Daly's voice snarls atop the shattering rhythms pummeled out by Bob Thomson (bass) and Danny Marcroft (drums) while Mark Arnold's guitar/overdrive heads for a land speed record. Produced by Bill Stevenson and Stephen Egerton of ALL. CRZ 018 (LP/CA/CD).
ALSO AVAILABLE: ALBUM/TAPE/CD TYPE THING (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 008; SMALL BLOCK (EP/CA EP/CD EP) CRZ 014; "Surrender/Getaway" (Split 7" SNGL w/ CHEMICAL PEOPLE) CRZ 701.

See Big Drill Car live on tour now.

SKIN YARD — 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES

SKIN YARD pushes a meaty, volcanic lava that pumps your pole of muscle. On their new LP, 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES, shards of guitars thrust across a murderous bass and drum grind drenched in blood, sweat and screams, pound after pound. Ben's strapping threat lurks and suddenly erupts on each of these ten new psychopowered SKIN YARD songs. 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES titillates the torso and crunches the cranium with raw psychopower. Produced by Jack Endino. CRZ 017 (LP/CA/CD).
ALSO AVAILABLE: FIST SIZED CHUNKS (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 009; "The Bulldog Single" (10" SNGL) CRZ 702.

TONYALL — NEW GIRL, OLD STORY

NEW GIRL, OLD STORY is a new album of tunes played by some old friends. Tony Lombardo, the original bass dude from the DESCENDENTS, is the TONY in TONYALL. Tony's friends (Bill Stevenson, Karl Alvarez, Stephen [illegible] and Dean Raynolds of ALL) are the ALL part of TONYALL. ALL back up TONY on these twelve indelibly stamped Tony type tunes that he wrote over the past decade. Tony shares the vocals with Scott and Karl on this collection of songs about girls not doin' what you'd think they'd be doin' and doin' what you wouldn't think they'd be doin'. CRZ 016 (LP/CA/CD).

=MAS DISCOS LOCOS=

ALL

ALLROY SEZ...(LP/CA/CD) CRZ 001; "JUST PERFECT" (12" SNGL) CRZ 003; ALLROY FOR PREZ (MINI LP/MINI CA/CD EP) CRZ 004; "SHE'S MY EX" (12" SNGL, CA SNGL) CRZ 005; ALLROY'S REVENGE (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 006; TRAILBLAZER (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 010; ALLROY SAVES (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 011

CHEMICAL PEOPLE

SO SEXIST (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 002; TEN-FOLD HATE (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 007; THE RIGHT THING (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 013; "ANGELS 'N' DEVILS" (10" SNGL, CD EP) CRZ 015; "SURRENDER/GETAWAY" (Split 7" w/ BIG DRILL CAR) CRZ 701

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YES, I CAN SEE YOU ARE A VERY HONEST AND CREATIVE PER...
RING!!
EXCUSE ME.... HELLO?... MOM, I'M BUSY.... OKAY... OKAY.. BYE.
OKAY... YOU ARE A VERY HONEST AND CRE.....
RING!

HELLO!?... YES! OKAY!... OKAY! ...OKAY! BYE!
ZOMA
-M.R.B.
NOW... ZOMA SEES YOUR CREATIVITY IS BEING BLOCKED BY SOMETHING...
OH MY! THIS IS TERRIBLE!!! I SEE SOMETHING VEEEEERRRY DISTURBING...
STAY TUNED FOR THE SCARY CONCLUSION OF: PUTTY MEETS THE PSYCHIC!

As Advertised In Rolling Stone. (Not!)

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
"Miscellaneous T"
7 72646

The recordings that launched one of America's best alternative bands. "Miscellaneous T" collects They Might Be Giants' original indie singles, including four previously unreleased tracks. Includes the new radio hit "Hey MR. DJ, I Thought You Said We Had A Deal."

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7 72586

Don't Look Mom! It's a brand new Cramps album. Includes "I Wanna Get In Your Pants", "Eyeball In My Martini", "Dames, Booze, Chains and Boots" plus extra CD bonus track "Wilder Wilder Faster Faster" on U.S. release only.

ROKY ERICKSON
"You're Gonna Miss Me - The Best Of Roky Erickson"
7 72532

This is the only Roky Erickson compilation available in the U.S. It features five bonus tracks including a live rendition of the classic song "You're Gonna Miss Me." Many tracks on this compilation appear on CD for the very first time. A must for all Roky fans.

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"Zydeco On The Bayou"
7 72368

The most in your face Rockin Zydeco performer of the decade. Rolling Stone calls Terrance "A master of nouveau zydeco." Nominated for Best Zydeco Band at this years Big Easy Awards. Features guest appearance by Art Neville of the Neville Brothers.

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postcard

Tourism is just an expensive way to stay where you are and music a cheap way to drown out the neighbors, but the Pixies are still a lot of fun. (*available late October*)

Ivan Kreilkamp

PET SHOP BOYS

Discography

EMI

The Pet Shop Boys seemed hard to love. Igloo-cool effete eccentric would-be Eurocrat fashion plates: all style, no digestive system. Their debut hit, "West End Girls," that unique blend of weariness and urgency, went some way toward eradicating the false impression. But subsequent releases like "Opportunities" and "Suburbia" showcased their brittle, quirky side, and it wasn't until the stunning "Love Comes Quickly" that the true mettle of these men was revealed. These odd awkward fellows were combining their natural reticence with their affection for and intuitive understanding of the music no one should ever be afraid to call disco.

At their best, as they are during almost every second of this breathtaking compilation, this odd couple has been responsible for some of the most awesome and emotional music of recent years. After the initial *Please* hits, the Tennant-Lowe partnership burst into full flower: "It's a Sin," "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" "Heart," and the five-Kleenex weepie "Rent." Toward the end of the '80s, the duo was so far ahead of the game that even its throwaways ("Always on My Mind") dwarfed all comers.

Tweaking the established album format, the Pet Shop Boys' *Introspective* remix package yielded "Domino Dancing," a declaration of kinship with the ascendant Latin hip hop movement; and "It's Alright," an interpretation of Sterling Void's tense house epic of social concern, rendered with almost plausible sincerity. The jewel in *Introspective*'s crown, though, was "Left to My Own Devices"; This showstopper from an imaginary Broadway smash put producer Trevor Horn's lavish terpsichorean soundscape against one of Neil Tennant's most idiosyncratic behind-closed-doors lyrics ("In a secret world I was a Roundhead general")

The harsh vicissitudes of the mass market left 1990's *Behavior* with fewer takers than expected. Well, the public failed. It missed the euphoric "So Hard," it missed the momentous "Jealousy," it missed the poignant backward glance to adolescence that was "Being Boring." It missed out. The inclusion of two new tracks ("DJ Culture" and "Was It Worth It?") plus the PSB's deeply felt medley of "Where the Streets Have No Name" and "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You" elevates *Discography* beyond even compulsory purchase status. Throughout the years documented on this album, the Pet Shop Boys have never disappointed, never cheated, never embarrassed, always displayed taste, talent, integrity, and foresight. How can they expect to be taken seriously? (*available mid-November*)

Jonathan Bernstein

CRANES

Wings of Joy

Dedicated/BMG

The term *gothic* has long been tarnished by Morticia Addams wannabes with their "any color, so long as it's black" dress code and hokey fetishism of the "dark side." But the U.K.'s Cranes really are gothic, their music conjuring up the forbidding, sacrosanct space and awe-inspiring hush of a medieval cathedral. Cranes' creative core, brother and sister Jim and Alison Shaw, are an amiable, cheery pair, and ostensibly the very opposite of possessed or haunted. But after listening to Cranes' unnerving second album, it's impossible not to speculate about childhood traumas lurking in the family closet.

When Cranes first emerged in 1988, they were a harsh and harrowing proposition. Ponderous, mudslide power chords as doom laden as Black Sabbath or Black Flag were unleashed over dirgelike beats reminiscent of Swans. On *Wings of Joy* the only reminders of that phase of Cranes are "Starblood" (a marrow-curdling, percussive dirge and "Sixth of May" (an endless treadmill of despair). Most of the album marks a shift toward a lush, semiorchestral swelling romanticism, while song ti-

THEY'RE NOT SOFT. THEY'RE NOT CUDDLY.

THIS PICTURE

"A Violent Impression," the debut album from This Picture, featuring "Naked Rain," and "Brushes Deeply Now." Haunting and moving, This Picture will leave a permanent imprint on your senses.

dedicated

CHAPTERHOUSE

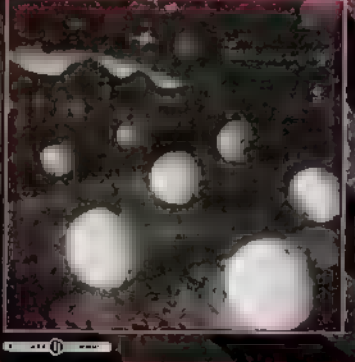
Whirl dominion: ★★★★ There's both beauty and strength here," says Q magazine. "Whirlpool," featuring "Pearl" and "Mesmerise."

dedicated

BULLET LAVOLTA

"Swans are," the new album from Boston's Bullet LaVolta. ★★★★★ says Kerrang! "Raw power as urgent as it is unforgettable." On tour with Prong and C.O.C.

THE DYLANS



"The Dylans," their self-titled debut album features "Sadlike," and "Planet Love." "This is a slice of infectious, gorgeous pop...very few are capable of relishing guitar pop as blissful and expansive as this," said Melody Maker.

CRANES

The debut album from the Cranes is "Wings Of Joy." Melody Maker said "...a brilliant, intensely worrying album from one of the most peculiar and biggest groups of the last decade."

dedicated

BUT THEY WILL KEEP YOU UP ALL NIGHT.

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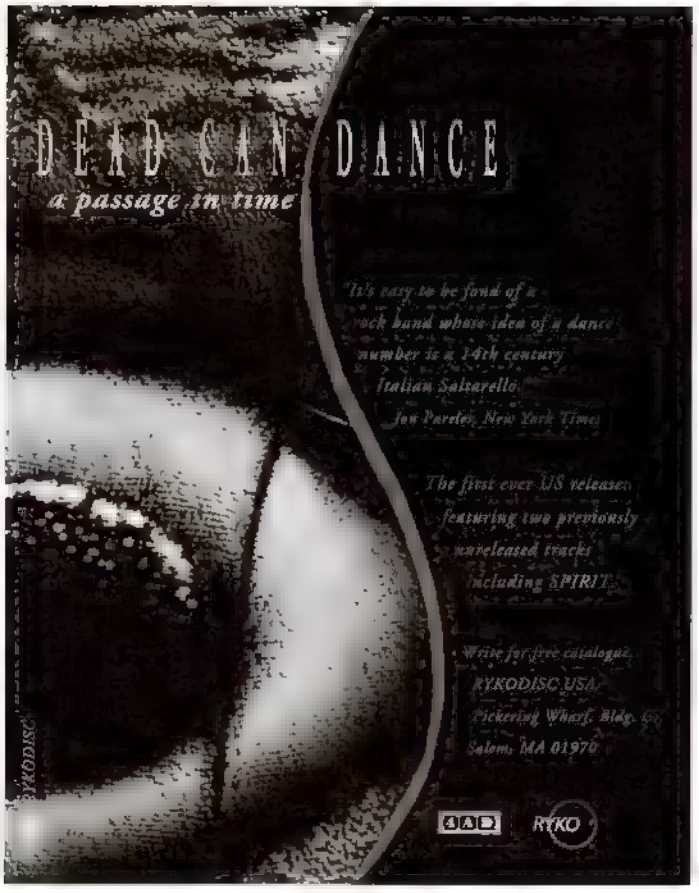
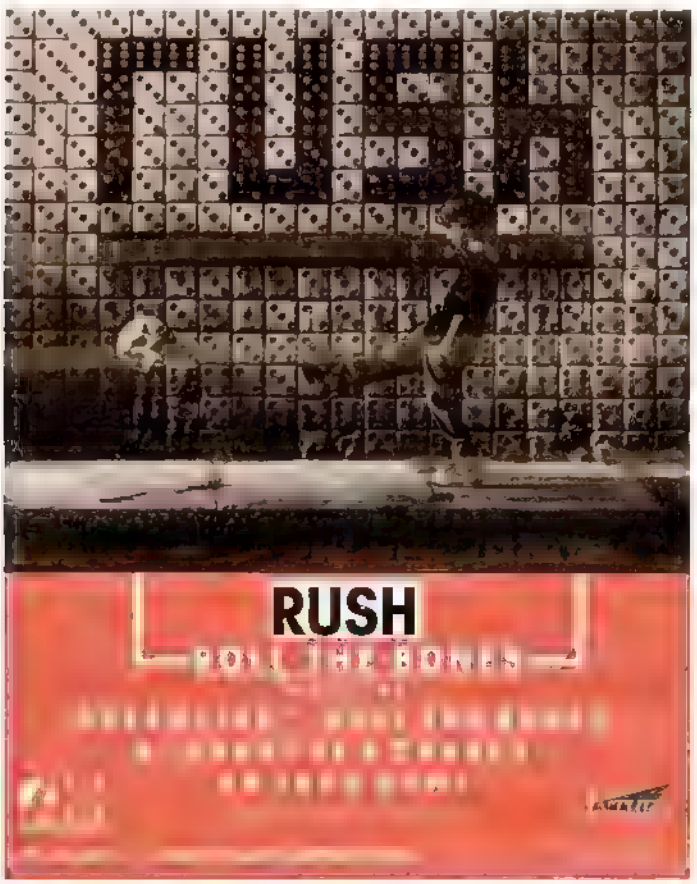




tles (you can't make out a single lyric) suggest that Cranes have begun to glimpse light at the end of their tunnel of gloom.

With its plucked stringed instruments and lullaby tranquility, "Watersong" is almost beguiling but for Alison's jittery voice; "Tomorrow's Tears" is an exquisitely appointed torch song, with Alison crooning like the ghost of Sade. The ornate "Beautiful Sadness" could have come from an alternative universe, where Kate Bush became a punk and usurped Siouxsie as ice queen of the goth nation. The string-swept "Adoration" provides a swoony swan song for this somber but often majestic album. Beautiful sadness, indeed. (*available late November*)

Simon Reynolds

VOIVOD
Angel Rat
Mechanic/MCA

On first listen, the sixth effort from Quebec thought-metallers Voivod is marshmallow-soft and downright strange. After all, this crew invented "cyberthrash," a particularly chaotic, futuristic strain of speed metal. 'Vod's first three albums were titled *War and Pain*, *RRROOOAAARRR*, and *Killing Technology*, and the music sounded like what it described—automated warfare.

Angel Rat is compelling, but it's chrome in repose, polished by longtime Rush producer Terry Brown. Vocalist Denis "Snake" Belanger is foremost in the mix for once, rendering sumptuous choruses for the oceanic "The Prow" and "Best Regards" in a wry French accent. Gone are the convoluted tempos that marked *Nothingface*, Voivod's 1989 debut on Mechanic/MCA, but drummer-conceptualist Michel "Away" Langevin gets an ass-backward roll in occasionally, and "Panorama" hurries along. "Angel Rat" suggests the Smiths (!) gone hard, while "Freedoom" is the closest thing to bombast here. If Piggy's tungsten-light minor-chord guitar burns slower and less brightly, at least now it's intelligible. Like everything else. (*available early November*)

Tom Nordlie

NIRVANA
Nevermind
DGC

After a most fine lunch on a bright sunny New York day, *Nevermind* is blasting through the little box on my desk and the finance department here at the lovely SPIN offices

are probably going ballistic. . . . But so what. Forget the new Guns N' Roses double overkill. Forget Rush's *Roll the Bones*. Nirvana has built this one for speed—that would be speed with a capital S—and it sure is fun to drive. A little bit punk, a little bit metal, a little bit country, a little bit rock'n' roll. What the hell more do you want?

Nevermind's got a full-out rock assault on "Territorial Pissings," and a beautifully harmonic "On a Plain," and a really cool song called "Breed." Anyway, I swear you'll be humming all the songs for the rest of your life—or at least until your CD-tape-album wears out. I'm fully about this record, and you will be too. (*available late October*)

Lauren Spencer

NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE
Arc
Weld
Arc-Weld
Reprise

Through the help of homegrown feedback and home-computer technology, rock legend Neil Young has constructed *Arc*, the most organic of records in recent memory. *Arc* is the album Young fans have feared, and perhaps hoped, he would make

String Quartet

BY JOHAN KUGELBERG

IT'S A RARE OCCASION WHEN A band comes along that completely blows you away on first listen, but—lo and behold!—here are four of them. I'll bet you a buck that this quartet is destined for greatness. And if not, we have hard proof of the conspiracy connecting Marilyn Monroe's death, the JFK assassination, and the lameness of current Top 40

The **Faith Healers** from London, England, have released two flawless records on the Too Pure label (P.O. Box 1944, London NW10 5PJ, England). What initially sounds like grunge by numbers turns out to be a band with equal pop and noise sensibilities. A quartet with a female vocalist, the Faith Healers are crunchier than any breakfast cereal and smoother than any torch singer. There's a musical kinship with the Dog Faced Hermans, and possibly the Ex, but you can't pigeonhole this band. Brilliant stuff.

F/i, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has been around since 1981, releasing half a dozen LPs on RRRecords. The band started out as a unit elaborating on noise structures in the tradition of Throbbing Gristle's *Heathen Earth* or Nurse With Wound's *Insect and Individual Silenced*. F/i throbs like a stub toe. The band sounds like *Space Ritual*–era Hawkwind, Roxy Music circa *For Your Pleasure*, and Spacemen 3 at their best. Applied to this retro-art-psychedelic thing is the fine sonic landscaping of late '70s–early '80s industrial music.

The band recently split into two halves with some members keeping the name but moving toward, according to its press release, "shorter songs with more of a traditional style of songwriting." Thankfully, the other half of the band, fronted by bass player Richard Franecki and featuring all ex-members of F/i, is continuing with the F/i sound under the moniker **Voco Kesh**. Voco Kesh's debut album on the RRR label shows that none of the power is lost. Do yourself a favor and send for the great RRR mail-order catalog (Write to Voco Kesh, P.O. Box 27421, Milwaukee, WI 53227, or RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852)

New York's kings of punk, the **Devil Dogs**, have recently finished their second album for Crypt Records. The Dogs churn out an amazing racket derivative of the early Saints, the Dictators' first album, and Johnny Thunder's Heartbreakers. The fine art of three-chord punk bashing has found its highest expression in this band. For some reason, 95 percent of their audience is in Japan and Spain, while their songs are as proto-American as baseball or White Castle burgers. Their seven-inch EP *Devil Dog Road* is the finest collection of pissed-off rants about cars, girls, burgers, and girls since the American punk class of 1977 lost their hair and teeth. (Crypt Records, P.O. Box 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)

New York's punk purists, Devil Dogs.

WHITNEY WARD

she was looking like an erotic vulture*

"SUBBACULTCHA" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE

oh kiss my ass oh let it rock*

"U-MASS" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE

Prince of Darkness
The new album from
BIG DADDY KANE
Featuring the hit "Groove With It"
Available on Cold Chillin'/Reprise Cassettes and Compact Discs
Cold Chillin'
©1991 Reprise Records. Straight Flavors

for years. As Young recently described it to me, he set about making it by arranging snippets of feedback culled from shows off his *Ragged Glory* tour, with the help of a computer database system, into "three movements and a finale."

Most miraculously, *Arc* sounds like something people might actually rehearse and perform on a stage. For 34 minutes and 58 seconds *Arc* unfurls like a big black parachute; I'd swear that's Young on blowtorch half the time. Unprecedented, unpretentious, *Arc* is seamless and propulsive. "People who listen to *Arc* are very radical," Young tells me, grinning. "You're not going to find your regular housewife sitting around listening to *Arc*. Or maybe you will. I think I've taken loudness just as far as I can take it for the time being.

"The appropriate setting is by yourself, in a car, just blasting. Or in the beat-box situation, where you're walking down the street. It's rock'n'roll ambience, it sounds like rockin' full-out thrashin' rock'n'roll, but when you listen to it there's nothing to hang your hat on. It's really pushed-out, too. It's good for clubs, it's real good between bands to clear the palate because there's no beat—like some kind of sherbet between courses.

"As a piece of music I really think it has a place. I think a lot of filmmakers are going to say, I'm going to use some of that. Chase scenes with that music, really quiet, stony-looking scenes where people are looking at each other and you've got this turmoil going on."

Like perhaps only *Metal Machine Music*, Lou Reed's reviled 1975 two-record set of modulated noise, Neil Young's *Arc* runs both ways. It's a perfect complement to *Weld*, Young's new equally sonorous double live album; the late Lester Bangs's last word on *MMM* seems again appropriate: "The joke's on you, kid. And if I were you, I'd take advantage of it." Though Young is already looking ahead: "The next album is acoustic—very quiet," he says. "I feel like I just got back from the war." (*available mid-October; also available in a limited edition 3-CD set with* Weld, *as* Arc-Weld)

Alec Foege

GOLDEN PALOMINOS

Drunk With Passion

Nation/Charisma

What makes Anton Fier do the things he does? Fier, the Golden Palominos' doyen and drummer, has made a cottage industry of bringing together second-tier rock royalty for writing and recording sessions. Over five albums, including this one, he has simultaneously indulged the diverse wants of downtowners (Arto Lindsay, John Zorn), 'round-towners (Richard Thompson, Chris Stamey), and sundry town-and-country types (T Bone Burnett, Syd Straw). So how come *Drunk With Passion* sounds stone-cold sober?

"Alive and Living Now," the album's first track, features Michael Stipe's familiarly fetching voice alongside Richard Thompson's reliably blistering guitar work. No great shakes, but far better than what's to come; a newcomer, vocalist Amanda Kramer, mars much of the rest. For one, her modest voice has been tampered with more than a New York deadbolt. Kramer also receives songwriting credit on five out of eight songs—songs with names such as "Thunder Cries" and "Hands of Heaven." Even the regulars, guitarist Nicky Skopelitis and bassist Bill Laswell, sound bored.

Fier has traded genre counterpoint—the only trademark the Palominos could ever truly lay claim to—for a new age Olivia Newton-John.

Praise the skies for "Dying From the Inside Out," a dynamic romp led by guest vocalist Bob Mould, singing from his diaphragm. Otherwise, *Passion* would be nothing but an overlong, overproduced mess. Perhaps if Anton Fier stepped out of the mainstream for a moment and dried himself off, he might discover the Palominos were better off before.

Martinique

BY RICHARD GEHR

MARTINIQUE SOUNDS LIKE A most elegant tropical cocktail—which, come to think of it, it is. A French department in the Western Antilles, it embraces the world's widest spectrum of flesh tones, which range from blue-black to ghostly white and most human hues in between. Nearly 400 years of miscegeny have spawned beautiful mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, and other lovely variations on a genetic theme.

Much the same could be said of Martinique's music, which rainbows from the impossibly corny to the faultlessly fashionable. Africanized versions of traditional European styles make everything old seem new again. Apart from the unavoidable *zouk* virus, the island vibrates with tasteful traditionalisms. When I visited the capital city of Fort-de-France to check out its annual July arts festival, one of the first things that caught my eye was a sign on a public rehearsal hall offering a menu of available sound materials: *laghia*, *biguine*, *kalenda*, *bel-air*, quadrilles, *tin-bang*, polka, *valse-creole*, *percussions traditionnelles*.

Take Malavoi, whose post-missionary-position music turns the tables on the slave orchestras formed by French colonialists to perform their Euro favorites. Sounding like Louis Moreau Gottschalk (the Paul Gauguin of composers) with a backbeat, the 12-piece band's elegant, string-driven music has been characterized as "chamber-cadence," melding European harmonies with a Haitian beat and drumming down the oppressors in subtly subversive style. Last year, in celebration of its 20th anniversary, the group released a highly recommended anthology titled *Retrospective* (MBS import).

Malavoi's strings (riding atop Paulo Rosine's salsa-hot piano) recall Cuban *pachanga* as well as the great white swing of Stephan Grappelli and Joe Venuti. Listening diagonally, Spain (of flamenco and bolero fame) tangos with Africa (particularly Cameroon) in the Malavoi gestalt, while the bassist thumb-pops funky jazz and the lead singer croons like an idiot in complicated sectional arrangements that had local fans stomping their feet and screaming ecstatically for this luxuriously drifting middle-class music. (Jazz meets *zouk* on a weekly basis, incidentally, at Le Morne, scenically overlooking downtown Fort-de-France.)

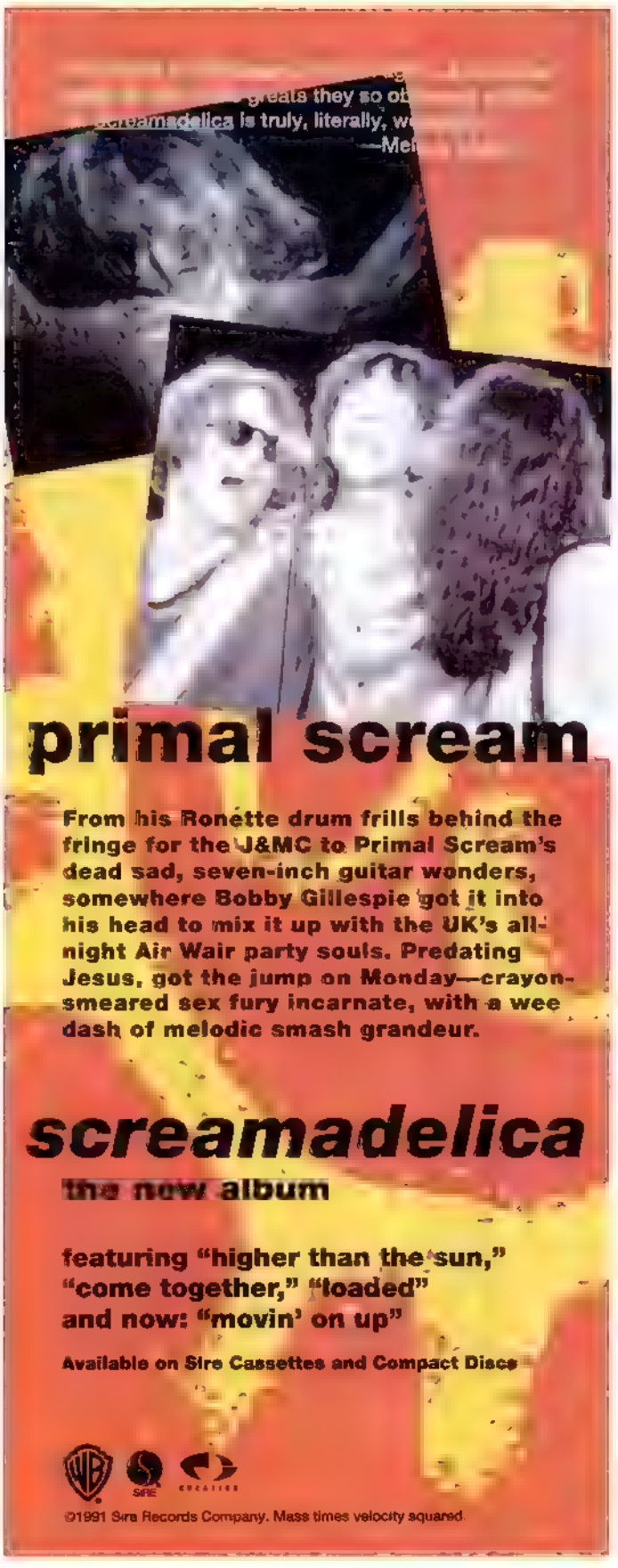
Martinique traditionalist Jean-Marc "Kali" Monnerville.

If *zouk* resembles the potent *rhum agricole* guzzled by Martinique's workers in being fast and to the point, the isle's pop-trad music is more akin to the local tipple's mellowly aged variations. No matter what's being played, you're likely to find percussionists perched astride African *gwo ka* drums, like riders atop the merry-go-round ponies that give the music called *chouval bwa* ("wooden horse," in Creole) its name. String bass, bamboo flutes, and log segments played with the ever-present wooden sticks called *ti bwa* are familiar landmarks amid the soundscapes of Martinique and its sister island, Guadeloupe. Dede Saint-Prix (check out *Mi Se Sa* on Mango) and Marce Pago and his group, Tumpak (try *Zouk Chouv* on GlobeStyle), play electrified versions of *chouval bwa*—also known as *waka-waka*—that veer into *zouk* territory without losing the local flavor

C C SMITH

you will be my martian honey
all the day*
*"LOVELY DAY" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE

now i'm going to sing the
perry mason theme*
*"SPACE (BELIEVE IN)" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE


primal scream
From his Ronette drum frills behind the fringe for the J&MC to Primal Scream's dead sad, seven-inch guitar wonders, somewhere Bobby Gillespie got it into his head to mix it up with the UK's all-night Air Wair party souls. Predating Jesus, got the jump on Monday—crayon-smeared sex fury incarnate, with a wee dash of melodic smash grandeur.
screamadelica
the new album
featuring "higher than the sun," "come together," "loaded" and now: "movin' on up"
Available on Sire Cassettes and Compact Discs
©1991 Sire Records Company. Mass times velocity squared.

Just horse sense, if you ask me. (*available late October*)

Alec Foege

HAMMER

Too Legit to Quit
Capitol

Evidently [M.C.] Hammer has been consuming quite a lot of Pepsi since we last heard from him, because he's back in high-performance hyper form. This release features 16 new songs (of which about 20 are prime candidates for hit singles) that show Hammer maturing both musically (not a single sample to be found here, but lots of instrumentation and backup vocal help) and lyrically (this time he's rapping about dancing, praying, helping children, how he's better than all the rest, and how he identifies with kids on the street, whereas last time he mainly rapped about . . . um . . . well just trust us—he's matured a lot)

Hammer seems intensely proud of the fact that he's learned to roll his Rs and a couple of other letters and does this almost to the point of annoyance throughout the songs (but hey, *everybody* can't do it). There's only one lovey-dovey song ("Lovehold") and one really slow, heavy-handed cut ("Street Soldiers"), but other than that, this will have you up on your feet. (*available early November*)

Mark Blackwell

LITA FORD

Dangerous Curves
RCA

Uh-oh, ballsy chick alert. Perhaps due to a certain willingness to whip her kit off and strike a supplicant pose, Lita's never been afforded a fraction of the respect onetime workmate Joan Jett expects and receives as a matter of course. Fate made an unexpected swerve into Ford's corner a few years back with the release of her dazzling "Kiss Me Deadly" single and its attendant long-player. There, Lita's partnership with the inconsistent but incomparable Mike Chapman reached a new plateau, particularly when Chapman let his charge loose on an ominous slab of heavied-up Pet Shop Boys called "Blueberry."

Allow me to urge you in the direction of that piece of living history and away from this Tom Werman-produced serving of warmed-over meat and potatoes. Lita's pretty much incapable of selling a song, so the hooks have to be chiseled in stone. She comes up lucky on three occasions: "What Do Ya Know About Love," "Shot of Poison," and, especially, "Little Too Early." No doubt Ford balks at the idea of a career as heavy pop's homecoming queen, but that's where her strengths lie. False alarm. (*available mid-November*)

Jonathan Bernstein

MY BLOODY VALENTINE

Loveless
Sire

I like My Bloody Valentine because I think it's sophisticated music, and I'm a sucker for the warped guitars. There's even a fun merry-go-round outro that sounds like Blood, Sweat and Tears' "Spinning Wheel." I thought they were sophisticated, too. But My Bloody Valentine isn't anything like Blood, Sweat and Tears, except the name thing.

Only "Shallow" and "Soon" really get me. I heard the words "close my eyes" and grabbed some other syllables as well—"on the ground" was in there, too. I like them better when you get distracted by all the noise and you don't think about how standard-ish and dull their songs are. The singers both have very sad voices. Maybe that's because they realize they like their songs a lot better if they bury them under a lot of guitar tracks.

I heard that My Bloody Valentine spend an incredible amount of time (i.e., days) on just one guitar sound for every track for every song they begin to record. The warped music is a cool idea and I recommend the album—but not on the basis of the singing or the songs. That doesn't seem to be what they spent the most thought and time on anyway. (*available mid-November*)

Jim Greer

THE CULT

Ceremony
Reprise/Sire

I was hanging out with Camille Paglia the other night, and she must have sensed I was getting bored of rating her air-guitar performances on a scale of one to ten, because she abruptly left off an energetic run-through of "Are You Experienced?" and pulled out an advance cassette of *Ceremony*, the new album by the Cult. "Check this shit out!" she said, as the opening strains of a Native American war chant slipped into

Small Faces

BY JON SAVAGE

THE SMALL FACES WERE TOTAL punks. During their four-year career they fought each other, fought their management, fought their audiences, and spent all their money on clothes that fell apart instantly. They were on TV all the time. They were all under five feet six inches. They had bouffant "French mod" hairdos. They took amphetamines nonstop and, in early 1967, sang about it: "Here come the nice-looking so good / He makes me feel like no else could / He knows what I want, he knows what I need / He's always there when I need some speed"

I didn't know this when I was 13. I thought the Small Faces were just . . . fast. Like an E-type Jaguar or something. All I knew was a string of high-energy 45s which dominated the U.K. charts from 1966 to 1968: "Sha La La La Lee," "Hey Girl," "All or Nothing," "My Mind's Eye," "Lazy Sunday," "The Universal," "Here Come the Nice," "Itchycoo Park," and "Tin Soldier" (the last three of which are available on *There Are But Four Small Faces,* soon to be reissued on CD by Sony Music). I bought every one, and followed the Faces' odyssey from brash, Stax-y mod pop to philosphical speculation.

Pop culture was still new, fabulous and modernist in 1966 and 1967, and the Small Faces went for it. So did I. Even a basic Stax rip-off like "Hey Girl," with its window-rattling drums and basic juve story line, took off when Steve Marriott started testifying at the song's fade. "My Mind's Eye" was even better: a nursery-rhyme knockoff, its inward-gazing lyrics fitted perfectly with smart, restless, mediated songs like the Yardbirds' "Shapes of Things" and the Who's "I'm a Boy."

The reason I loved these groups was that they helped me to make sense of my environment: West London suburbia, where nothing happened except media. I'd listen to the plentiful pirate radio stations, on which you'd hear Joe Tex and Buffalo Springfield back to back. Then I'd hear the Small Faces put them both together in "Itchycoo Park." This song was huge during summer 1967: its phasing and call-response chorus—"What did you do there? / *I got high*" —might well have defined the Summer of Love for us Brits but, when I hear it, I just see and smell London parks where I grew up.

The Small Faces were so punky that they split onstage, on the first of January 1969, soon after they'd had a No. 1 album with *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* (recently reissued on CD by Sony Music). Their compressed, intense three-minute songs had no place in the artistic freedom that all would explore with their subsequent groups: Steve Marriott with Humble Pie, Ronnie Lane, Kenney Jones, and Ian McLagan with the Faces. I hated this sloppiness and kept listening to these perfect records right through the late '60s and early '70s, when nobody was interested.

Pop culture was still new, fabulous, and modernist, and the Small Faces went for it.

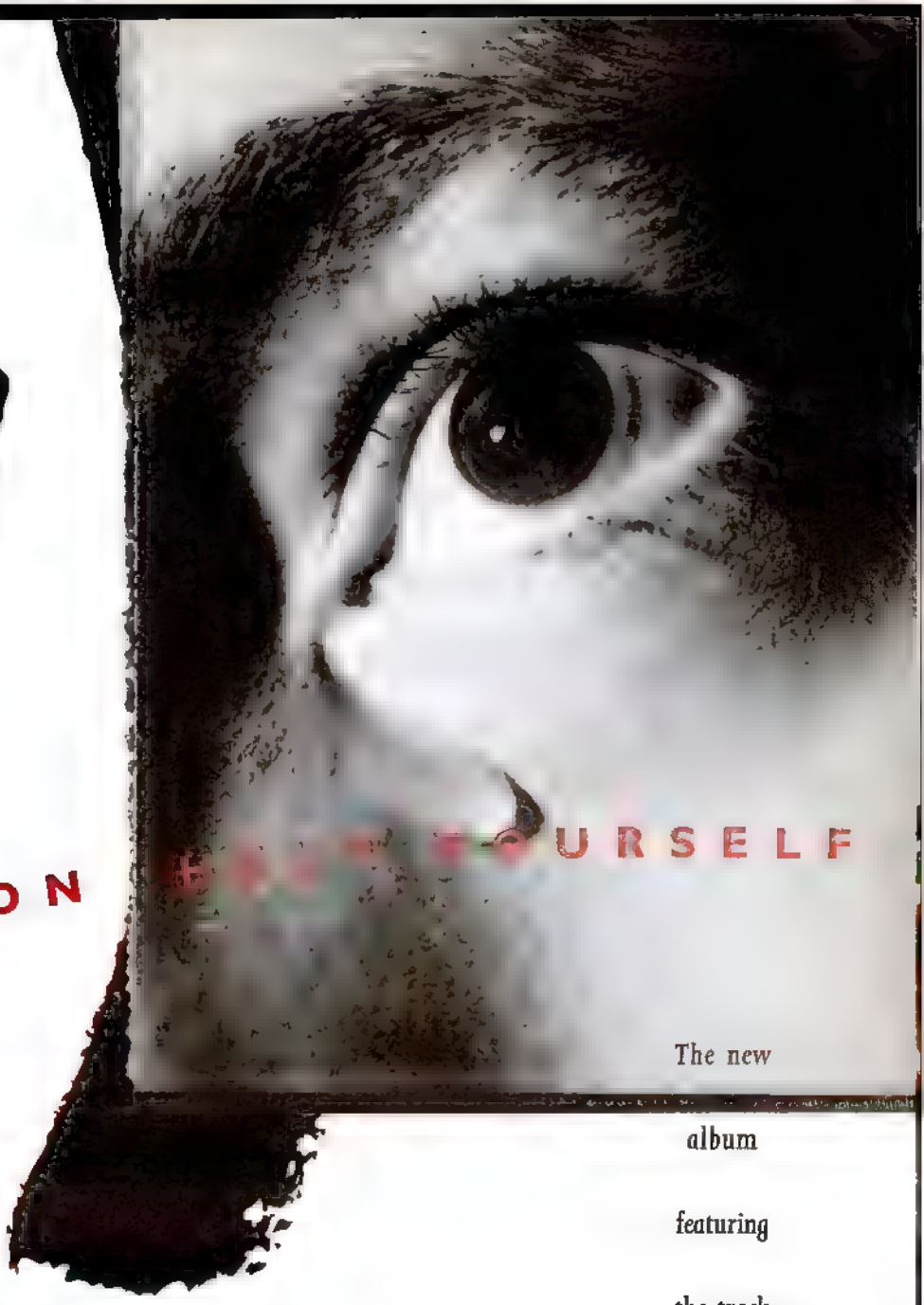
he tried hard but he could not make it*

*"MOTORWAY TO ROSWELL" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE

evolving from the sea would not be too much for me*

*"THE SAD PUNK" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE

An Artist Comes of Age



JULIAN LENNON

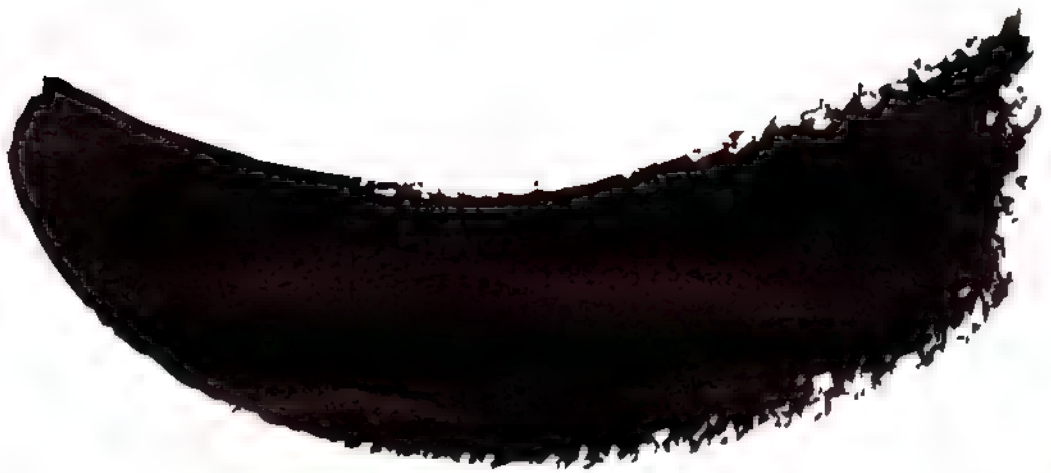
The new

album

featuring

the track

"Saltwater"



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DESIGN PLUS

heavy post AC/DC riffage. "And take a look at these pics," she said, fairly salivating as she showed me a promo shot of Ian Astbury striking a brooding Indian chief pose. She read me a line from the press kit about "the quest for knowledge, acceptance, and sensual power through the eyes of the primeval symbol, the hunter" to give me a sense of the central themes.

"But Camille," I protested, "this song is just one more bullshit misogynist celebration of the sullying of female purity, a lame search for male self-affirmation through false ethnic roots. Granted, the rehash of hard rock forms of the 1970s is convincing, but I can't support music of such ideological stupidity."

Camille tucked the tape into her Sports Walkman, hopped on her Harley, and zoomed off in a cloud of exhaust, snarling. "Pansy!" she said over her shoulder to me. So I shrugged and settled down to take a bubble bath with Cat Stevens playing softly in the background. (*available late November*)

Ivan Kreilkamp

WARREN ZEVON

Mr. Bad Example

Giant

Warren Zevon at his half-Jewish, half-Mormon best sounds more like the soundtrack to a grand Broadway musical than a rock star. This pretty, well-constructed album is up to the regular standards. The L.A. session musicians guarantee that there won't be any unpleasant—or pleasant—surprises. There's no big idea here, as on 1989's experimental flop, *Transverse City*, just a bunch of songs that sound like "the new Warren Zevon album." It's all a bit corny and earnest, like a show tune. Here's a cute example from the title track: "I'm very well acquainted with the seven deadly sins / I keep a busy schedule trying to fit them in." All this and lawyer jokes, too.

This kind of deft use of dramatic personae in "Mr. Bad Example" and other cuts has earned him renown among those who want rock music to be art, where he's considered a witty satirist. As far as I can tell, the main qualification for this is writing whole songs from the point of view of a psychotic, whether you're David Byrne, Ice Cube, or John Lennon.

New Zevon songs are fine, but I want new sounds. Sorry. (*available early November*)

Nathaniel Wice

MÖTLEY CRÜE

Decade of Decadence

Elektra

Nope, no metal in my record collection, with the exception of Motörhead, MC5, Kiss, AC/DC, and Slayer. Never could sink my teeth into the genre: Spandex-clad singers yodeling away while a bunch of poodle-permed bozos grind out an ode to a broken muffler isn't my cup of Jack Daniel's. Mötley Crue isn't that bad, though. These veterans have stuck with the formula for ten years now, but they've always been slightly more interesting than the rest of their ilk. They've gone far and sold a zillion discs using a carefully crafted outlaw image mixed with blatant '70s glam-rock moves.

There are some true atrocities on this compilation (with three new tracks): the power ballad "Home Sweet Home" and the ultragenericisms of "Shout at the Devil" are musts to avoid, but "Kickstart My Heart" on the other hand is one of the finest fake-Sweet, fake-AC/DC songs these ears have heard, and the inspired left-of-left sentiments of "Dr. Feelgood" makes the album worth having.

The continuing metajoke of metal bands covering punk rock classics is taken to new heights of stultification with the band's take on the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the U.K." Hearing the same voice responsible for the classic "still kicking *ash*" from "Kickstart My Heart" do a take on the Johnny Rotten snarl is knee-slappingly hilarious. Mötley Crüe is musical fast food—nothing compared with Slayer's meat or Motörhead's potatoes, but I'd be lying if I said that I don't consider the Crüe an okay snack. (*available early November*)

Johan Kugelberg

go little record go*
*PIXIES
TROMPE LE MONDE
"THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT ROCK BAND OF THE '90s" THE LONDON GUARDIAN
Elektra
4AD
can't you see a life that's so sublime*
*PALACE OF THE BRINE" PIXIES TROMPE LE MONDE
ON ELEKTRA / 4AD COMPACT DISCS & CASSETTES
PRODUCED BY GIL NORTON
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Wichita

continued from page 85

It's clear that in today's pro-life movement, a new code of martyrdom has set in, and being arrested for blocking a clinic is a badge of honor. The new martyrs are a pro-life policeman who lost his job because he refused to arrest protesters, protesters who are still in jail because they refuse to post bond, or people who give up their houses in order to pay the fines—so-called sacrificial lambs.

In Wichita, the abortion question came down like a sledgehammer, splintering families, ending lifelong friendships, and drumming up fierce animosity.

Red is the color that marks the pro-life stance. All over Wichita, red ribbons flap from car antennas, in windows, and on lapels. This is not a position quietly held. In Wichita, if you're not against abortion you are for it. If you are in any way sympathetic to abortion under any circumstance, you are a conspirator, a "pro-abort." Finally, if you are not willing to break the law and put your money, your time, and even your very life on the line to fight abortion, you are not, by the new radical pro-life standards, a good Christian.

In one tragic instance during a protest, a pro-life activist kicked a pregnant clinic staffer in the stomach, and a few days later she miscarried.

"What you have here is religious authority at its worst," says Reverend Gardener. "It's the same mentality as the inquisitions and the 12th-century religious crusades. These people do not define religion in America. They do not define Christianity. They will try every manipulation they can to impose their guilt. It's a toxic religion and they want to impose it on the whole country. We started Religious Leaders for Choice because we want to show people that you can have an abortion and still be religious, still be faithful, still be loving, and still be a good person.

"These people are not pro-life, they're pro-birth. I say, let's not hang God for every act of creation. Not everything that's been conceived will live. One of the fabrics of human existence is that there are no guarantees for life. These people are big into judgment and they've missed the most important element of the Christian faith: love and forgiveness."

"OKAY," BRYAN'S VOICE SPLITS THE PRAYERFUL silence. "We've heard that there are about 30 pro-aborts over at Pine and Market, so that's where we'll be going first. We're gonna go down there in the spirit of the Lord, in peace. Okay, let's load up."

We arrive at the first abortion clinic and police have blocked off the road leading up to it. There is a packet believed to contain a bomb lying on the doorstep of the clinic. Bryan speaks to the police and learns that this clinic will most likely be closed today. Bryan announces the news, shouting, "The Lord's work has been done. They won't be killing babies here today!" After applause and more prayer, we board the bus again and head for the next clinic. This clinic doesn't seem to be open, yet for a good hour and a half the protesters walk in an oblong circle in the parking lot, singing hymns and praying.

There are people of all ages walking in the circle, singing, clutching crucifixes. Several small children are strung with rosary beads and crucifixes; old enough to walk but too young to sing, they walk obediently next to their parents.

Finally, Bryan shuttles the crowd off to the next stop, the Planned Parenthood clinic just down the road. Bryan asks me whether I know about Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood. Well, he says, she was a Communist, *and* she hobnobbed with the National Socialists of Germany. Sanger, he said, took a keen interest in eugenics (the study of racial purity) and was even good friends with Ernst Rudin, Hitler's director of genetic sterilization. Did I know about Planned Parenthood's racist agenda? That the reason Sanger pushed birth control in the black community was that she had a master plan to eventually eliminate the black race? There was documentation, he said—books, letters, documents. But the left-wing media won't report the truth.

As the protesters kneel down in rows in front of the clinic, Bryan raises his bullhorn to his lips and shouts: "This operation is run in the spirit of antichrist that's been spreading throughout our planet in the last century, and it's coming to a glaring point of warfare now in our decade."

Several of the cars passing by honk their horns and wave encouragingly, or clap their hands out the window, pro-life red ribbons flying from their car antennae.

Bryan's amplified voice keeps pouring through the bullhorn: "Margaret Sanger was a woman who was at war with God. Margaret Sanger said that contraception appeals to the advanced radical because it's carefully calculated to undermine the authority of the church. Planned Parenthood International were signers of "Humanist Manifesto II," which calls for the end of Christianity on the planet."

Somebody whispers in Bryan's ear that the first clinic has opened after all, and it's swarming with "pro-aborts." We pile onto the blue bus one more time and head over there.

I ask Bryan what about the women, like Tiffany, who have had abortions. Is the pro-life movement concerned about the psychological torment they are being put through by constantly being told they have committed the deepest of sins, murder?

"Our message to the women," he says, "is that Jesus can forgive them, but first they have to face the nature of their sin, which is murder. Modern psychology tries to keep these women in denial about that, but it will eventually bust out and cause a lot of torment. There's a catharsis that we see post-abortive women go through in their healing when they become active, especially with Operation Rescue. They need to get out in front of those clinics and say, Stop."

Outside the Wichita Family Planning clinic, pro-choice activists hold the familiar signs aloft. Pro-lifers start marching around them on the sidewalk, back and forth. At first there is an uncomfortable, stony silence. A silence so charged with hate that there is an instinctive reluctance to break it. I am standing, quite literally, on a chalk line that has been drawn to separate the two sides; and both sides are glaring at me angrily, as if to say, Choose a side, damn it, you can't stand in the middle.

A man dressed in a black cape wears the fetus-head-in-tweezers sign around his neck, along with a plastic fetus necklace. He pushes an infant in a stroller. A pro-choice woman is shouting, "A tadpole is not a frog!" over and over. The infant drops his bottle and a pro-choice woman picks it up. "Are you feeding that child Kool-Aid," she says sharply. "You shouldn't be allowed to have children. I certainly don't give my children sugar to drink." Suddenly a huge woman with orange hair and blood-shot eyes joins in and almost lunges at the pro-choice woman. She yells uncontrollably: "*You're worried about that child eating sugar when you'd go right in there and take his very last breath!!*"

Two little boys, about six or seven years of age, are carrying sandwich signs of the fetus head. They also carry pamphlets with this image on the front. The older of the two stops and holds the picture up to one of the pro-choice activists. "That's a baby," he says, his eyes blazing with hate. His voice rises."It's a baby."

"It's a baby!" he screams.

The pro-choice woman is shaking her head. ⊛

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Red Hot Chili Peppers

continued from page 67

case gives way to reveal a secret room, "the reason I bought the house." Flea gleefully shows me a stain on the wall, courtesy of his three-year-old daughter Clara. "She recently shit on the floor and smeared it all over the walls. That's art."

Flea's separated from his wife and sees Clara only three days a week, but that's enough. "If I'm depressed, she makes me happy. I'd do anything for her." Confident enough to realize that "I have nothing to prove," he's toned down his act and is level-headed enough to put some perspective on the Peppers' new dewy-eyed vibe which is, well, "Hokey?" he asks.

"It is," I insist.

"Look," he replies calmly, "John said we hug each other a lot, and suddenly we're all happy and flowers blooming. Fuck that. We love each other, but we argue all the time." Fair enough. But if Flea sounds mature and at peace with himself, it was not always so.

"I was just scared of people," he says of his high school years. "The whole concept of asking girls on dates completely terrified me." Consequently, he would shave his head just to be silly and once climbed with Kiedis onto this billboard where "we shook our cocks at everybody." Needless to say, he "thought people would like me if I was crazy and that girls would talk to me if I was in a band"—and he was right.

"I love having the tattoos, but I don't like the pain." —Flea

He eventually joined the punk band Fear, landed a part in the movie *Suburbia*, "and had a whole new social world opened up to me." He also became kind of a jerk.

"To this day I really regret our inability to deal with the producer on our first record, Andy Gill. He'd say, 'Why don't you try this?' And we'd scream, 'Fuck you, man, that sounds like shit!' We even took a shit right out of the toilet and put it on the mixing board. We were really terrible."

Coincidentally, Flea recently had a chance to exorcise that particular ghost. "Actually, I saw Andy last night, but I was too scared to bring it up."

But it's the thought that counts, and Flea appears to be through playing tough guy for the time being. Or as he puts it, "I love having the tattoos, but I don't like the pain."

Tattoo talk prompts Flea to find the connection between Henry Rollins and the late Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima—at first seemingly odd bedfellows.

"Mishima killed himself in the traditional *seppuku* way," he informs me. "And he talked about it as the final point where art and action meet, which is such a heavy thing to me. And Henry Rollins embodies that, art and action coming together."

Don't you guys have a little bit of that as well?

"I hope so," he says. "I hope so."

When did you discover Jack Daniel's Whiskey? If you recall, we'd appreciate your dropping us a line.

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HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

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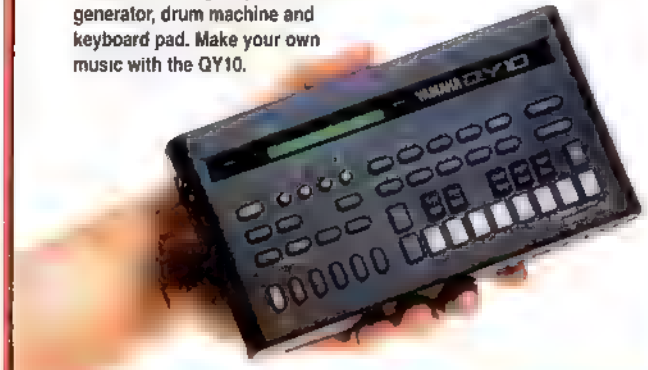

Miles Davis

continued from page 76

hostility. Clearly I was witnessing a mood swing. Maybe, on some level, Miles felt threatened. I figured I'd better make tracks. I walked over to the window and looked out. It was snowing. It was beautiful. It was Thanksgiving.

SPIN: Have you heard that song of Joan Baez's ["Speaking of Dreams"]?
Davis: She looked like my mother.
SPIN: "Playing the Gipsy Kings, after the rain and taking tea at the Ritz in / Boots and jeans / . . . And I am vintage wine, we come from two different worlds / Like every other couple on the Rue de Rivoli."
Davis: Do you want to spend the night? You can stay here if you want and go where you need to tomorrow.
SPIN: No, thank you. I want to walk my dogs in the snow. Miles, why did you get hostile with me?
Davis: Oh, bitch, don't pull that "white" shit on me.
SPIN: Excuse me?
Davis: You heard me.
SPIN: [*Putting on my coat*] Well, Miles, if it gets really poetic out there, I'll give you a call.
Davis: Do you need cab fare?
SPIN: I've got it.
Davis: Will you call me when you get home?
SPIN: Probably not. [*At the door*] Miles, that remark—
Davis: What remark?
SPIN: That I was being "white"—that was out of line, don't you think?
Davis: [*Yelling*] *Bitch! You are acting "white"!*

I MARCHED OUT THE DOOR, LETTING it slam shut behind me. All the way down the hall I heard Miles playing with the locks. The napkin with his drawing on it was crumpled up in my angry fist. I was also hurt. I also didn't know what was particularly white about my question; that made as much sense to me as if I had told him he was acting black. I took a long walk in the snow with my dogs and thought of Richard. He could manage to tap into some genetic memory of mine where a hidden residue of collective white guilt lingered. The next few days I read Miles's book and listened to some early Miles with Charlie Parker—"Koko"—and "Bophicity"; then his later *Kind of Blue* and *Miles Smiles*. I listened to the magic without him. No one could take that magic—genius—from him, no matter how nasty the man got. I called him a few days later. I had finished the book.

Davis: You read the whole thing?
SPIN: Yep.
Davis: Are you mad at me? For what I said about white folks? It's all true, that's how I see it. I just said it.
SPIN: I guess you saw some bad things, Miles. You were there when the "whites only" signs were all over.
Davis: Yeah, you tell me about my book.
SPIN: Miles, chill. I'm trying to show some respect. [*Silence*] It was actually quite sexist, too!
Davis: What are you doing?
SPIN: I was thinking maybe I could see you later and ask you a few more questions.

IT WAS A COUPLE HOURS LATER WHEN I arrived at the Essex House. I rang the bell of his suite three times and there was no answer. I figured he was angry or stoned. The next time I tried to contact him, he was in Malibu. I would have loved to ask Miles some more questions, particularly about his prejudice toward white people and his sexism. In his book he says one condition the Knights of Malta have when they make you a member is that you are not prejudiced against any person. There are entire sections of the book where his wrath against white people make Miles seem like a victim. That's the last thing I thought he was.

> White people in America get all up in your face because they think they're God's gift to the whole fucking world. It's sickening and pitiful the way they think. How backward, stupid and disrespectful many of them are. They think they can come right up to you and get right into your business, because they're white and you're not.

In his book Miles is angry, honest, impatient, and says what he feels. There is purity in this kind of direct, spontaneous communication—like jazz itself. But within it, there's some destruction, the same way jazz destroys form. I'd like to ask him about his music, his love life, and his drug addiction. There are wonderful passages in his book about Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday I'd like to ask him about. I wonder if his long bout and continued fight with heroin addiction helped contribute to his anger. Anger can be motivation until it becomes bitterness. I'd like to ask him about that. I'd like to ask him if he has become the beast he was fighting. Then again, maybe I had all the answers I needed.

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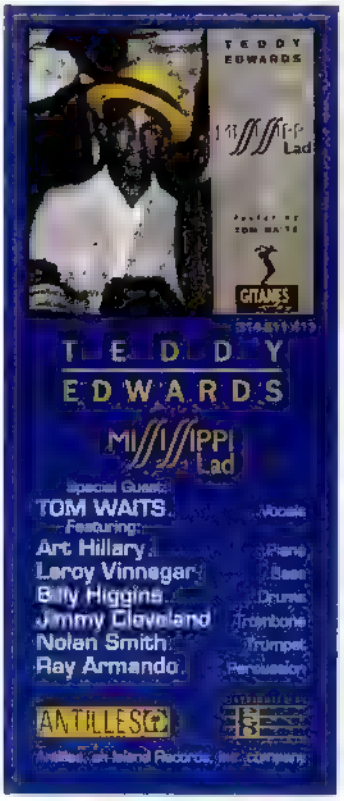

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Antihero

continued from page 97

The next day at noon when Buck awoke, Serena lifted him out of the bed and carried him out of the basement and up the stairs, where his feet knocked down framed family portraits taken years and years ago. "Don't stop," said Buck. "Keep moving—we're running out of time."

It was a cold gray afternoon outside as Serena carried Buck across the yellowed autumn lawn and into the spaceship. Once inside, they sat down, closed the doors, and Buck used his last energies to turn the ignition and kiss Serena. True to his word, the love waves from her heart boosted the engine, and the ship took off, high into the sky and out of the gravitational field of Texlahoma. And before Serena passed out and then died from a lack of oxygen, the last sights she got to see were Buck's face shedding its pale green Frankenstein skin in lizardy chunks onto the dashboard, thus revealing the dashing pink young astronaut beneath, and outside she saw the glistening pale blue marble of earth against the black heavens that the stars had stained like spilled milk.

Below on Texlahoma, Arleen and Darleen, meanwhile, were both returning home from their jobs, from which they both had been fired, just in time to see the rocket fire off and their sister vanish into the stratosphere in a big, colonic, and fading white line. They sat on the swing set, unable to back into the house, thinking and staring at the point where the jet's trail became nothing, listening to creak of chains and the prairie wind.

"You realize," said Arleen, "that that whole business of Buck being able to bring us back to life was total horseshit."

"Oh, I knew *that*," said Darleen. "But it doesn't change the fact that I feel jealous."

"No, it doesn't, does it?"

And together the two sisters sat into the night, silhouetted by the luminescing earth, having a contest with each other to see who could swing their swing the highest.

AIDS

continued from page 92

and HIV treatment, has profound implications for the treatment of HIV-positive drug abusers, including women and their exposed infants.

As I look into this data, I believe that the best and only way to prevent HIV transmission among drug users is to stop their drug use and get them into treatment. The U.S. PHS Panel on Women,

"Adolescents believe they are immune to AIDS. They most definitely are not. We are on the verge of an AIDS epidemic among adolescents alone."

Adolescents, and Children with HIV/AIDS, which I chair, has just released a major report on the issue of comprehensive care for children and families with HIV/AIDS. The report makes it absolutely clear that substance abuse services are a critical part of such care.

Mason: There has been a prohibition on needle exchange because we do not want to present the idea that the government sanctions drug abuse. The government should not be a sponsor of drug activity. As for drug-treatment programs, we are certainly trying to implement them, but again I reinforce the idea of a responsible citizenry, where people take individual responsibility for their behavior. Using drugs today is a huge risk factor for AIDS. A lot of people have the disease and don't know it and are spreading it through unprotected or needle exchange.

SPIN: What do you most want to say to the adolescents and young adults of the U.S. about AIDS?

Mason: Anyone who engages in unprotected sex—that is sex without a condom—is at risk for AIDS. Every time you have sex with an individual—and it may be the only individual you are having sex with—you are having sex with everyone they've ever had sex with. The incubation period for this disease can go back ten years—so you're having sex with everyone someone has had sex with for at least the last ten years. Adolescents are the key to stopping this epidemic now.

Novello: AIDS is the leading cause of death among some groups of young people today. This audience is vital in spreading the word about AIDS prevention. It is my fervent hope that the American people will not forget this disease or think that it will only happen to everyone else. They need to be aware of risk and open their hearts and their minds to be capable of the compassion needed for us to collectively face this epidemic.

Let us not speak of victims, because there is no crime. Let us not speak of guilt, because there was never any intention to do harm. Let us only speak of men, women, teens, families, children—all of whom need our help.

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GREATEST HITS 1983-1991
THE 18 GREATEST RECORDINGS FROM THE MOST IMPORTANT RAP GROUP OF ALL TIME
★ WALK THIS WAY ★ SUCKER M.C.'s (KRUSH-GROOVE 1) ★ KING OF ROCK ★ TOGETHER FOREVER (KRUSH-GROOVE 4) ★ RUN'S HOUSE ★ IT'S TRICKY ★ PAUSE ★ YOU BE ILLIN' ★ THE AVE. ★ HERE WE GO (LIVE AT THE FUNHOUSE) ★ ROCK BOX ★ MY ADIDAS ★ IT'S LIKE THAT ★ BEATS TO THE RHYME ★ JAM-MASTER JAY ★ PETER PIPER ★ HARD TIMES ★ CHRISTMAS IN HOLLIS ★
PROFILE

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People you should (but won't be able to) avoid if you want to be a rock'n'roll star. Advice by DAVID QUANTICK.

Your Manager
An amiable person who never flinches from buying you beer or Twinkies before you have made it and will always ensure that you fly first class and never have to light your own cigarettes after you have made it. And he only takes 10 percent of your earnings. Somehow, though, he always seems to have ten times as much money as you at any given time, has more houses than you, and doesn't suffer from a debilitating addiction to extraordinarily expensive drugs.

Favorite saying: "Boys! Don't *worry* about it!"

Your Road Crew
No matter how delicate your muse, reflect on this: Even the sensitive, pastel music of Suzanne Vega is made possible in a live situation by huge, fat bearded men with gargantuan asses that pour from their flared jeans. Men who smell of grease and fish heads and wear irreparably stained Motörhead tour T-shirts and carry bunches of keys big enough to lock up all of Sing Sing. These men think that lighting your own farts is sophisticated. For them it is.

Favorite saying: "Two! One! Two! *Urrrrppp!!!!*"

Your Fans
"I make music for my fans," you tell the press. This is not true. No one in their right mind would make music for paranoid obsessives who spend four months queuing for a front row seat, then faint when they get into the arena. No one makes music for people who use fan mag posters for wallpaper and buy Portuguese import singles because they have a different (i.e., badly printed) sleeve photo. No one makes music for people who write 200-page letters to rock stars in seven different colors of crayon that start off "I love you" and end "I hope you get killt and I know whose going ta do it." No one, that is, apart from Morrissey.

Favorite saying: "I know where your house is, and I'm coming round to show you my poems *right now*."

Club Owners
These fall into two categories. The first is the guy who opened a club "for the kids." He hangs around, idiot-dancing, during the sound check and says, "Wow! I love your records! Can you autograph my face?" and tries to sell you drugs. The second is Mr. Shifty. He holds whispered conferences with your manager and says, "Did I say 'First' on the bill? I meant 'Fourth' on the bill!" and tries to sell you your own rider. Both these types have one thing in common: They would sooner kill and eat their own mothers than pay you.

Favorite saying: "I told you—you play past curfew and it's a ten-dollars-per-second penalty!"

Your Record Company
They will hold extravagant parties to launch your new record. Years later, your accountant will explain to you in short, simple words that you paid for these parties. They will send your records to journalists who hate you. They will pose for photographs with you constantly. They will release remixes of your old songs just when you have written the best new song of your career. They will call you *product* to your face. And they will kick you out of the building the moment your sales drop by three copies.

Favorite saying: "I *love* the album! Well, no, I haven't played it yet, but I just *know* I'm *going* to love it!"

College Radio DJs
These snot-nosed teenagers were once regarded with due contempt as the sort of people who didn't like chart music, dance music, or anything that wasn't made by jangly '60s retro acts. Then R.E.M. made it big and suddenly every horn-rimmed geek with a half-hour slot and a Robyn Hitchcock collection is being feted by the majors as though they were Casey Kasem and had a tricontinental video show. College DJs know more about music than you and hate you because in three years' time you will have signed to a major label while they will be working as supervisors in Dad's glue factory.

Favorite saying: "But doesn't *everybody* do a Velvet Underground cover nowadays?"

Ron Wood
One of the more unusual hazards of fame is Rolling Stones rhythm guitarist Ron "Ronnie" Wood. As a member of a band not noted for its frequent tours, recording sessions, et cetera, Ron is prone to itchy fingers when it comes to the great '70s rock occupation of "jamming." As a consequence, everyone from Prince to Metallica is liable to find the grinning Cockney axman suddenly leaping onto the stage, leaning against them, pumping out the riff to "Jumping Jack Flash" and shouting "Wotcher!" at members of the audience. It is this danger that has caused many top bands to cease touring all together.

Favorite saying: "Is this one in F?"

Journalists
A race of men and women who exist solely to bitch about the famous, to consume as many licit and illicit stimulants as possible, to travel to exotic and exciting locations at other people's expense, and to become as famous as possible with the least amount of effort. In this they differ so little from rock stars that one school of thought has it that musicians are nothing more than frustrated rock journalists. This theory makes sense applied to Living Colour and Rush but is extraordinarily hard to apply to Axl Rose and Debbie Gibson.

Favorite saying: "Do you have a tape recorder I could borrow? I seem to have left mine at home."

Your Parents
As the last song—"Devil Bitch Bite My Thighs, Baby"—fades and hundreds of fireworks shaped like the Pope explode in the air, you run offstage, sponge the sweat from your brow with your CHRISTIANS ARE ASS WIPE T-shirt, and open the dressing-room door. Inside the dressing room are your parents. "Are these drinks all for you?" says your mother. "What was that song about killing your parents?" says your father, "Did you write that?" Your mother has brought you a gift—a hand-knitted bright green sweater with the name of your band on the front in mauve. As you take it, your entire band appear in the doorway and laugh at you.

Favorite saying: "I saw that Axl Rose on TV last night. I hope *you* don't do any of those things!"

MARTIN MAYO

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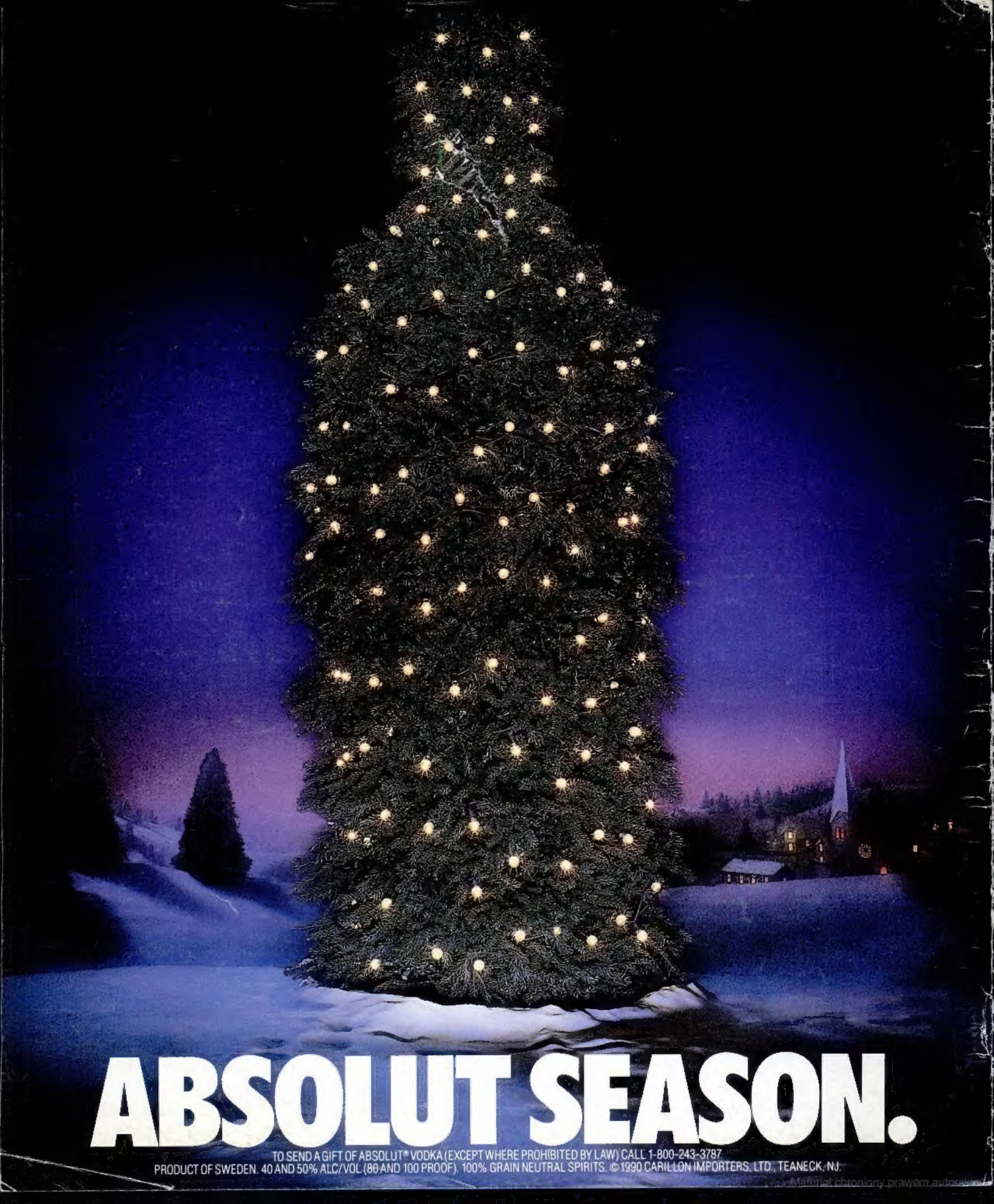

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